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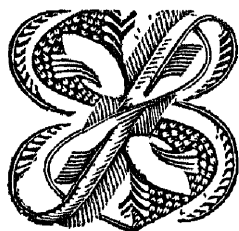
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POETRY & THE DRAMA

SHORTER POEMS  
OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, son of an attorney, born in 1770 at Cockermouth, Cumberland. Educated at Hawkshead and St. John's College, Cambridge. Walking tour of Continent, 1790. Lived in Germany, 1798-9. Settled at Grasmere, 1799. Poet Laureate in 1843. Died in 1850 at Grasmere.

# SHORTER POEMS



WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

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## INTRODUCTION

TIME goes on and the colours of our days change, but we return to Wordsworth as we turn again to Skiddaw and Helvellyn. There are certain subject swamps and dead-levels to be crossed before the real ascent begins, but we are sure of our mountain rapture in the end, and his effect is not the less sure because of the huge prosaic substance of his base. Wordsworth was the mountain, as Coleridge was the magic valley, among the poets of their time; and if we gain in one way, we assuredly lose in others, by paring him down as Matthew Arnold did into a pocket-Parnassus. We need not, as it is, explore all his waste of later sonnets and can avoid everywhere his obvious débris; but even these help in some heavy substructural way to make up his British weight and mass and his final impressiveness.

By having Wordsworth in his extent, moreover, we are better able to realise him in his history, from the days when he mixed in the very ferment of the French Revolution to those when he retired from a world which "a vast meander is," to quote his favourite Countess of Winchelsea, and took up his retreat in his native Lake district. Thence he looked back with distrust at the smoke of the cities of the plain, and heard uneasily the distant rumbling of the cart-wheels of the English revolutionaries, which sounded in his ear, it may be, too much like the noise of the tumbrils that had carried the victims to the guillotine.

The French Revolution was not the cause of his going into his mountain retreat; the real need for that was in the rugged Cumbrian constitution of the man himself. But in the story of Wordsworth the boundless imaginative expansion of his youth, when he was a hot recruit to the army of freedom, is the inevitable forerunner of the period of his contraction. You see how the one thing led on to, and seemed to require, the other, when you catch his note of exultation (in "The Prelude") over the death of Robespierre:

" 'Come now, ye golden times,'  
Said I forth-pouring on those open sands  
A hymn of triumph. 'as the morning comes  
From out the bosom of the night, come ye:  
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!

They who with clumsy desperation brought  
 A river of Blood, and preached that nothing else  
 Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might  
 Of their own helper have been swept away ;  
 Their madness stands declared and visible ,  
 Elsewhere will safety now be sought and earth  
 March firmly towards righteousness and peace.' ”

The over-draft of the French Revolution upon Wordsworth's sympathies may be realised even better from a letter he wrote long after the days of “The Prelude,” when he was a man past sixty (April 1, 1832). In this letter he said, after uttering his fears for England in her predicament at that time, which was not far from or very unlike the Hungry Forties : “I have witnessed one revolution in a foreign country, and I have not courage to think of facing another in my own.”

Surely this marks a notable exhaustion of the spirit, and when you turn to the poems, early or late, that come after his French pilgrimage, you find the same note often resounding.

The spectacle of Revolution in France left an ineffaceable impression upon Wordsworth ; and the spectacle of the vanity and parade of his own land affected him no less. Read what he says in his sonnet to Milton, or in that sonnet of dismay before the idolatry of England, in which he laments with a lament that has become proverbial

“ Plain living and high thinking are no more ”

If we read the sonnets and lyric poems of this time in the light of “The Prelude,” as they ought to be read, we must see that to regard Wordsworth only as a poet of nature, and not as a poet too of men, an imaginative chronicler of himself, and a human actor in the events of his time, is to lose half the lights and shades of his poetry. We are too apt to take up some literary conception of a poet, and to forget that he lived in a day as real, as urgent in its affairs, politics, and prejudices, as ours seems to ourselves. And this is why it is good to have, as we have in Wordsworth's case, a critic like Coleridge, who was a fellow-poet, living in the same hour, steeped in the same current, studying under the same masters.

Coleridge brings us near the real Wordsworth, even when he is only discussing the excellences, it may be, of Wordsworth's poetic diction. He may be only speaking of the purity and sanity of Wordsworth's thought and style ; but he is sure to drop some covering phrase out of his personal knowledge which gives his words reality ; as when he says the poems are won not from books, but from the poet's

own observation • "They are fresh and have the dew upon them" By the side of this, place Hazlitt's tribute, for he too knew the poet, and has painted him and made for him a living portrait. Hazlitt's, who said, "the sense of a new style and a new spirit in poetry came over me It had to me something of the effect that arises from the turning up of the fresh soil, or of the first welcome breath of spring." This comes from Hazlitt's recollections of his visit to Alfoxden, when Coleridge, seated on the trunk of an old ash-tree, "read aloud with a sonorous and musical voice the ballad of 'Betty Foy.'"

Hazlitt's portrait of Wordsworth, at this day, shows him as a figure rather "gaunt and Don-Quixote-like,"—even more gaunt than Coleridge had led him to expect. "He was quaintly dressed (according to the costume of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge in his gait, not unlike his own Peter Bell There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. . . . He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear, gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr*, like the crust on wine . . . We went over to Alfoxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of 'Peter Bell' in the open air; and the comment upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics! Whatever might be thought of the poem, 'his face was as a book where men might read strange matters' and he announced the fate of his hero in prophetic tones There is a *chant* in the recitation both of Coleridge and Wordsworth, which acts as a spell upon the hearer and disarms the judgment Perhaps they have deceived themselves by making habitual use of this ambiguous accompaniment Coleridge's manner is more full, animated, and varied; Wordsworth's more equable, sustained, and internal The one might be termed more *dramatic*, the other more *lyrical*."

Hazlitt's visit fell about May 1798, six years after Wordsworth's Revolution experiences, when the poet was twenty-eight years old The winter (of 1798-9) at Goslar followed, and in the following December he settled with his sister at Dove Cottage, Grasmere. It is to Dorothy Wordsworth that we

must turn for our glimpses of the life there ; and with her account we may read, qualifying as we read, De Quincey's "Reminiscences of the Lakes and the Lake Poets" "The Prelude," it must not be overlooked, was begun during the winter in Germany ; and in that ideal autobiography we follow its writer through every stage, first of his advance into the world, and then of his return home to nature.

The small orchard behind Dove Cottage was the place where Wordsworth wrote many of the lyric poems of this time, and continued "The Prelude" Dorothy recalls the scene, when one evening in March 1802 she describes how she had walked beside Rydal lake with quiet thoughts "The hills and the lake were still," she writes,—“the owls had not begun to hoot, and the little birds had given over singing. I looked before me and saw a red light upon Silver How, as if coming out of the vale below

‘ There was a light of most strange birth,  
A light that came out of the earth,  
And spread along the dark hillside.’

Thus I was going on when I saw the shape of my beloved in the road at a little distance We turned back to see the light, but it was fading—almost gone The owls hooted when we sate on the wall at the foot of White Moss ; the sky broke more and more, and we saw the moon now and then, . . . when we came in sight of our own dear Grasmere, the vale looked fair and quiet in the moonshine, the church was there and all the cottages There were huge, slow travelling clouds in the sky that threw large masses of shade upon some of the mountains. William kindled and began to write the poem We carried cloaks into the orchard and sate a while there I left him and he nearly finished the poem” . . .

And on a Thursday in April (the 15th) of the same year, we find this companion passage referring to his "The Daffodils" :

“It was a threatening misty morning, but mild. . . . When we were in the woods close to Gowbarrow Park we saw a few daffodils close to the water-side. We fancied that the sea had floated the seeds ashore, and that the little colony had so sprung up. But as we went along there were more, and yet more ; and, at last, under the boughs of the trees, we saw that there was a long belt of them along the shore, about the breadth of a country turnpike road. I never saw daffodils so beautiful. They grew among the mossy stones about and above them ; some rested their heads upon these stones, as on a pillow, for weariness, and the rest tossed and reeled and danced, and



seemed as if they verily laughed with the wind, that blew upon them over the lake, they looked so gay, ever glancing, ever changing. This wind blew directly over the lake to them. There was here and there a little knot, and a few stragglers higher up, but they were so few as not to disturb the simplicity, unity and life of that one busy highway."

Some briefer passages dating from the May of 1802, referring to "The Leech Gatherer," also have great biographical interest because of the light they throw on Wordsworth's poetic "possession." They contradict the common assumption that he wrote with a tame, mechanic attention to his subject-matter, not with the lyric passion, the "poetic madness," of which Socrates and Shelley speak.—

"*Wednesday, 5th May.* A very fine morning, rather cooler than yesterday. We planted three-fourths of the bower. I made bread. We sate in the orchard. The thrush sang all day, as he always sings . . . We had kept off work till near bed-time, when we returned from our walk. Then he began again, and went to bed very nervous."

"*Friday, 7th May.* William has slept uncommonly well, so, feeling himself strong, he fell to work at 'The Leech Gatherer', he wrote hard at it till dinner-time, then he gave over, tired to death—he had finished the poem."

"*Sunday morning, 9th May.* William worked at 'The Leech Gatherer' almost incessantly from morning till tea-time, . . . I was oppressed and sick at heart, for he weaned himself to death. After tea he wrote two stanzas."

It is worth note that after he is said to have finished the poem, we find him two days later still working at it, adding fresh stanzas, "wearying himself to death."

Coleridge still revolved around Dove Cottage in those days. Then, in October 1802, Wordsworth married, and already then his friend and Dorothy's had begun to drift apart from them. What Coleridge had been to Wordsworth we know, and what Wordsworth was to Coleridge, humanly and intellectually, we can read in an equally transparent mirror.

"And, sooth, these two were each to the other dear:  
No livelier love in such a place could be.  
There did they dwell—from earthly labour free,  
As happy spirits as were ever seen."

And for the pity of their estrangement, is it not written in Wordsworth's "Complaint"?

"Now, for that consecrated fount  
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,

ever been drawn by that mountain-spirit with which Wordsworth's best pages are instinct, will readily through Wordsworth's region make his own particular road. He will find upon his way the prose-writings of great help especially the prefaces and notes to the poems and the guide to the Lakes which under that unpretentious form hides some of the poet's most radiant prose. Wordsworth's prose like his verse stands the test and wears well; and if individual proofs be still required of the enduring stuff of which his poems are made, and their power to sustain, console and encourage men, it is enough to point again to John Stuart Mill's tribute, or, to take the latest biography published during the writing of these pages, to the "Life and Letters of Leslie Stephen." There indeed you will come upon this passage,—written after his first wife's death to Mr C. Eliot Norton "Do you sympathise with me when I say that the only writer whom I have been able to read with pleasure through this nightmare is Wordsworth? I used not to care for him specially; but now I love him."

\* \* \* \* \*

In this edition of Wordsworth, the plan is roughly chronological. The shorter poems form the first volume, the longer, the second.

E. R.

The following is a list of Wordsworth's published works:—

An Evening Walk, An Epistle in Verses Addressed to a Young Lady, 1793, Descriptive Sketches: taken during a Pedestrian Tour in the Italian, Gison, Swiss, and Savoyard Alps, 1793; Lyrical Ballads, with a few other Poems, 1 vol. (four poems in this volume were by Coleridge), 1793, Lyrical Ballads, with other Poems, 2 vols., 1800 the first volume is a re-edition of 1798, with some alterations in text and titles, and in the order of the poems, and with the omission of one of Wordsworth's poems, and the addition of one by Coleridge—the second volume has fresh poems this edition contains the famous Preface. Lyrical Ballads, with Pastoral and Other Poems, with Appendix on Poetic Diction, 2 vols., 1802; republished in 1805 with slight alterations of text.

Poems, in two volumes, 1807; reprint, ed. T. Hutchinson, 1897, Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other, and to the Common Enemy, At this Crisis, and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra, etc., 1809.

Essay upon Epitaphs, published in the "Friend," February, 1810 (reprinted in Notes to The Excursion). "A Topographical Description of the Country of the Lakes, in the North of England," appeared as a Preface to "Select Views in Cumberland," by the Rev. J.

Wilkinson, 1810 it was annexed to the volume of poems published in 1820, and was finally issued, with additions, as "A Guide through the Lakes," 1835. The *Excursion*, being a Portion of the *Recluse*, 1810, 1820, Poems, including Lyrical Ballads and the Miscellaneous Pieces of the Author, with Additional Poems, etc. (a collected ed. of Wordsworth's Poems, omitting *The Excursion*), 1815; *The White Doe of Rylstone, or The Fate of the Nortons*, 1815, *A Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns*, 1816; *Thanksgiving Ode*, January 18, 1816; with other short pieces, chiefly referring to Recent Public Events, 1816, *Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmoreland*, 1818, *Peter Bell, A Tale in Verse* (with four Sonnets), 1819, 2nd edition, with slight alterations, 1819; *The Waggoner, a Poem To which are added Sonnets* (dedicated to Charles Lamb), 1819; *The River Duddon, a series of sonnets: Vandraccourt and Julia and other Poems*, 1820, *Miscellaneous Poems*, 4 vols (not including *The Excursion*), 1820; *Memorials of a Tour on the Continent* (contains one sonnet not reprinted by Wordsworth), 1822; *Ecclesiastical Sketches*, 1822; *Translation of First Book of Æneid* ("Philological Museum"), 1832; *Memorial Lines written after the death of Charles Lamb*, 1835, or 1836; *Yarrow Re-visited, and other Poems*, 1835, 1836, 1839. The *Sonnets of William Wordsworth*: collected in one volume, with a few additional ones, now first published, 1838; *Poems, chiefly of Early and Late Years, including "The Borderers A Tragedy,"* 1842 (these works were added as a seventh volume to the Moxon Edition of Poetical Works, 1842), *Kendal and Windermere Railway: Two Letters reprinted from the Morning Post, revised, with additions, probably end of 1844, Ode on the Installation of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge*, 1847; *The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind, an Autobiographical Poem*, 1850 (added as vol. viii. to Moxon's Edition of Poetical Works, 1851); *The Recluse*, first book published posthumously, in 1888.

*Poetical Works*: 5 vols, 1827; reprinted in Paris, one volume, 1828; 4 vols, 1832; 6 vols., 1836 (this Moxon edition was frequently reprinted; the 1840 edition had additional matter in vol. v.); the *Notes* dictated to Miss Fenwick were first published in 6 vol. edition of 1857. Later Editions: by Prof. Knight, 8 vols, 1882-6, 1896, etc., in one volume with Preface by Mr John Morley, 1888; Aldine Edition, by Prof. Dowden, 7 vols, 1892-3; Oxford Miniature Edition, by Mrs. T. Hutchinson, 5 vols, 1895; Edition with Critical Memoir by W. M. Rossetti, 1870, 1879.

*Prose Works* Dr Grosart, 1876, *Poetical and Prose Works, with Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals*, ed Prof Knight, 1896; *Selections*, Prof Knight, 1893. New ed. *Guide to the Lakes* (Sélincourt) in Oxford Library, 1906.

*Life* "Memoirs," by Christopher Wordsworth, 1851; "Life," 3 vols, Prof Knight, 1889, F W Myers ("English Men of Letters"), 1881, A J Symington, "Biographical Sketch with Selections, etc.," 1881; J. M. Sutherland, "William Wordsworth the Story of his Life," 1887, 1892, translation of É Legouis, "The Early Life of William Wordsworth," 1897, "Wordsworth," by Walter Raleigh, 1903, "Wordsworth," by H. W. Garrod, 1923.

*Poems and Extracts* chosen by William Wordsworth, from the Countess of Winchelsea and others (1819) first printed in "Oxford Library," 1906.

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## WORDSWORTH'S SHORTER POEMS

### "IF THOU INDEED DERIVE THY LIGHT FROM HEAVEN"

If thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven,  
Then, to the measure of that heaven-born light,  
Shine, Poet ! in thy place, and be content :—  
The stars pre-eminent in magnitude,  
And they that from the zenith dart their beams,  
(Visible though they be to half the earth,  
Though half a sphere be conscious of their brightness)  
Are yet of no diviner origin,  
No purer essence, than the one that burns,  
Like an untended watch-fire, on the ridge  
Of some dark mountain, or than those which seem  
Humbly to hang, like twinkling winter lamps,  
Among the branches of the leafless trees,  
All are the undying offspring of one Sire.  
Then, to the measure of the light vouchsafed,  
Shine, Poet ! in thy place, and be content

### "BLESSINGS BE WITH THEM, AND ETERNAL PRAISE"

BLESSINGS be with them—and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—  
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays !  
Oh ! might my name be numbered among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

---

### EXTRACT

FROM THE CONCLUSION OF A POEM, COMPOSED IN  
ANTICIPATION OF LEAVING SCHOOL<sup>1</sup>

DEAR native regions, I foretell,  
From what I feel at this farewell,  
That, wheresoe'er my steps may tend,  
And whensoever my course shall end,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Hawkshead.

## Calm is all Nature

If in that hour a single tie  
Survive of local sympathy,  
My soul will cast the backward view,  
The longing look alone on you.

Thus, while the Sun sinks down to rest  
Far in the regions of the west,  
Though to the vale no parting beam  
Be given, not one memorial gleam,  
A lingering light he fondly throws  
On the dear hills where first he rose

(1786)

### "CALM IS ALL NATURE AS A RESTING WHEEL" <sup>1</sup>

CALM is all nature as a resting wheel.  
The kine are couched upon the dewy grass ;  
The horse alone, seen dimly as I pass,  
Is cropping audibly his later meal.  
Dark is the ground , a slumber seems to steal  
O'er vale, and mountain, and the starless sky  
Now, in this blank of things, a harmony,  
Home-felt, and home-created, comes to heal  
That grief for which the senses will supply  
Fresh food , for only then, when memory  
Is hushed, am I at rest. My Friends ! restrain  
Those busy cares that would allay my pain ,  
Oh ! leave me to myself, nor let me feel  
The officious touch that makes me droop again.

### "ON NATURE'S INVITATION DO I COME" <sup>2</sup>

On Nature's invitation do I come,  
By Reason sanctioned Can the choice mislead,  
That made the calmest, fairest spot on earth,  
With all its unappropriated good,  
My own , and not mine only, for with me  
Entrenched—say rather peacefully embowered—  
Under yon orchard, in yon humble cot,  
A younger orphan of a Home extinct,  
The only daughter of my parents dwells :  
Aye, think on that, my heart, and cease to stir ,  
Pause upon that, and let the breathing frame

<sup>1</sup> Written in very early youth.

<sup>2</sup> From *The Recluse*.

## Bleak Season was it

No longer breathe, but all be satisfied  
Oh, if such silence be not thanks to God,  
For what hath been bestowed, then where, where then  
Shall gratitude find rest? Mine eyes did ne'er  
Fix on a lovely object, nor my mind  
Take pleasure in the midst of happy thoughts,  
But either she, whom now I have, who now  
Divides with me this loved abode, was there,  
Or not far off Where'er my footsteps turned,  
Her voice was like a hidden Bird that sang,  
The thought of her was like a flash of light  
Or an unseen companionship, a breath  
Or fragrance independent of the wind.  
In all my goings, in the new and old  
Of all my meditations, and in this  
Favourite of all, in this the most of all . . .  
Embrace me then, ye hills, and close me in  
Now in the clear and open day I feel  
Your guardianship I take it to my heart ;  
'Tis like the solemn shelter of the night  
But I would call thee beautiful , for mild,  
And soft, and gay, and beautiful thou art,  
Dear valley, having in thy face a smile,  
Though peaceful, full of gladness Thou art pleased,  
Pleased with thy crags, and woody steep, thy Lake,  
Its one green Island, and its winding shores,  
The multitude of little rocky hills,  
Thy Church, and cottages of mountain-stone  
Clustered like stars some few, but single most,  
And lurking dimly in their shy retreats,  
Or glancing at each other cheerful looks,  
Like separated stars with clouds between

### "BLEAK SEASON WAS IT, TURBULENT AND WILD" <sup>1</sup>

BLEAK season was it, turbulent and wild,  
When hitherward we journeyed, side by side,  
Through bursts of sunshine and through flying showers,  
Paced the long Vales, how long they were, and yet  
How fast that length of way was left behind,  
Wensley's rich Vale and Sedbergh's naked heights  
The frosty wind, as if to make amends  
For its keen breath, was aiding to our steps,

*From The Recluse.*



## Remembrance of Collins

And drove us onward as two ships at sea ,  
Or, like two birds, companions in mid air,  
Parted and reunited by the blast.  
Stern was the face of nature , we rejoiced  
In that stern countenance , for our souls thence drew  
A feeling of their strength The naked trees,  
The icy brooks, as on we passed, appeared  
To question us, " Whence come ye ? To what end ? "

### LINES

WRITTEN WHILE SAILING IN A BOAT AT EVENING

How richly glows the water's breast  
Before us, tinged with evening hues,  
While, facing thus the crimson west,  
The boat her silent course pursues !  
And see how dark the backward stream !  
A little moment past so smiling !  
And still, perhaps, with faithless gleam,  
Some other loiterers beguiling.

Such views the youthful Bard allure ,  
But, heedless of the following gloom,  
He deems their colours shall endure  
Till peace go with him to the tomb  
—And let him nurse his fond deceit,  
And what if he must die in sorrow !  
Who would not cherish dreams so sweet,  
Though grief and pain may come to-morrow ?  
(1789)

## REMEMBRANCE OF COLLINS

COMPOSED UPON THE THAMES NEAR RICHMOND

GLIDE gently, thus for ever glide,  
O Thames ! that other bards may see  
As lovely visions by thy side  
As now, fair river ! come to me.  
O glide, fair stream ! for ever so,  
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,  
Till all our minds for ever flow  
As thy deep waters now are flowing.  
Vain thought !—Yet be as now thou art,

# Lines left upon a Seat

5

That in thy waters may be seen  
The image of a poet's heart,  
How bright, how solemn, how serene !  
Such as did once the Poet bless,  
Who murmuring here a later<sup>1</sup> ditty,  
Could find no refuge from distress  
But in the milder grief of pity

Now let us, as we float along,  
For *him* suspend the dashing oar ;  
And pray that never child of song  
May know that Poet's sorrows more.  
How calm ! how still ! the only sound,  
The dripping of the oar suspended !  
—The evening darkness gathers round  
By virtue's holiest Powers attended.

(1789)

## LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE

WHICH STANDS NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE, ON A  
DESOLATE PART OF THE SHORE, COMMANDING A  
BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT<sup>2</sup>

NAY, Traveller<sup>1</sup> rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands  
Far from all human dwelling what if here  
No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb ?  
What if the bee love not these barren boughs ?  
Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,  
That break against the shore, shall lull thy mind  
By one soft impulse saved from vacancy

———Who he was  
That piled these stones and with the mossy sod  
First covered, and here taught this aged Tree  
With its dark arms to form a circling bower,  
I well remember —He was one who owned  
No common soul In youth by science nursed,  
And led by nature into a wild scene

<sup>1</sup> Collins's Ode on the death of Thomson, the last written, I believe, of the poems which were published during his life-time. This Ode is also alluded to in the next stanza.

<sup>2</sup> Composed in part at school at Hawkshead. The tree has disappeared, and the slip of Common on which it stood, that ran parallel to the lake and lay open to it, has long been enclosed, so that the road has lost much of its attraction. This spot was my favourite walk in the evenings during the latter part of my school-time.

Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth  
 A favoured Being, knowing no desire  
 Which genius did not hallow ; 'gainst the taint  
 Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,  
 And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,  
 All but neglect The world, for so it thought,  
 Owed him no service , wherefore he at once  
 With indignation turned himself away,  
 And with the food of pride sustained his soul  
 In solitude —Stranger ! these gloomy boughs  
 Had charms for him , and here he loved to sit,  
 His only visitants a straggling sheep,  
 The stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper .  
 And on these barren rocks, with fern and heath,  
 And juniper and thistle, sprinkled o'er,  
 Fixing his downcast eye, he many an hour  
 A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here  
 An emblem of his own unfruitful life :  
 And, lifting up his head, he then would gaze  
 On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis  
 Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became  
 Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain  
 The beauty, still more beauteous ! Nor, that time,  
 When nature had subdued him to herself,  
 Would he forget those Beings to whose minds,  
 Warm from the labours of benevolence,  
 The world, and human life, appeared a scene  
 Of kindred loveliness . then he would sigh,  
 Inly disturbed, to think that others felt  
 What he must never feel . and so, lost Man !  
 On visionary views would fancy feed,  
 Till his eye streamed with tears In this deep vale  
 He died,—this seat his only monument.  
 If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms  
 Of young imagination have kept pure,  
 Stranger ! henceforth be warned ; and know that pride,  
 Howe'er disguised in its own majesty,  
 Is littleness , that he, who feels contempt  
 For any living thing hath felt before,  
 Which he has not yet learnt to fight with him  
 Is in its infancy The man whose eye  
 Is ever on himself doth look, on one,  
 The least of Nature's works, one who might move  
 The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds  
 Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou !

## The Reverie of Poor Susan

7

Instructed that true knowledge leads to love ,  
True dignity abides with him alone  
Who, in the silent hour of inward thought,  
Can still suspect, and still revere himself,  
In lowliness of heart.  
(1795)

### THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN <sup>1</sup>

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,  
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years .  
Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard  
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird

'Tis a note of enchantment , what ails her ? She sees  
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ,  
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,  
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,  
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ,  
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,  
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves

She looks, and her heart is in heaven · but they fade,  
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade  
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,  
And the colours have all passed away from her eyes !  
(1797)

### A NIGHT-PIECE <sup>2</sup>

———THE sky is overcast  
With a continuous cloud of texture close,  
Heavy and wan, all whitened by the Moon,  
Which through that veil is indistinctly seen,  
A dull, contracted circle, yielding light  
So feebly spread, that not a shadow falls,  
Chequering the ground—from rock, plant, tree, or tower  
At length a pleasant instantaneous gleam  
Startles the pensive traveller while he treads  
His lonesome path, with unobserving eye

<sup>1</sup> This arose out of my observation of the birds hanging in this way in the London streets  
stillness of the Spring morning

<sup>2</sup> Composed on the road between Nether Stowey and Alfoxden

Bent earthwards, he looks up—the clouds are split  
 Asunder,—and above his head he sees  
 The clear Moon, and the glory of the heavens  
 There, in a black-blue vault she sails along,  
 Followed by multitudes of stars, that, small  
 And sharp, and bright, along the dark abyss  
 Drive as she drives how fast they wheel away,  
 Yet vanish not!—the wind is in the tree,  
 But they are silent,—still they roll along  
 Immeasurably distant, and the vault,  
 Built round by those white clouds, enormous clouds,  
 Still deepens its unfathomable depth  
 At length the Vision closes, and the mind,  
 Not undisturbed by the delight it feels,  
 Which slowly settles into peaceful calm,  
 Is left to muse upon the solemn scene.  
 (1798)

WE ARE SEVEN<sup>1</sup>

——— A SIMPLE Child,  
 That lightly draws its breath,  
 And feels its life in every limb,  
 What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl.  
 She was eight years old, she said;  
 Her hair was thick with many a curl  
 That clustered round her head

She had a rustic, woodland air,  
 And she was wildly clad.  
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair,  
 —Her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,  
 How many may you be?”  
 “How many? Seven in all,” she said  
 And wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”  
 She answered, “Seven are we;  
 And two of us at Conway dwell,  
 And two are gone to sea.

<sup>1</sup> Written at Alfoxden in the spring of 1798. The little girl who is the heroine I met within the area of Goodrich Castle in the year 1793.

## We are Seven

9

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother ,  
And, in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother "

"You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be "

Then did the little Maid reply,  
"Seven boys and girls are we ,  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ,  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five "

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"  
The little Maid replied,  
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,  
And they are side by side

"My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit,  
And sing a song to them

"And often after sunset, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there

"The first that died was sister Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her of her pain ,  
And then she went away

"So in the churchyard she was laid ,  
And, when the grass was dry,  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I

"And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side "

## Anecdote for Fathers

"How many are you then," said I,  
 "If they two are in heaven?"  
 Quick was the little Maid's reply,  
 "O Master! we are seven"

"But they are dead, those two are dead!  
 Their spirits are in heaven!"  
 'Twas throwing words away, for still  
 The little Maid would have her will,  
 And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

(1798)

ANECDOTE FOR FATHERS<sup>1</sup>

"Retine vim istam, falsa enim dicam, si coges."—EUSEBIUS.

I HAVE a boy of five years old,  
 His face is fair and fresh to see;  
 His limbs are cast in beauty's mould,  
 And dearly he loves me

One morn we strolled on our day walk,  
 Our quiet home all full in view,  
 And held such intermitted talk  
 As we are wont to do.

My thoughts on former pleasures ran,  
 I thought of Kilve's delightful shore,  
 Our pleasant home when spring began,  
 A long, long year before.

A day it was when I could bear  
 Some fond regrets to entertain,  
 With so much happiness to spare,  
 I could not feel a pain.

The green earth echoed to the feet  
 Of lambs that bounded through the glade,  
 From shade to sunshine, and as fleet  
 From sunshine back to shade.

Birds warbled round me—and each trace  
 Of inward sadness had its charm,  
 Kilve, thought I, was a favoured place,  
 And so is Liswyn farm

<sup>1</sup> Alfoxden The Boy was a son of my friend, Basil Montagu, who had been two or three years under our care. The name of Kilve is from a village on the Bristol Channel, about a mile from Alfoxden; and the name of Liswyn Farm was taken from a beautiful spot on the Wye.

## Anecdote for Fathers

11

My boy beside me tripped, so slim  
And graceful in his rustic dress !  
And, as we talked, I questioned him  
In very idleness

“Now tell me, had you rather be,”  
I said, and took him by the arm,  
“On Kilve’s smooth shore, by the green sea,  
Or here at Liswyn farm ?”

In careless mood he looked at me,  
While still I held him by the arm,  
And said, “At Kilve I’d rather be  
Than here at Liswyn farm”

“Now, little Edward, say why so  
My little Edward, tell me why”—  
“I cannot tell, I do not know.”—  
“Why, this is strange,” said I,

“For, here are woods, hills smooth and warm  
There surely must some reason be  
Why you would change sweet Liswyn farm  
For Kilve by the green sea”

At this, my boy hung down his head,  
He blushed with shame, nor made reply,  
And three times to the child I said,  
“Why, Edward, tell me why ?”

His head he raised—there was in sight,  
It caught his eye, he saw it plain—  
Upon the house-top, glittering bright,  
A broad and gilded vane.

Then did the boy his tongue unlock,  
And eased his mind with this reply .  
“At Kilve there was no weather-cock ;  
And that’s the reason why”

O dearest, dearest boy ! my heart  
For better lore would seldom yearn,  
Could I but teach the hundredth part  
Of what from thee I learn.



## The Thorn

THE THORN <sup>1</sup>

## I

"THERE is a Thorn—it looks so old,  
 In truth, you'd find it hard to say  
 How it could ever have been young,  
 It looks so old and grey.  
 Not higher than a two years' child  
 It stands erect, this aged Thorn ;  
 No leaves it has, no prickly points ;  
 It is a mass of knotted joints,  
 A wretched thing forlorn  
 It stands erect, and like a stone  
 With lichens is it overgrown

## II

"Like rock or stone, it is o'ergrown,  
 With lichens to the very top,  
 And hung with heavy tufts of moss,  
 A melancholy crop .  
 Up from the earth these mosses creep,  
 And this poor Thorn they clasp it round  
 So close, you'd say that they are bent  
 With plain and manifest intent  
 To drag it to the ground ,  
 And all have joined in one endeavour  
 To bury this poor Thorn for ever.

## III

"High on a mountain's highest ridge,  
 Where oft the stormy winter gale  
 Cuts like a scythe, while through the clouds  
 It sweeps from vale to vale ;  
 Not five yards from the mountain path,  
 This Thorn you on your left espy ;  
 And to the left, three yards beyond,  
 You see a little muddy pond  
 Of water—never dry  
 Though but of compass small, and bare  
 To thirsty suns and parching air.

<sup>1</sup> Written at Alfoxden.

# The Thorn

I

## IV

"And, close beside this aged Thorn,  
There is a fresh and lovely sight,  
A beauteous heap, a hill of moss,  
Just half a foot in height  
All lovely colours there you see,  
All colours that were ever seen,  
And mossy network too is there,  
As if by hand of lady fair  
The work had woven been;  
And cups, the darlings of the eye,  
So deep is their vermilion dye.

## V

"Ah me! what lovely tints are there  
Of olive green and scarlet bright,  
In spikes, in bianches, and in stars,  
Green, red, and pearly white!  
This heap of earth o'ergrown with moss,  
Which close beside the Thorn you see,  
So fresh in all its beauteous dyes,  
Is like an infant's grave in size,  
As like as like can be.  
But never, never any where,  
An infant's grave was half so fair.

## VI

"Now would you see this aged Thorn,  
This pond, and beauteous hill of moss,  
You must take care and choose your time  
The mountain when to cross  
For oft there sits between the heap  
So like an infant's grave in size,  
And that same pond of which I spoke,  
A Woman in a scarlet cloak,  
And to herself she cries,  
'Oh misery! oh misery!  
Oh woe is me! oh misery!'

## VII

"At all times of the day and night  
This wretched Woman thither goes,  
And she is known to every star,  
And every wind that blows;  
And there, beside the Thorn, she sits

## The Thorn

When the blue daylight's in the skies,  
 And when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
 Or frosty air is keen and still, .  
 And to herself she cries,  
 'Oh misery ! oh misery !  
 Oh woe is me ! oh misery ! ' ”

## VIII

“ Now wherefore, thus, by day and night  
 In rain, in tempest, and in snow,  
 Thus to the dreary mountain-top  
 Does this poor Woman go ?  
 And why sits she beside the Thorn  
 When the blue daylight's in the sky  
 Or when the whirlwind's on the hill,  
 Or frosty air is keen and still,  
 And wherefore does she cry ?—  
 O wherefore ? wherefore ? tell me why  
 Does she repeat that doleful cry ? ”

## IX

“ I cannot tell, I wish I could,  
 For the true reason no one knows  
 But would you gladly view the spot,  
 The spot to which she goes,  
 The hillock like an infant's grave,  
 The pond—and Thorn, so old and grey ;  
 Pass by her door—'tis seldom shut—  
 And, if you see her in her hut—  
 Then to the spot away !  
 I never heard of such as dare  
 Approach the spot when she is there ”

## X

“ But wherefore to the mountain-top  
 Can this unhappy Woman go ?  
 Whatever star is in the skies,  
 Whatever wind may blow ? ”  
 “ Full twenty years are past and gone  
 Since she (her name is Martha Ray)  
 Gave with a maiden's true good-will  
 Her company to Stephen Hill ;  
 And she was blithe and gay,  
 While friends and kindred all approved  
 Of him whom tenderly she loved.

## XI

“And they had fixed the wedding day,  
The morning that must wed them both,  
But Stephen to another Maid  
Had sworn another oath  
And, with this other Maid, to church  
Unthinking Stephen went—  
Poor Martha ! on that woeful day  
A pang of pitiless dismay  
Into her soul was sent,  
A fire was kindled in her breast,  
Which might not burn itself to rest.

## XII

“They say, full six months after this,  
While yet the summer leaves were green,  
She to the mountain-top would go,  
And there was often seen  
What could she seek?—or wish to hide?  
Her state to any eye was plain,  
She was with child, and she was mad,  
Yet often was she sober sad  
From her exceeding pain  
O guilty Father—would that death  
Had saved him from that breach of faith !

## XIII

“Sad case for such a brain to hold  
Communion with a stirring child !  
Sad case, as you may think, for one  
Who had a brain so wild !  
Last Christmas-eve we talked of this,  
And grey-haired Wilfred of the glen  
Held that the unborn infant wrought  
About its mother's heart, and brought  
Her senses back again  
And, when at last her time drew near  
Her looks were calm, her senses clear.

## XIV

“More know I not, I wish I did,  
And it should all be told to you,  
For what became of this poor child  
No mortal ever knew,

## The Thorn

Nay—if a child to her was born  
 No earthly tongue could ever tell ,  
 And if 'twas born alive or dead,  
 Far less could this with proof be said ,  
 But some remember well,  
 That Martha Ray about this time  
 Would up the mountain often climb.

## XV

“ And all that winter, when at night  
 The wind blew from the mountain-peak,  
 'Twas worth your while, though in the dark,  
 The churchyard path to seek  
 For many a time and oft were heard  
 Cries coming from the mountain head :  
 Some plainly living voices were ,  
 And others, I've heard many swear,  
 Were voices of the dead :  
 I cannot think, whate'er they say,  
 They had to do with Martha Ray.

## XVI

“ But that she goes to this old Thorn,  
 The Thorn which I described to you,  
 And there sits in a scarlet cloak  
 I will be sworn is true  
 For one day with my telescope,  
 To view the ocean wide and bright,  
 When to this country first I came,  
 Ere I had heard of Martha's name,  
 I climbed the mountain's height .—  
 A storm came on, and I could see  
 No object higher than my knee

## XVII

“ 'Twas mist and rain, and storm and rain .  
 No screen, no fence could I discover  
 And then the wind ' in sooth, it was  
 A wind full ten times over.  
 I looked around, I thought I saw  
 A jutting crag,—and off I ran,  
 Head-foremost, through the driving rain,  
 The shelter of the crag to gain ;  
 And, as I am a man,  
 Instead of jutting crag, I found  
 A Woman seated on the ground

## The Thorn

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### XVIII

"I did not speak—I saw her face,  
Her face !—it was enough for me,  
I turned about and heard her cry,  
'Oh misery ! oh misery !'  
And there she sits, until the moon  
Through half the clear blue sky will go  
And, when the little breezes make  
The waters of the pond to shake,  
As all the country know,  
She shudders, and you hear her cry,  
'Oh misery ! oh misery !'"

### XIX

"But what's the Thorn ? and what the pond ?  
And what the hill of moss to her ?  
And what the creeping breeze that comes  
The little pond to stir ?"  
"I cannot tell, but some will say  
She hanged her baby on the tree,  
Some say she drowned it in the pond,  
Which is a little step beyond  
But all and each agree,  
The little Babe was buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fair.

### XX

"I've heard, the moss is spotted red  
With drops of that poor infant's blood,  
But kill a new-born infant thus,  
I do not think she could !  
Some say, if to the pond you go,  
And fix on it a steady view,  
The shadow of a babe you trace,  
A baby and a baby's face,  
And that it looks at you,  
Whene'er you look on it, 'tis plain  
The baby looks at you again

### XXI

"And some had sworn an oath that she  
Should be to public justice brought;  
And for the little infant's bones  
With spades they would have sought

## 18 Goody Blake and Harry Gill

But instantly the hill of moss  
Before their eyes began to stir !  
And, for full fifty yards around,  
The grass—it shook upon the ground !  
Yet all do still aver  
The little Babe lies buried there,  
Beneath that hill of moss so fan

### XXII

“ I cannot tell how this may be,  
But plain it is the Thorn is bound  
With heavy tufts of moss that strive  
To drag it to the ground ,  
And this I know, full many a time,  
When she was on the mountain high,  
By day, and in the silent night,  
When all the stars shone clear and bright,  
That I have heard her cry,  
‘ Oh misery ! oh misery !  
Oh woe is me ! oh misery ! ’ ”

(1798)

## GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL<sup>1</sup>

### A TRUE STORY

OH ! what’s the matter ? what’s the matter ?  
What is’t that ails young Harry Gill ?  
That evermore his teeth they chatter,  
Chatter, chatter, chatter still !  
Of waistcoats Harry has no lack,  
Good duffle grey, and flannel fine ;  
He has a blanket on his back,  
And coats enough to smother nine  
In March, December, and in July,  
’Tis all the same with Harry Gill ,  
The neighbours tell, and tell you truly,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.  
At night, at morning, and at noon,  
’Tis all the same with Harry Gill ,  
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still !  
Young Harry was a lusty drover,  
And who so stout of limb as he ?

<sup>1</sup> Written at Alfoxden (The incident from Dr. Darwin’s *Zoönomia*).

## Goody Blake and Harry Gill 19

His cheeks were red as ruddy clover ,  
His voice was like the voice of three  
Old Goody Blake was old and poor ,  
Ill fed she was, and thinly clad ,  
And any man who passed her door  
Might see how poor a hut she had

All day she spun in her poor dwelling  
And then her three hours' work at night,  
Alas ! 'twas hardly worth the telling,  
It would not pay for candle-light  
Remote from sheltered village-green,  
On a hill's northern side she dwelt,  
Where from sea-blasts the hawthorns lean,  
And hoary dews are slow to melt

By the same fire to boil their pottage,  
Two poor old Dames, as I have known,  
Will often live in one small cottage ,  
But she, poor Woman ! housed alone  
'Twas well enough when summer came,  
The long, warm, lightsome summer-day,  
Then at her door the *canty* Dame  
Would sit, as any linnet, gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,  
Oh then how her old bones would shake !  
You would have said, if you had met her,  
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake  
Her evenings then were dull and dead .  
Sad case it was, as you may think,  
For very cold to go to bed ;  
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

O joy for her ! whene'er in winter  
The winds at night had made a rout ,  
And scattered many a lusty splinter  
And many a rotten bough about  
Yet never had she, well or sick,  
As every man who knew her says,  
A pile beforehand, turf or stick,  
Enough to warm her for three days

Now, when the frost was past enduring,  
And made her poor old bones to ache,  
Could any thing be more alluring  
Than an old hedge to Goody Blake ?



## 20 Goody Blake and Harry Gill

And, now and then, it must be said,  
When her old bones were cold and chill,  
She left her fire, or left her bed,  
To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected  
This trespass of old Goody Blake,  
And vowed that she should be detected—  
Then he on her would vengeance take  
And oft from his warm fire he'd go,  
And to the fields his road would take,  
And there, at night, in frost and snow,  
He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,  
Thus looking out did Harry stand:  
The moon was full and shining clearly,  
And crisp with frost the stubble land  
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—  
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill  
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake;  
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill!

Right glad was he when he beheld her.  
Stick after stick did Goody pull:  
He stood behind a bush of elder,  
Till she had filled her apron full  
When with her load she turned about,  
The by-way back again to take;  
He started forward, with a shout,  
And sprang upon poor Goody Blake.

And fiercely by the arm he took her,  
And by the arm he held her fast,  
And fiercely by the arm he shook her,  
And cried, "I've caught you then at last!"—  
Then Goody, who had nothing said,  
Her bundle from her lap let fall,  
And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed  
To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,  
While Harry held her by the arm—  
"God! who art never out of hearing,  
O may he never more be warm!"

## Her Eyes are Wild

21

The cold, cold moon above her head,  
Thus on her knees did Goody pray,  
Young Harry heard what she had said.  
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow  
That he was cold and very chill.  
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,  
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!  
That day he wore a riding-coat,  
But not a whit the warmer he  
Another was on Thursday bought,  
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter,  
And blankets were about him pinned;  
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,  
Like a loose casement in the wind.  
And Harry's flesh it fell away;  
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,  
That, live as long as live he may,  
He never will be warm again

No word to any man he utters,  
A-bed or up, to young or old,  
But ever to himself he mutters,  
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold"  
A-bed or up, by night or day,  
His teeth they chatter, chatter still  
Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,  
Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill!

(1798)

## HER EYES ARE WILD<sup>1</sup>

### I

HER eyes are wild, her head is bare,  
The sun has burnt her coal-black hair;  
Her eyebrows have a rusty stain,  
And she came far from over the main  
She has a baby on her arm,  
Or else she were alone  
And underneath the hay-stack warm,  
And on the greenwood stone,  
She talked and sung the woods among,  
And it was in the English tongue

<sup>1</sup> Written at Alfoxden. The subject was reported to me by a lady of Bristol, who had seen the poor creature.

## Her Eyes are Wild

## II

"Sweet babe ! they say that I am mad,  
But nay, my heart is far too glad,  
And I am happy when I sing  
Full many a sad and doleful thing :  
Then, lovely baby, do not fear !  
I pray thee have no fear of me ;  
But safe as in a cradle, here,  
My lovely baby ! thou shalt be :  
To thee I know too much I owe ;  
I cannot work thee any woe.

## III

"A fire was once within my brain ;  
And in my head a dull, dull pain ;  
And fiendish faces, one, two, three,  
Hung at my breast, and pulled at me ;  
But then there came a sight of joy ;  
It came at once to do me good ;  
I waked, and saw my little boy,  
My little boy of flesh and blood ;  
Oh joy for me that sight to see !  
For he was here, and only he.

## IV

"Suck, little babe, oh, suck again !  
It cools my blood ; it cools my brain ;  
Thy lips I feel them, baby ! they  
Draw from my heart the pain away.  
Oh ! press me with thy little hand ;  
It loosens something at my chest ;  
About that tight and deadly band  
I feel thy little fingers prest.  
The breeze I see is in the tree :  
It comes to cool my babe and me.

## V

"Oh ! love me, love me, little boy !  
Thou art thy mother's only joy ;  
And do not dread the waves below,  
When o'er the sea-rock's edge we go ;  
The high crag cannot work me harm,  
Nor leaping torrents when they howl ;  
The babe I carry on my arm,

## Her Eyes are Wild

23

He saves for me my precious soul ;  
Then happy lie , for blest am I ,  
Without me my sweet babe would die.

### VI

“ Then do not fear, my boy ! for thee  
Bold as a lion will I be ,  
And I will always be thy guide,  
Through hollow snows and rivers wide.  
I'll build an Indian bower , I know  
The leaves that make the softest bed :  
And, if from me thou wilt not go,  
But still be true till I am dead,  
My pretty thing ! then thou shalt sing  
As merry as the birds in spring

### VII

“ Thy father cares not for my breast,  
'Tis thine, sweet baby, there to rest ,  
'Tis all thine own !—and, if its hue  
Be changed, that was so fair to view,  
'Tis fair enough for thee, my dove !  
My beauty, little child, is flown,  
But thou wilt live with me in love,  
And what if my poor cheek be brown ?  
'Tis well for me, thou canst not see  
How pale and wan it else would be.

### VIII

“ Dread not their taunts, my little Life ,  
I am thy father's wedded wife ,  
And underneath the spreading tree  
We two will live in honesty  
If his sweet boy he could forsake,  
With me he never would have stayed  
From him no harm my babe can take ,  
But he, poor man ! is wretched made ,  
And every day we two will pray  
For him that's gone and far away

### IX

“ I'll teach my boy the sweetest things .  
I'll teach him how the owlet sings  
My little babe ! thy lips are still,  
And thou hast almost sucked thy fill  
—Where art thou gone, my own dear child ?

What wicked looks are those I see?  
 Alas ! alas ! that look so wild,  
 It never, never came from me :  
 If thou art mad, my pretty lad,  
 Then I must be for ever sad.

## X

"Oh ! smile on me, my little lamb !  
 For I thy own dear mother am .  
 My love for thee has well been tued :  
 I've sought thy father far and wide  
 I know the poisons of the shade ,  
 I know the earth-nuts fit for food .  
 Then, pretty dear, be not afraid .  
 We'll find thy father in the wood  
 Now laugh and be gay, to the woods away  
 And there, my babe, we'll live for aye "

(1798)

SIMON LEE<sup>1</sup>

## THE OLD HUNTSMAN ;

## WITH AN INCIDENT IN WHICH HE WAS CONCERNED

IN the sweet shire of Cardigan,  
 Not far from pleasant Ivor-hall,  
 An old Man dwells, a little man,—  
 'Tis said he once was tall  
 Full five-and-thirty years he lived  
 A running huntsman merry ,  
 And still the centre of his cheek  
 Is red as a ripe cherry  
 No man like him the horn could sound,  
 And hill and valley rang with glee  
 When Echo banded, round and round,  
 The halloo of Simon Lee.  
 In those proud days, he little cared  
 For husbandry or tillage ,  
 To blither tasks did Simon rouse  
 The sleepers of the village

<sup>1</sup> This old man had been huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden, which, at the time we occupied it, belonged to a minor . The old man's cottage stood upon the common, a little way from the entrance to Alfoxden Park . . . I have, after an interval of forty-five years, the image of the old man as fresh before my eyes as if I had seen him yesterday . The expression when the hounds were out, "I dearly love her voice," was word for word from his own lips.

He all the country could outrun,  
Could leave both man and horse behind,  
And often, ere the chase was done,  
He reeled, and was stone-blind  
And still there's something in the world  
At which his heart rejoices,  
For when the chiming hounds are out,  
He dearly loves their voices !

But, oh the heavy change !—bereft  
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see !  
Old Simon to the world is left  
In liveried poverty.  
His Master's dead,—and no one now  
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor,  
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;  
He is the sole survivor

And he is lean and he is sick,  
His body, dwindled and awry,  
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick,  
His legs are thin and dry  
One prop he has, and only one,  
His wife, an aged woman,  
Lives with him, near the waterfall,  
Upon the village Common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,  
Not twenty paces from the door,  
A scrap of land they have, but they  
Are poorest of the poor.  
This scrap of land he from the heath  
Enclosed when he was stronger,  
But what to them avails the land  
Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her Husband's side,  
Ruth does what Simon cannot do,  
For she, with scanty cause for pride,  
Is stouter of the two  
And, though you with your utmost skill  
From labour could not wean them,  
'Tis little, very little—all  
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store  
As he to you will tell,

For still, the more he works, the more  
Do his weak ankles swell  
My gentle Reader, I perceive  
How patiently you've waited,  
And now I fear that you expect  
Some tale will be related

O Reader ! had you in your mind  
Such stores as silent thought can bring,  
O gentle Reader ! you would find  
A tale in every thing  
What more I have to say is short,  
And you must kindly take it  
It is no tale , but, should you think,  
Perhaps a tale you'll make it

One summer-day I chanced to see  
This old Man doing all he could  
To unearth the root of an old tree,  
A stump of rotten wood.  
The mattock tottered in his hand ,  
So vain was his endeavour,  
That at the root of the old tree  
He might have worked for ever.

"You're overtasked, good Simon Lee,  
Give me your tool," to him I said ,  
And at the word right gladly he  
Received my proffered aid  
I struck, and with a single blow  
The tangled root I severed,  
At which the poor old Man so long  
And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,  
And thanks and praises seemed to run  
So fast out of his heart, I thought  
They never would have done  
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds  
With coldness still returning ,  
Alas ! the gratitude of men  
Hath oftener left me mourning.

LINES WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING<sup>1</sup>

I HEARD a thousand blended notes,  
 While in a grove I sate reclined,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts  
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind  
 To her fair works did Nature link  
 The human soul that through me ran,  
 And much it grieved my heart to think  
 What man has made of man  
 Thro' primrose tufts, in that green bowel,  
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths,  
 And 'tis my faith that every flower  
 Enjoys the air it breathes.  
 The birds around me hopped and played,  
 Their thoughts I cannot measure —  
 But the least motion which they made  
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure  
 The budding twigs spread out their fan,  
 To catch the breezy air,  
 And I must think, do all I can,  
 That there was pleasure there.  
 If this belief from heaven be sent,  
 If such be Nature's holy plan,  
 Have I not reason to lament  
 What man has made of man ?

(1798)

TO MY SISTER<sup>2</sup>

It is the first mild day of March :  
 Each minute sweeter than before  
 The redbreast sings from the tall larch  
 That stands beside our door.  
 There is a blessing in the air,  
 Which seems a sense of joy to yield  
 To the bare trees, and mountains bare,  
 And grass in the green field

<sup>1</sup> Actually composed while I was sitting by the side of the brook that runs down from the Comb, in which stands the village of Alford, through the grounds of Alfoxden. It was a chosen resort of mine

<sup>2</sup> Composed in front of Alfoxden House. My little boy-messenger on this occasion was the son of Basil Montagu. The larch mentioned in the first stanza was standing when I revisited the place in May 1841, more than forty years after



## 28 'A Whirl-blast from behind the Hill'

My sister<sup>1</sup> ('tis a wish of mine)  
Now that our morning meal is done,  
Make haste, your morning task resign;  
Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you,—and, pray,  
Put on with speed your woodland dress,  
And bring no book · for this one day  
We'll give to idleness

No joyless forms shall regulate  
Our living calendar  
We from to-day, my Friend, will date  
The opening of the year

Love, now a universal birth,  
From heart to heart is stealing,  
From earth to man, from man to earth:  
—It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more  
Than years of toiling reason.  
Our minds shall drink at every pore  
The spirit of the season

Some silent laws our hearts will make,  
Which they shall long obey.  
We for the year to come may take  
Our temper from to-day

And from the blessed power that rolls  
About, below, above,  
We'll frame the measure of our souls ·  
They shall be tuned to love

Then come, my Sister<sup>1</sup> come, I pray,  
With speed put on your woodland dress;  
And bring no book · for this one day  
We'll give to idleness

(1798)

### "A WHIRL-BLAST FROM BEHIND THE HILL"<sup>1</sup>

A WHIRL-BLAST from behind the hill  
Rushed o'er the wood with startling sound,  
Then—all at once the air was still,  
And showers of hailstones pattered round.

<sup>1</sup> Observed in the holly-grove at Alfoxden, where these verses were written in the spring of 1799

# The Complaint

29

Where leafless oaks towered high above,  
 I sat within an undergrove  
 Of tallest hollies, tall and green,  
 A fairer bower was never seen.  
 From year to year the spacious floor  
 With withered leaves is covered o'er,  
 And all the year the bower is green  
 But see<sup>1</sup> where'er the hailstones drop  
 The withered leaves all skip and hop,  
 There's not a breeze—no breath of air—  
 Yet here, and there, and everywhere  
 Along the floor, beneath the shade  
 By those embowering hollies made,  
 The leaves in myriads jump and spring,  
 As if with pipes and music rare  
 Some Robin Good-fellow were there,  
 And all those leaves, in festive glee,  
 Were dancing to the minstrelsy

(1798)

## THE COMPLAINT<sup>1</sup>

OF A FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN

### I

BEFORE I see another day,  
 Oh let my body die away<sup>1</sup>  
 In sleep I heard the northern gleams,  
 The stars, they were among my dreams;  
 In rustling conflict through the skies,  
 I heard, I saw the flashes drive,  
 And yet they are upon my eyes,  
 And yet I am alive,  
 Before I see another day,  
 Oh let my body die away<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Written at Alfoxden, where I read Hearne's Journey with deep interest. It was composed for the volume of "Lyrical Ballads."

When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions, he is left behind, covered over with deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel, if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he be unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other tribes of Indians. The females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work *HEARNE'S Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean*. In the as the same writer informs us, when the northern noise, as alluded to in the following poem

## The Complaint

## II

My fire is dead it knew no pain ,  
Yet is it dead, and I remain .  
All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;  
And they are dead, and I will die  
When I was well, I wished to live,  
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire  
But they to me no joy can give,  
No pleasure now, and no desire.  
Then here contented will I lie !  
Alone, I cannot fear to die.

## III

Alas ! ye might have diagg'd me on  
Another day, a single one !  
Too soon I yielded to despair ;  
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?  
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger ;  
And oh, how grievously I rue,  
That, afterwards, a little longer,  
My friends, I did not follow you !  
For strong and without pain I lay,  
Dear friends, when ye were gone away

## IV

My Child ! they gave thee to another,  
A woman who was not thy mother.  
When from my arms my Babe they took,  
On me how strangely did he look !  
Through his whole body something ran,  
A most strange working did I see ;  
—As if he strove to be a man,  
That he might pull the sledge for me .  
And then he stretched his arms, how wild !  
Oh mercy ! like a helpless child.

## V

My little joy ! my little pride !  
In two days more I must have died.  
Then do not weep and grieve for me ,  
I feel I must have died with thee.  
O wind, that o'er my head art flying  
The way my friends their course did bend,  
I should not feel the pain of dying,  
Could I with thee a message send ;

## The Last of the Flock

31

Too soon, my friends, ye went away,  
For I had many things to say

### VI

I'll follow you across the snow,  
Ye travel heavily and slow,  
In spite of all my weary pain  
I'll look upon your tents again  
—My fire is dead, and snowy white  
The water which beside it stood  
The wolf has come to me to-night,  
And he has stolen away my food  
For ever left alone am I,  
Then wherefore should I fear to die?

### VII

Young as I am, my course is run,  
I shall not see another sun,  
I cannot lift my limbs to know  
If they have any life or no  
My poor forsaken Child, if I  
For once could have thee close to me,  
With happy heart I then would die,  
And my last thought would happy be;  
But thou, dear Babe, art far away,  
Nor shall I see another day

(1798)

## THE LAST OF THE FLOCK<sup>1</sup>

### I

IN distant countries have I been,  
And yet I have not often seen  
A healthy man, a man full grown,  
Weep in the public roads, alone  
But such a one, on English ground,  
And in the broad highway, I met,  
Along the broad highway he came,  
His cheeks with tears were wet  
Sturdy he seemed, though he was sad  
And in his arms a Lamb he had

### II

He saw me, and he turned aside,  
As if he wished himself to hide

<sup>1</sup> Written at Alfoxden, for "Lyrical Ballads" The incident occurred in the village of Holford, close by Alfoxden

## The Last of the Flock

And with his coat did then essay  
 To wipe those briny tears away.  
 I followed him, and said, "My friend,  
 What ails you? wherefore weep you so?"  
 —"Shame on me, Sir! this lusty Lamb,  
 He makes my tears to flow  
 To-day I fetched him from the rock,  
 He is the last of all my flock.

## III

"When I was young, a single man,  
 And after youthful follies ran,  
 Though little given to care and thought,  
 Yet, so it was, an ewe I bought;  
 And other sheep from her I raised,  
 As healthy sheep as you might see,  
 And then I married, and was rich  
 As I could wish to be,  
 Of sheep I numbered a full score,  
 And every year increased my store.

## IV

"Year after year my stock it grew,  
 And from this one, this single ewe,  
 Full fifty comely sheep I raised,  
 As fine a flock as ever grazed!  
 Upon the Quantock hills they fed,  
 They throve, and we at home did thrive:  
 —This lusty Lamb of all my store  
 Is all that is alive,  
 And now I care not if we die,  
 And perish all of poverty.

## V

"Six Children, Sir! had I to feed;  
 Hard labour in a time of need!  
 My pride was tamed, and in our grief  
 I of the Parish asked relief.  
 They said, I was a wealthy man;  
 My sheep upon the uplands fed,  
 And it was fit that thence I took  
 Whereof to buy us bread.  
 'Do this how can we give to you,'  
 They cried, 'what to the poor is due?'

## VI

"I sold a sheep, as they had said,  
And bought my little children bread,  
And they were healthy with their food,  
For me—it never did me good.  
A woeful time it was for me,  
To see the end of all my gains,  
The pretty flock which I had reared  
With all my care and pains,  
To see it melt like snow away—  
For me it was a woeful day.

## VII

"Another still ! and still another !  
A little lamb, and then its mother !  
It was a vein that never stopped—  
Like blood-drops from my heart they dropped.  
'Till thirty were not left alive  
They dwindled, dwindled, one by one,  
And I may say, that many a time  
I wished they all were gone—  
Reckless of what might come at last  
Were but the bitter struggle past

## VIII

"To wicked deeds I was inclined,  
And wicked fancies crossed my mind ,  
And every man I chanced to see,  
I thought he knew some ill of me  
No peace, no comfort could I find,  
No ease, within doors or without ,  
And, crazily and wearily  
I went my work about ,  
And oft was moved to flee from home,  
And hide my head where wild beasts roam.

## IX

"Sir ! 'twas a precious flock to me,  
As dear as my own children be ,  
For daily with my growing store  
I loved my children more and more.  
Alas ! it was an evil time ;  
God cursed me in my sore distress ,  
I prayed, yet every day I thought  
I loved my children less ,

And every week, and every day,  
My flock it seemed to melt away.

X

"They dwindled, Sir, sad sight to see !  
From ten to five, from five to three,  
A lamb, a wether, and a ewe,—  
And then at last from three to two,  
And, of my fifty, yesterday  
I had but only one  
And here it lies upon my arm,  
Alas ! and I have none,—  
To-day I fetched it from the rock ;  
It is the last of all my flock."

(1798)

### LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISIT-  
ING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13,

1798<sup>1</sup>

FIVE years have past, five summers, with the length  
Of five long winters<sup>1</sup> and again I hear  
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
With a soft inland murmur<sup>2</sup>—Once again  
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
That on a wild secluded scene impress  
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect  
The landscape with the quiet of the sky  
The day is come when I again repose  
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
'Mid groves and copses Once again I see  
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines  
Of sportive wood run wild. these pastoral farms,

<sup>1</sup> No poem of mine was composed under circumstances more pleasant for me to remember than this. I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my Sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol. It was published almost immediately after in the *Lyrical Ballads*.

<sup>2</sup> The river is not affected by the tides a few miles above Tintern.

Green to the very door, and wreaths of smoke  
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !  
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem  
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,  
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire  
 The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms  
 Through a long absence, have not been to me  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye  
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,  
 And passing even into my puer mind,  
 With tranquil restoration —feelings too  
 Of unremembered pleasure such, perhaps,  
 As have no slight or trivial influence  
 On that best portion of a good man's life,  
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts  
 Of kindness and of love Nor less, I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another gift,  
 Of aspect more sublime, that blessed mood  
 In which the burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world,  
 Is lightened —that serene and blessed mood,  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things

If this  
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh ! how oft—  
 In darkness and amid the many shapes  
 Of joyless daylight, when the fretful stir  
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,  
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—  
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,  
 O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,  
 How often has my spirit turned to thee !  
 And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,  
 With many recognitions dim and faint,



And somewhat of a sad perplexity,  
The picture of the mind revives again .  
While here I stand, not only with the sense  
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts  
That in this moment there is life and food  
For future years And so I dare to hope,  
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first  
I came among these hills ; when like a roe  
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides  
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,  
Wherever nature led more like a man  
Flying from something that he dreads, than one  
Who sought the thing he loved For nature then  
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,  
And their glad animal movements all gone by)  
To me was all in all —I cannot paint  
What then I was The sounding cataract  
Haunted me like a passion the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,  
Their colours and their forms, were then to me  
An appetite , a feeling and a love,  
That had no need of a remoter charm,  
By thought supplied, nor any interest  
Unborrowed from the eye —That time is past,  
And all its aching joys are now no more,  
And all its dizzy raptures Not for this  
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur ; other gifts  
Have followed , for such loss, I would believe,  
Abundant recompence For I have learned  
To look on nature, not as in the hour  
Of thoughtless youth , but hearing oftentimes  
The still, sad music of humanity,  
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue And I have felt  
A presence that disturbs me with the joy  
Of elevated thoughts , a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,  
And rolls through all things Therefore am I still  
A lover of the meadows and the woods,  
And mountains , and of all that we behold

From this green earth , of all the mighty world  
 Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,<sup>1</sup>  
 And what perceive , well pleased to recognise  
 In nature and the language of the sense,  
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,  
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul  
 Of all my moral being

Nor perchance,  
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more  
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay  
 For thou art with me here upon the banks  
 Of this fair river , thou my dearest Friend,  
 My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch  
 The language of my former heart, and read  
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights  
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh ! yet a little while  
 May I behold in thee what I was once,  
 My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,  
 Knowing that Nature never did betray  
 The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege,  
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead  
 From joy to joy for she can so inform  
 The mind that is within us, so impress  
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed  
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,  
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,  
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all  
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,  
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb  
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold  
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon  
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk ,  
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free  
 To blow against thee and, in after years,  
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured  
 Into a sober pleasure , when thy mind  
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,  
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place  
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies , oh ! then,  
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,  
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts  
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,  
 And these my exhortations ! Nor, perchance—

<sup>1</sup> This line has a close resemblance to an admirable line of Young's  
 the exact expression of which I do not recollect.

## 38 The Old Cumberland Beggar

If I should be where I no more can hear  
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams  
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget  
 That on the banks of this delightful stream  
 We stood together, and that I, so long  
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came  
 Unwearied in that service: rather say  
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal  
 Of holier love Nor wilt thou then forget,  
 That after many wanderings, many years  
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,  
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me  
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!<sup>1</sup>  
 (1798)

### THE OLD CUMBERLAND BEGGAR<sup>1</sup>

I saw an aged Beggar in my walk;  
 And he was seated, by the highway side,  
 On a low structure of rude masonry  
 Built at the foot of a huge hill, that they  
 Who lead their horses down the steep rough road  
 May thence remount at ease The aged Man  
 Had placed his staff across the broad smooth stone  
 That overlays the pile; and, from a bag  
 All white with flour, the dole of village dames,  
 He drew his scraps and fragments, one by one,  
 And scanned them with a fixed and serious look  
 Of idle computation. In the sun,  
 Upon the second step of that small pile,  
 Surrounded by those wild unpeopled hills,  
 He sat, and ate his food in solitude  
 And ever, scattered from his palsied hand,  
 That, still attempting to prevent the waste,  
 Was baffled still, the crumbs in little showers  
 Fell on the ground, and the small mountain birds,  
 Not venturing yet to peck their destined meal,  
 Approached within the length of half his staff.  
 Him from my childhood have I known; and then  
 He was so old, he seems not older now,  
 He travels on, a solitary Man,  
 So helpless in appearance, that for him  
 The sauntering Horseman throws not with a slack

<sup>1</sup> Observed, and with great benefit to my own heart, when I was a child written at Racedown and Alfoxden in my twenty-third year.

## The Old Cumberland Beggar 39

And careless hand his alms upon the ground,  
 But stops,—that he may safely lodge the coin  
 Within the old Man's hat, nor quits him so,  
 But still, when he has given his horse the rein,  
 Watches the aged Beggar with a look  
 Sidelong, and half-reverted    She who tends  
 The toll-gate, when in summer at her door  
 She turns her wheel, if on the road she sees  
 The aged beggar coming, quits her work,  
 And lifts the latch for him that he may pass  
 The post-boy, when his rattling wheels o'ertake  
 The aged Beggar in the woody lane,  
 Shouts to him from behind, and if, thus warned,  
 The old man does not change his course, the boy  
 Turns with less noisy wheels to the roadside,  
 And passes gently by, without a curse  
 Upon his lips, or anger at his heart

· He travels on, a solitary Man,  
 His age has no companion    On the ground  
 His eyes are turned, and, as he moves along  
*They* move along the ground, and, evermore,  
 Instead of common and habitual sight  
 Of fields with rural works, of hill and dale,  
 And the blue sky, one little span of earth  
 Is all his prospect    Thus, from day to day,  
 Bow-bent, his eyes for ever on the ground,  
 He plies his weary journey, seeing still,  
 And seldom knowing that he sees, some straw,  
 Some scattered leaf, or marks which, in one track,  
 The nails of cart or chariot-wheel have left  
 Impressed on the white road,—in the same line,  
 At distance still the same    Poor Traveller!  
 His staff trails with him, scarcely do his feet  
 Disturb the summer dust, he is so still  
 In look and motion, that the cottage cubs,  
 Ere he has passed the door, will turn away,  
 Weary of barking at him    Boys and guls,  
 The vacant and the busy, maids and youths,  
 And urchins newly breeched—all pass him by.  
 Him even the slow-paced waggon leaves behind

But deem not this Man useless —Statesmen! ye  
 Who are so restless in your wisdom, ye  
 Who have a bloom still ready in your hands  
 To rid the world of nuisances, ye proud,  
 Heart-swoln, while in your pride ye contemplate

## 40 The Old Cumberland Beggar

Your talents, power, or wisdom, deem him not  
 A burthen of the earth 'Tis Nature's law  
 That none, the meanest of created things,  
 Or forms created the most vile and brute,  
 The dullest or most noxious, should exist  
 Divorced from good—a spirit and pulse of good,  
 A life and soul, to every mode of being  
 Inseparably linked Then be assured  
 That 'tis the lot of all, who ever owned  
 The *sublime* content sublime  
 Which man is born to—sink, howe'er depressed,  
 So low as to be scorned without a sin,  
 Without offence to God cast out of view,  
 Like the dry remnant of a garden-flower  
 Whose seeds are shed, or as an implement  
 Worn out and worthless. While from door to door,  
 This old Man creeps, the villagers in him  
 Behold a record which together binds  
 Past deeds and offices of charity,  
 Else unremembered, and so keeps alive  
 The kindly mood in hearts which lapse of years,  
 And that half-wisdom half-experience gives,  
 Make slow to feel, and by sure steps resign  
 To selfishness and cold oblivious cares  
 Among the farms and solitary huts,  
 Hamlets and thinly-scattered villages,  
 Where'er the aged Beggar takes his rounds,  
 The mild necessity of use compels  
 To acts of love, and habit does the work  
 Of reason, yet prepares that after-joy  
 Which reason cherishes. And thus the soul,  
 By that sweet taste of pleasure unpursued,  
 Doth find herself insensibly disposed  
 To virtue and true goodness

Some there are,  
 By their good works exalted, lofty minds  
 And meditative, authors of delight  
 And happiness, which to the end of time  
 Will be spread, and kindle: even such minds  
 In childhood, from this solitary Being,  
 Or from like wanderer, haply have received  
 (A thing more precious far than all that books  
 Or the solitudes of love can do)  
 That first mild touch of sympathy and thought,  
 In which they found their kindred with a world

## The Old Cumberland Beggar 41

Where want and sorrow were. The easy man  
Who sits at his own door,—and, like the pear  
That overhangs his head from the green wall,  
Feeds in the sunshine, the robust and young,  
The prosperous and unthinking, they who live  
Sheltered, and flourish in a little grove  
Of their own kindred,—all behold in him  
A silent monitor, which on their minds  
Must needs impress a transitory thought  
Of self-congratulation, to the heart  
Of each recalling his peculiar boons,  
His charters and exemptions, and, perchance,  
Though he to no one give the fortitude  
And circumspection needful to preserve  
His present blessings, and to husband up  
The respite of the season, he, at least,  
And 'tis no vulgar service, makes them felt

Yet further ——— Many, I believe, there are  
Who live a life of virtuous decency,  
Men who can hear the Decalogue and feel  
No self-reproach; who of the moral law  
Established in the land where they abide  
Are strict observers, and not negligent  
In acts of love to those with whom they dwell,  
Their kindred, and the children of their blood  
Praise be to such, and to their slumbers peace!  
—But of the poor man ask, the abject poor,  
Go, and demand of him, if there be here  
In this cold abstinence from evil deeds,  
And these inevitable charities,  
Wherewith to satisfy the human soul?  
No—man is dear to man, the poorest poor  
Long for some moments in a weary life  
When they can know and feel that they have been,  
Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out  
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such  
As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
That we have all of us one human heart  
—Such pleasure is to one kind Being known,  
My neighbour, when with punctual care, each week  
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
By her own wants, she from her store of meal  
Takes one unsparing handful for the scup  
Of this old Mendicant, and, from her door  
Returning with exhilarated heart,

## 42 Animal Tranquillity and Decay

Sits by her fire, and builds her hope in heaven.

Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !

And while in that vast solitude to which

The tide of things has borne him, he appears

To breathe and live but for himself alone,

Unblamed, uninjured, let him bear about

The good which the benignant law of Heaven

Has hung around him and, while life is his,

Still let him prompt the unlettered villagers

To tender offices and pensive thoughts

—Then let him pass, a blessing on his head !

And, long as he can wander, let him breathe

The freshness of the valleys, let his blood

Struggle with frosty air and winter snows,

And let the chartered wind that sweeps the heath

Beat his grey locks against his withered face.

Reverence the hope whose vital anxiousness

Gives the last human interest to his heart

May never *HOUSE*, misnamed of *INDUSTRY*,

Make him a captive !—for that pent-up din,

Those life-consuming sorrows that clog the air,

Be his the bitter secret of old age !

Let him be free of mountain solitudes ;

And have around him, whether heard or not,

The pleasant melody of woodland birds.

Few are his pleasures : if his eyes have now

Been doomed so long to settle upon earth

That not without some effort they behold

The countenance of the horizontal sun,

Rising or setting, let the light at least

Find a free entrance to their languid orbs.

And let him, *where* and *when* he will, sit down

Beneath the trees, or on a grassy bank

Of highway side, and with the little birds

Share his chance-gathered meal ; and, finally,

As in the eye of Nature he has lived,

So in the eye of Nature let him die !

(1798)

### ANIMAL TRANQUILLITY AND DECAY

THE little hedgerow birds,

That peck along the roads, regard him not.

He travels on, and in his face, his step,

His gait, is one expression every limb,

His look and all bespeak

## Influence of Natural Objects 43

A man who does not move with pain, but moves  
With thought — He is insensibly subdued  
To settled quiet — he is one by whom  
All effort seems forgotten, one to whom  
Long patience hath such mild composure given,  
That patience now doth seem a thing of which  
He hath no need — He is by nature led  
To peace so perfect that the young behold  
With envy, what the Old Man hardly feels  
(1798)

### THE SIMPLON PASS <sup>1</sup>

———BROOK and road  
Were fellow-travellers in this gloomy Pass,  
And with them did we journey several hours  
At a slow step — The immeasurable height  
Of woods decaying, never to be decayed,  
The stationary blasts of waterfalls,  
And in the narrow rent, at every turn,  
Winds thwarting winds bewildered and forlorn,  
The torrents shooting from the clear blue sky,  
The rocks that muttered close upon our ears,  
Black drizzling crags that spake by the wayside  
As if a voice were in them, the sick sight  
And giddy prospect of the raving stream,  
The unfettered clouds and region of the heavens,  
Tumult and peace, the darkness and the light—  
Were all like workings of one mind, the features  
Of the same face, blossoms upon one tree  
Characters of the great Apocalypse,  
The types and symbols of Eternity,  
Of first, and last, and midst, and without end  
(1799)

### INFLUENCE OF NATURAL OBJECTS

#### ✓ CALLING FORTH AND STRENGTHENING THE IMAGINATION IN BOYHOOD AND EARLY YOUTH <sup>1</sup>

WISDOM and Spirit of the universe <sup>1</sup>  
Thou Soul, that art the Eternity of thought <sup>1</sup>  
And giv'st to forms and images a breath  
And everlasting motion <sup>1</sup> not in vain,  
By day or star-light, thus from my first dawn  
Of childhood didst thou interwine for me  
The passions that build up our human soul ;

<sup>1</sup> Written in Germany



## 44      Influence of Natural Objects

Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man ,  
 But with high objects, with enduring things,  
 With life and nature ; purifying thus  
 The elements of feeling and of thought,  
 And sanctifying by such discipline  
 Both pain and fear,—until we recognise  
 A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.

Nor was this fellowship vouchsafed to me  
 With stinted kindness    In November days,  
 When vapours rolling down the valleys made  
 A lonely scene more lonesome , among woods  
 At noon , and 'mid the calm of summer nights,  
 When, by the margin of the trembling lake,  
 Beneath the gloomy hills, homeward I went  
 In solitude, such intercourse was mine .  
 Mine was it in the fields both day and night,  
 And by the waters, all the summer long.  
 And in the frosty season, when the sun  
 Was set, and, visible for many a mile,  
 The cottage-windows through the twilight blazed,  
 I heeded not the summons · happy time  
 It was indeed for all of us ; for me  
 It was a time of rapture !    Clear and loud  
 The village-clock tolled six —I wheeled about,  
 Proud and exulting like an untired horse  
 That cares not for his home -- All shod with steel  
 We hissed along the polished ice, in games  
 Confederate, imitative of the chase  
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
 The pack loud-chiming, and the hunted hare.  
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle : with the din  
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;  
 The leafless trees and every icy crag  
 Tinkled like iron , while far-distant hills  
 Into the tumult sent an alien sound  
 Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars,  
 Eastward, were sparkling clear, and in the west  
 The orange sky of evening died away.

Not seldom from the uproar I retired  
 Into a silent bay, or sportively  
 Glanced sideway, leaving the tumultuous throng,  
 To cut across the reflex of a star ;  
 Image, that, flying still before me, gleamed  
 Upon the glassy plain : and oftentimes,

When we had given our bodies to the wind,  
And all the shadowy banks on either side  
Came sweeping through the darkness, spinning still  
The rapid line of motion, then at once  
Have I, reclining back upon my heels,  
Stopped short, yet still the solitary cliffs  
Wheeled by me—even as if the earth had rolled  
With visible motion her diurnal round !  
Behind me did they stretch in solemn train,  
Feebler and feebler, and I stood and watched  
Till all was tranquil as a summer sea.

(1799)

THERE WAS A BOY<sup>1</sup>

THERE was a Boy ; ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander !—many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake ,  
And there, with fingers interwoven, both hands  
Pressed closely palm to palm and to his mouth  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him —And they would shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call,—with quivering peals,  
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled , concourse wild  
Of jocund din ! And, when there came a pause  
Of silence such as baffled his best skill  
Then, sometimes, in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain-torrents , or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake.

This boy was taken from his mates, and died  
In childhood, ere he was full twelve years old  
Pre-eminent in beauty is the vale  
Where he was born and bred the churchyard hangs

<sup>1</sup> Written in Germany

Upon a slope above the village-school ;  
 And, through that churchyard when my way has led  
 On summer-evenings, I believe, that there  
 A long half-hour together I have stood  
 Mute—looking at the grave in which he lies !

(1799)

### NUTTING <sup>1</sup>

—————It seems a day  
 (I speak of one from many singled out)  
 One of those heavenly days that cannot die ;  
 When, in the eagerness of boyish hope,  
 I left our cottage-threshold, sallying forth  
 With a huge wallet o'er my shoulders slung,  
 A nutting-crook in hand, and turned my steps  
 Tow'rd some far-distant wood, a Figure quaint,  
 Tucked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds  
 Which for that service had been husbanded,  
 By exhortation of my frugal Dame—  
 Motley accoutrement, of power to smile  
 At thorns, and brakes, and brambles—and, in truth,  
 More ragged than need was ! O'er pathless rocks,  
 Through beds of matted fern, and tangled thickets,  
 Forcing my way, I came to one dear nook  
 Unvisited, where not a broken bough  
 Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign  
 Of devastation ; but the hazels rose  
 Tall and erect, with tempting clusters hung,  
 A virgin scene !—A little while I stood,  
 Breathing with such suppression of the heart  
 As joy delights in, and, with wise restraint  
 Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed  
 The banquet,—or beneath the trees I sate  
 Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played ;  
 A temper known to those, who, after long  
 And weary expectation, have been blest  
 With sudden happiness beyond all hope.  
 Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves  
 The violets of five seasons re-appear  
 And fade, unseen by any human eye ;  
 Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on

<sup>1</sup> Written in Germany, intended as part of a poem on my own life, but struck out as not being wanted there. Like most of my school fellows I was an impassioned nutter. For this pleasure the vale of Esthwaite, abounding in copse-wood, furnished a very wide range.

For ever ; and I saw the sparkling foam,  
 And—with my cheek on one of those green stones  
 That, fleeced with moss, under the shady trees,  
 Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep—  
 I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,  
 In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to pay  
 Tribute to ease , and, of its joy secure,  
 The heart luxuriates with indifferent things,  
 Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones,  
 And on the vacant air Then up I rose,  
 And dragged to earth both branch and bough, with crash  
 And merciless ravage and the shady nook  
 Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,  
 Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up  
 Their quiet being . and, unless I now  
 Confound my present feelings with the past,  
 Ere from the mutilated bower I turned  
 Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings,  
 I felt a sense of pain when I beheld  
 The silent trees, and saw the intruding sky—  
 Then, dearest Maiden, move along these shades  
 In gentleness of heart ; with gentle hand  
 Touch—for there is a spirit in the woods.

(1799)

LUCY<sup>1</sup>

STRANGE fits of passion have I known .  
 And I will dare to tell,  
 But in the Lover's ear alone,  
 What once to me befell  
 When she I loved looked every day  
 Fresh as a rose in June,  
 I to her cottage bent my way,  
 Beneath an evening-moon  
 Upon the moon I fixed my eye,  
 All over the wide lea ;  
 With quickening pace my horse drew nigh  
 Those paths so dear to me  
 And now we reached the orchard-plot ,  
 And, as we climbed the hill,  
 The sinking moon to Lucy's cot  
 Came near, and nearer still.

<sup>1</sup> Written in Germany in 1799

## Lucy

In one of those sweet dreams I slept,  
Kind Nature's gentlest boon !  
And all the while my eyes I kept  
On the descending moon.

My horse moved on , hoof after hoof  
He raised, and never stopped .  
When down behind the cottage roof,  
At once, the bright moon dropped  
What fond and wayward thoughts will slide  
Into a Lover's head !  
" O mercy ! " to myself I cried,  
" If Lucy should be dead ! "

### II

SHE dwelt among the untrodden ways  
Beside the springs of Dove,  
A Maid whom there were none to praise  
And very few to love .  
A violet by a mossy stone  
Half hidden from the eye !  
—Fair as a star, when only one  
Is shining in the sky  
She lived unknown, and few could know  
When Lucy ceased to be ;  
But she is in her grave, and, oh,  
The difference to me !

### III

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,  
In lands beyond the sea ;  
Not, England ! did I know till then  
What love I bore to thee.  
'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
Nor will I quit thy shore  
A second time , for still I seem  
To love thee more and more.  
Among thy mountains did I feel  
The joy of my desire ;  
And she I cherished turned her wheel  
Beside an English fire  
Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
The bowers where Lucy played ;  
And thine too is the last green field  
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

## IV

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,  
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower  
On earth was never sown,  
This Child I to myself will take;  
She shall be mine, and I will make  
A Lady of my own

"Myself will to my darling be  
Both law and impulse. and with me  
The Girl, in rock and plain,  
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,  
Shall feel an overseeing power  
To kindle or restrain

"She shall be sportive as the fawn  
That wild with glee across the lawn,  
Or up the mountain springs,  
And her's shall be the breathing balm,  
And her's the silence and the calm  
Of mute insensate things

"The floating clouds their state shall lend  
To her, for her the willow bend,  
Nor shall she fail to see  
Even in the motions of the Storm  
Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form  
By silent sympathy

"The stars of midnight shall be dear  
To her, and she shall lean her ear  
In many a secret place  
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,  
And beauty born of murmuring sound  
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight  
Shall rear her form to stately height,  
Her virgin bosom swell,  
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give  
While she and I together live  
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—  
How soon my Lucy's race was run!  
She died, and left to me  
This heath, this calm, and quiet scene;  
The memory of what has been,  
And never more will be.

## A Poet's Epitaph

v

A SLUMBER did my spirit seal,  
 I had no human fears  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years  
 No motion has she now, no force,  
 She neither hears nor sees,  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees

## A POET'S EPITAPH

ART thou a Statist in the van  
 Of public conflicts trained and bled?  
 —First learn to love one living man,  
*Then may'st thou think upon the dead.*  
 A Lawyer art thou?—draw not nigh!  
 Go, carry to some fitter place  
 The keenness of that practised eye,  
 The hardness of that sallow face  
 Art thou a Man of purple cheer?  
 A rosy Man, right plump to see?  
 Approach, yet, Doctor, not too near,  
 This grave no cushion is for thee.  
 Or art thou one of gallant pride,  
 A Soldier and no man of chaff?  
 Welcome! but lay thy sword aside,  
 And lean upon a peasant's staff  
 Physician art thou? one, all eyes,  
 Philosopher! a fingering slave,  
 One that would peep and botanise  
 Upon his mother's grave?  
 Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece,  
 O turn aside,—and take, I pray,  
 That he below may rest in peace,  
 Thy ever-dwindling soul, away!  
 A Moralist perchance appears;  
 Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod:  
 And he has neither eyes nor ears,  
 Himself his would, and his own God;  
 One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling  
 Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;

A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
 An intellectual All-in-all<sup>1</sup>  
 Shut close the door, press down the latch;  
 Sleep in thy intellectual crust,  
 Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch  
 Near this unprofitable dust  
 But who is He, with modest looks,  
 And clad in homely russet brown?  
 He murmurs near the running brooks  
 A music sweeter than their own.  
 He is retired as noontide dew,  
 Or fountain in a noon-day grove;  
 And you must love him, ere to you  
 He will seem worthy of your love  
 The outward shows of sky and earth,  
 Of hill and valley, he has viewed,  
 And impulses of deeper birth  
 Have come to him in solitude  
 In common things that round us lie  
 Some random truths he can impart,—  
 The harvest of a quiet eye  
 That broods and sleeps on his own heart.  
 But he is weak, both Man and Boy,  
 Hath been an idler in the land,  
 Contented if he might enjoy  
 The things which others understand.  
 —Come hither in thy hour of strength,  
 Come, weak as is a breaking wave!  
 Here stretch thy body at full length,  
 Or build thy house upon this grave.

(1799)

## MATTHEW

I<sup>1</sup>

If Nature, for a favourite child,  
 In thee hath tempered so her clay,  
 That every hour thy heart runs wild,  
 Yet never once doth go astray,

<sup>1</sup> In the School of ——— is a tablet, on which are inscribed, in gilt letters, the Names of the several persons who have been Schoolmasters there since the foundation of the School, with the time at which they entered upon and quitted their office. Opposite to one of those names the Author wrote these lines.



Read o'er these lines , and then review  
This tablet, that thus humbly rears  
In such diversity of hue  
Its history of two hundred years.

—When through this little wick of fame,  
Cipher and syllable ' thine eye '  
Has travelled down to Matthew's name,  
Pause with no common sympathy

And, if a sleeping tear should wake,  
Then be it neither checked nor stayed .  
For Matthew a request I make  
Which for himself he had not made

Poor Matthew, all his frolics o'er,  
Is silent as a standing pool ,  
Far from the chimney's merry roar,  
And murmur of the village school

The sighs which Matthew heaved were sighs  
Of one tired out with fun and madness ,  
The tears which came to Matthew's eyes  
Were tears of light, the dew of gladness.

Yet, sometimes, when the secret cup  
Of still and serious thought went round,  
He seemed as if he drank it up—  
He felt with spirit so profound,

—Thou soul of God's best earthly mould !  
Thou happy Soul ! and can it be  
That these two words of glittering gold  
Are all that must remain of thee ?

(1799)

## II

### THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

WE walked along, while bright and red  
Uprose the morning sun ;  
And Matthew stopped, he looked, and said,  
"The will of God be done !"

A village schoolmaster was he,  
With hair of glittering grey ,  
As blithe a man as you could see  
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass,  
And by the steaming rills,  
We travelled merrily, to pass  
A day among the hills.

“Our work,” said I, “was well begun,  
Then, from thy breast what thought,  
Beneath so beautiful a sun,  
So sad a sigh has brought?”

A second time did Matthew stop,  
And fixing still his eye  
Upon the eastern mountain-top,  
To me he made reply

“Yon cloud with that long purple cleft  
Brings fresh into my mind  
A day like this which I have left  
Full thirty years behind

“And just above yon slope of corn  
Such colours, and no other,  
Were in the sky, that April morn,  
Of this the very brother.

“With rod and line I sued the sport  
Which that sweet season gave,  
And, to the churchyard come, stopped short  
Beside my daughter’s grave

“Nine summers had she scarcely seen,  
The pride of all the vale;  
And then she sang,—she would have been  
A very nightingale

“Six feet in earth my Emma lay,  
And yet I loved her more,  
For so it seemed, than till that day  
I e’er had loved before.

“And, turning from her grave, I met,  
Beside the churchyard yew,  
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet  
With points of morning dew

“A basket on her head she bare;  
Her brow was smooth and white:  
To see a child so very fair,  
It was a pure delight!

"No fountain from its rocky cave  
 E'er tripped with foot so free,  
 She seemed as happy as a wave  
 That dances on the sea

"There came from me a sigh of pain  
 Which I could ill confine,  
 I looked at her, and looked again:  
 And did not wish her mine!"

Matthew is in his grave, yet now,  
 Methinks, I see him stand,  
 As at that moment, with a bough  
 Of wilding in his hand

(1799)

### III

#### THE FOUNTAIN

#### A CONVERSATION

WE talked with open heart, and tongue  
 Affectionate and true,  
 A pair of friends, though I was young,  
 And Matthew seventy-two

We lay beneath a spreading oak,  
 Beside a mossy seat,  
 And from the turf a fountain broke,  
 And gurgled at our feet.

"Now, Matthew!" said I, "let us match  
 This water's pleasant tune  
 With some old border-song, or catch  
 That suits a summer's noon;

"Or of the church-clock and the chimes  
 Sing here beneath the shade,  
 That half-mad thing of witty rhymes  
 Which you last April made!"

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed  
 The spring beneath the tree,  
 And thus the dear old Man replied,  
 The grey-haired man of glee:

"No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears;  
 How merrily it goes!  
 'Twill murmur on a thousand years,  
 And flow as now it flows

“ And here, on this delightful day,  
I cannot choose but think  
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay  
Beside this fountain’s brink

“ My eyes are dim with childish tears,  
My heart is idly stured,  
For the same sound is in my ears  
Which in those days I heard

“ Thus faes it still in our decay .  
And yet the wiser mind  
Mourns less for what age takes away  
Than what it leaves behind.

“ The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
Are quiet when they will

“ With Nature never do *they* wage  
A foolish strife , they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
Is beautiful and free :

“ But we are pressed by heavy laws ,  
And often, glad no more,  
We wear a face of joy, because  
We have been glad of yore

“ If there be one who need bemoan  
His kindred laid in earth,  
The household hearts that were his own ,  
It is the man of mirth

“ My days, my Friend, are almost gone,  
My life has been approved,  
And many love me , but by none  
Am I enough beloved ”

“ Now both himself and me he wrongs,  
The man who thus complains ,  
I live and sing my idle songs  
Upon these happy plains ,

“ And, Matthew, for thy children dead  
I’ll be a son to thee ! ”  
At this he grasped my hand, and said,  
“ Alas ! that cannot be ”

We rose up from the fountain-side ,  
 And down the smooth descent  
 Of the green sheep track did we glide ,  
 And through the wood we went ,

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,  
 He sang those witty rhymes  
 About the crazy old church-clock  
 And the bewildered chimes.

(1799)

IV

EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY <sup>1</sup>

" WHY, Wilham, on that old grey stone,  
 Thus for the length of half a day,  
 Why, William, sit you thus alone,  
 And dream your time away ?

" Where are your books ?—that light bequeathed  
 To Beings else forlorn and blind <sup>1</sup>  
 Up <sup>1</sup> up <sup>1</sup> and drink the spirit breathed  
 From dead men to their kind

" You look round on your Mother Earth,  
 As if she for no purpose bore you ,  
 As if you were her first-born beth,  
 And none had lived before you !"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,  
 When life was sweet, I knew not why,  
 To me my good friend Matthew spake,  
 And thus I made reply .

" The eye—it cannot choose but see ,  
 We cannot bid the ear be still ,  
 Our bodies feel, where'er they be,  
 Against or with our will

" Nor less I deem that there are Powers,  
 Which of themselves our minds impress ,  
 That we can feed this mind of ours  
 In a wise passiveness.

" Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum  
 Of things for ever speaking,  
 That nothing of itself will come,  
 But we must still be seeking ?

<sup>1</sup> Composed in front of the house at Alfoxden, in the spring of 1798 (179

“—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,  
 Conversing as I may,  
 I sit upon this old grey stone,  
 And dream my time away”

## THE TABLES TURNED

## AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

UP ! up ! my Friend, and quit your books ,  
 O! surely you'll grow double  
 Up ! up ! my Friend, and clear your looks  
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head,  
 A freshening lustre mellow  
 Through all the long green fields has spread,  
 His first sweet evening yellow

Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife  
 Come, hear the woodland linnet,  
 How sweet his music ! on my life,  
 There's more of wisdom in it

And hark ! how blithe the throstle sings !  
 He, too, is no mean preacher  
 Come forth into the light of things,  
 Let Nature be your teacher

She has a world of ready wealth,  
 Our minds and hearts to bless—  
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness

One impulse from a vernal wood  
 May teach you more of man,  
 Of moral evil and of good,  
 Than all the sages can

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ,  
 Our meddling intellect  
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things ·  
 We murder to dissect

Enough of Science and of Art ,  
 Close up those barren leaves ,  
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart  
 That watches and receives

## VI

ADDRESS TO THE SCHOLARS OF THE VILLAGE  
SCHOOL OF —<sup>1</sup>

I COME, ye little noisy Crew  
 Not long your pastime to prevent,  
 I heard the blessing which to you  
 Our common Friend and Father sent  
 I kissed his cheek before he died,  
 And when his breath was fled,  
 I raised, while kneeling by his side,  
 His hand —it dropped like lead  
 Your hands, dear Little-ones, do all  
 That can be done, will never fall  
 Like his till they are dead.  
 By night or day blow foul or fair,  
 Ne'er will the best of all your train  
 Play with the locks of his white hair,  
 Or stand between his knees again  
     Here did he sit confined for hours;  
 But he could see the woods and plains,  
 Could hear the wind and mark the showers  
 Come streaming down the streaming panes.  
 Now stretched beneath his grass-green mound  
 He rests a prisoner of the ground  
 He loved the breathing air,  
 He loved the sun, but if it rise  
 Or set, to him where now he lies,  
 Brings not a moment's care  
 Alas! what idle words, but take  
 The Dirge which for our Master's sake  
 And yours, love prompted me to make  
 The rhymes so homely in attire  
 With learned ears may ill agree,  
 But chanted by your Orphan Quene  
 Will make a touching melody.

## VII

## DIRGE

MOURN, Shepheid, near thy old grey stone,  
 Thou Angler, by the silent flood,

<sup>1</sup> Composed at Goslar, in Germany [The village school was Hawkshead, and "Matthew" was the master in Wordsworth's early schooldays there]

And mourn when thou art all alone,  
Thou Woodman, in the distant wood !

Thou one blind Sailor, rich in joy  
Though blind, thy tunes in sadness hum ,  
And mourn, thou poor half-witted Boy !  
Born deaf, and living deaf and dumb

Thou drooping sick Man, bless the Guide  
Who checked or turned thy headstrong youth,  
As he before had sanctified  
Thy infancy with heavenly truth

Ye Striplings, light of heart and gay,  
Bold settlers on some foreign shore,  
Give, when your thoughts are turned this way,  
A sigh to him whom we deplore.

For us who here in funeral strain  
With one accord our voices raise,  
Let sorrow overcharged with pain  
Be lost in thankfulness and praise

And when our hearts shall feel a sting  
From ill we meet or good we miss,  
May touches of his memory bring  
Fond healing, like a mother's kiss

(1799)

#### VIII

#### BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE SOME YEARS AFTER

LONG time his pulse hath ceased to beat  
But benefits, his gifts, we trace—  
Expressed in every eye we meet  
Round this dear Vale, his native place

To stately Hall and Cottage rude  
Flowed from his life what still they hold,  
Light pleasures, every day, renewed ,  
And blessings half a century old.

Oh true of heart, of spirit gay,  
Thy faults, where not already gone  
From memory, prolong their stay  
For charity's sweet sake alone



## To a Sexton

Such solace find we for our loss,  
 And what beyond this thought we crave  
 Comes in the promise from the Cross,  
 Shining upon thy happy grave

TO A SEXTON<sup>1</sup>

LET thy wheel-barrow alone—  
 Wherefore, Sexton, piling still  
 In thy bone-house bone on bone?  
 'Tis already like a hill  
 In a field of battle made,  
 Where three thousand skulls are laid,  
 These died in peace each with the other,—  
 Father, sister, friend, and brother.

Mark the spot to which I point!  
 From this platform, eight feet square,  
 Take not even a finger-joint.  
 Andrew's whole fire-side is there.  
 Here, alone, before thine eyes,  
 Simon's sickly daughter lies,  
 From weakness now, and pain defended.  
 Whom he twenty winters tended

Look but at the gardener's pride—  
 How he glories, when he sees  
 Roses, lilies, side by side,  
 Violets in families!  
 By the heart of Man, his tears,  
 By his hopes and by his fears,  
 Thou, too heedless, art the Warden  
 Of a far superior garden

Thus then, each to other dear,  
 Let them all in quiet lie,  
 Andrew there, and Susan here,  
 Neighbours in mortality  
 And, should I live through sun and rain  
 Seven widowed years without my Jane,  
 O Sexton, do not then remove her,  
 Let one grave hold the Loved and Lover

<sup>1</sup> Written in Germany.

## THE DANISH BOY

A FRAGMENT<sup>1</sup>

## I

BETWEEN two sister moorland rills  
There is a spot that seems to lie  
Sacred to flowerets of the hills,  
And sacred to the sky  
And in this smooth and open dell  
There is a tempest-stricken tree,  
A corner-stone by lightning cut,  
The last stone of a lonely hut,  
And in this dell you see  
A thing no storm can e'er destroy,  
The shadow of a Danish Boy.

## II

In clouds above, the lark is heard,  
But drops not here to earth for rest,  
Within this lonesome nook the bird  
Did never build her nest  
No beast, no bird hath here his home,  
Bees, wafted on the breezy air,  
Pass high above those fragrant bells  
To other flowers —to other dells  
Their burthens do they bear,  
The Danish Boy walks here alone:  
The lovely dell is all his own.

## III

A Spirit of noon-day is he,  
Yet seems a form of flesh and blood;  
Nor piping shepherd shall he be,  
Nor herd-boy of the wood.  
A regal vest of fur he wears,  
In colour like a raven's wing,  
It fears not rain, nor wind, nor dew;  
But in the storm 'tis fresh and blue  
As budding pines in spring,  
His helmet has a vernal grace,  
Fresh as the bloom upon his face

<sup>1</sup> Written in Germany It was entirely a fancy, but intended as a prelude to a ballad-poem never written

## IV

A harp is from his shoulder slung ,  
 Resting the harp upon his knee,  
 To words of a forgotten tongue  
 He suits its melody.  
 Of flocks upon the neighbouring hill  
 He is the darling and the joy ,  
 And often, when no cause appears,  
 The mountain-ponies pick their ears,  
 —They hear the Danish Boy,  
 While in the dell he sings alone  
 Beside the tree and corner-stone

## V

There sits he , in his face you spy  
 No trace of a ferocious air,  
 Nor ever was a cloudless sky  
 So steady or so fair.  
 The lovely Danish Boy is blest  
 And happy in his flowery cove  
 From bloody deeds his thoughts are far ,  
 And yet he warbles songs of war,  
 That seem like songs of love,  
 For calm and gentle is his mien ,  
 Like a dead Boy he is serene

(1799)

LUCY GRAY<sup>1</sup>

## OR, SOLITUDE

OF I had heard of Lucy Gray :  
 And, when I crossed the wild,  
 I chanced to see at break of day  
 The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ,  
 She dwelt on a wide moor,  
 —The sweetest thing that ever grew  
 Beside a human door !

<sup>1</sup> Written at Goslar in Germany. It was founded on a circumstance told me by my Sister, of a little girl who, not far from Halifax in Yorkshire, was bewildered in a snow-storm. Her footsteps were traced by her parents to the middle of the lock of a canal, and no other vestige of her, backward or forward, could be traced. The body however was found in the canal.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,  
The hare upon the green,  
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray  
Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night—  
You to the town must go,  
And take a lantern, Child, to light  
Your mother through the snow"

"That, Father! will I gladly do  
'Tis scarcely afternoon—  
The minster-clock has just struck two,  
And yonder is the moon!"

At this the Father raised his hook,  
And snapped a faggot-band,  
He plied his work,—and Lucy took  
The lantern in her hand

Not blither is the mountain toe  
With many a wanton stroke  
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,  
That rises up like smoke

The storm came on before its time.  
She wandered up and down,  
And many a hill did Lucy climb  
But never reached the town

The wretched parents all that night  
Went shouting far and wide,  
But there was neither sound nor sight  
To serve them for a guide

At day-break on a hill they stood  
That overlooked the moor,  
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,  
A furlong from their door

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,  
"In heaven we all shall meet,"  
—When in the snow the mother spied  
The print of Lucy's feet

Then downwards from the steep hill's edge  
They tracked the footmarks small,  
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,  
And by the long stone-wall,

## Ruth

And then an open field they crossed :|  
 The marks were still the same ,  
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost ,  
 And to the bridge they came

They followed from the snowy bank  
 Those footmarks, one by one,  
 Into the middle of the plank ,  
 And further there were none <sup>1</sup>

—Yet some maintain that to this day  
 She is a living child ,  
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray  
 Upon the lonesome wild

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,  
 And never looks behind ,  
 And sings a solitary song  
 That whistles in the wind.

(1799)

RUTH <sup>1</sup>

WHEN Ruth was left half desolate,  
 Her Father took another Mate ,  
 And Ruth, not seven years old,  
 A slighted child, at her own will  
 Went wandering over dale and hill,  
 In thoughtless freedom, bold

And she had made a pipe of straw,  
 And music from that pipe could draw  
 Like sounds of winds and floods ,  
 Had built a bower upon the green,  
 As if she from her birth had been  
 An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone  
 She seemed to live , her thoughts her own ,  
 Herself her own delight ,  
 Pleased with herself, nor sad, nor gay ,  
 And, passing thus the live-long day,  
 She grew to woman's height

<sup>1</sup> Written in Germany Suggested by an account I had of a wanderer in Somersetshire

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore—  
A military casque he wore,  
With splendid feathers diest,  
He brought them from the Cherokees;  
The feathers nodded in the breeze,  
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:  
But no! he spake the English tongue,  
And bore a soldier's name,  
And, when America was free  
From battle and from jeopardy,  
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek  
In finest tones the Youth could speak.  
—While he was yet a boy,  
The moon, the glory of the sun,  
And streams that murmur as they run,  
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess  
The panther in the wilderness  
Was not so fair as he,  
And, when he chose to sport and play,  
No dolphin ever was so gay  
Upon the tropic sea

Among the Indians he had fought,  
And with him many tales he brought  
Of pleasure and of fear,  
Such tales as told to any maid  
By such a Youth, in the green shade  
Were perilous to hear

He told of guls—a happy rout!  
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,  
Their pleasant Indian town,  
To gather strawberries all day long,  
Returning with a choral song  
When daylight is gone down

He spake of plants that hourly change  
Their blossoms, through a boundless range  
Of intermingling hues,  
With budding, fading, faded flowers  
They stand the wonder of the bowers  
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread  
 High as a cloud, high over head !  
 The cypress and her spire ,  
 —Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam  
 Cover a hundred leagues, and seem  
 To set the hills on fire

The Youth of green savannahs spake,  
 And many an endless, endless lake,  
 With all its fairy crowds  
 Of islands, that together lie  
 As quietly as spots of sky  
 Among the evening clouds.

"How pleasant," then he said, "it were  
 A fisher or a hunter there,  
 In sunshine or in shade  
 To wander with an easy mind ,  
 And build a household fire, and find  
 A home in every glade !

"What days and what bright years ! Ah me  
 Our life were life indeed, with thee  
 So passed in quiet bliss,  
 And all the while," said he, "to know  
 That we were in a world of woe,  
 On such an earth as this !"

And then he sometimes interwove  
 Fond thoughts about a father's love ,  
 "For there," said he, "are spun  
 Around the heart such tender ties,  
 That our own children to our eyes  
 Are dearer than the sun

"Sweet Ruth ! and could you go with me  
 My helpmate in the woods to be,  
 Our shed at night to rear ,  
 Or run, my own adopted bride,  
 A sylvan huntress at my side,  
 And drive the flying deer !

"Belovèd Ruth !" —No more he said,  
 The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed  
 A solitary tear  
 She thought again—and did agree  
 With him to sail across the sea,  
 And drive the flying deer

“And now, as fitting is and right,  
We in the church our faith will plight,  
A husband and a wife ”  
Even so they did , and I may say  
That to sweet Ruth that happy day  
Was more than human life

Through dream and vision did she sink,  
Delighted all the while to think  
That on those lonesome floods,  
And green savannahs, she should share  
His board with lawful joy, and bear  
His name in the wild woods

But, as you have before been told,  
This Stupling, sportive, gay, and bold,  
And, with his dancing crest,  
So beautiful, through savage lands  
Had roamed about, with vagrant bands  
Of Indians in the West

The wind, the tempest roaring high,  
The tumult of a tropic sky,  
Might well be dangerous food  
For him, a Youth to whom was given  
So much of earth—so much of heaven,  
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found  
Irregular in sight or sound  
Did to his mind impart  
A kindred impulse, seemed allied  
To his own powers, and justified  
The workings of his heart

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,  
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,  
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ,  
The breezes then own languor lent ,  
The stars had feelings, which they sent  
Into those favoured bowers

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween  
That sometimes there did intervene  
Pure hopes of high intent  
For passions linked to forms so fair  
And stately, needs must have their share  
Of noble sentiment.



But ill he lived, much evil saw,  
 With men to whom no better law  
 Nor better life was known ,  
 Deliberately, and undeceived,  
 Those wild men's vices he received,  
 And gave them back his own

His genius and his moral frame  
 Were thus impaired, and he became  
 The slave of low desires  
 A Man who without self-control  
 Would seek what the degraded soul  
 Unworthily admires

And yet he with no feigned delight  
 Had wooed the Maiden, day and night  
 Had loved her, night and morn  
 What could he less than love a Maid  
 Whose heart with so much nature played ?  
 So kind and so forlorn !

Sometimes, most earnestly, he said,  
 "O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead .  
 False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain,  
 Encompassed me on every side  
 When I, in confidence and pride,  
 Had crossed the Atlantic main.

"Before me shone a glorious world—  
 Fresh as a banner bight, unfurled  
 To music suddenly  
 I looked upon those hills and plains,  
 And seemed as if let loose from chains,  
 To live at liberty

"No more of this , for now, by thee,  
 Dear Ruth ! more happily set free  
 With nobler zeal I burn ,  
 My soul from darkness is released,  
 Like the whole sky when to the east  
 The morning doth return."

Full soon that better mind was gone ,  
 No hope, no wish remained, not one,—  
 They stured him now no more ;  
 New objects did new pleasure give,  
 And once again he wished to live  
 As lawless as before

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,  
They for the voyage were prepared,  
And went to the sea-shore,  
But, when they thither came the Youth  
Deserted his poor Bride, and Ruth  
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had,  
That she in half a year was mad,  
And in a prison housed ,  
And there, with many a doleful song  
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong  
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,  
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,  
Nor pastimes of the May ,  
—They all were with her in her cell ,  
And a clear brook with cheerful knell  
Did o'er the pebbles play

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,  
There came a respite to her pain ,  
She from her prison fled ;  
But of the Vagrant none took thought ,  
And where it liked her best she sought  
Her shelter and her bread

Among the fields she breathed again .  
The master-current of her brain  
Ran permanent and free ,  
And, coming to the Banks of Tone,  
There did she rest , and dwell alone  
Under the greenwood tree

The engines of her pain, the tools  
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,  
And airs that gently stir  
The vernal leaves—she loved them still ;  
Nor ever taxed them with the ill  
Which had been done to her

A Barn her *winter* bed supplies ;  
But, till the warmth of summer skies  
And summer days is gone,  
(And all do in this tale agree)  
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,  
And other home hath none

## Written in Germany

An innocent life, yet far astray !  
 And Ruth will, long before her day,  
 Be broken down and old  
 Sore aches she needs must have ! but less  
 Of mind, than body's wretchedness,  
 From damp, and rain, and cold

If she is pried by want of food,  
 She from her dwelling in the wood  
 Repairs to a road-side,  
 And there she begs at one steep place  
 Where up and down with easy pace  
 The horsemen-travellers ride

That oaten pipe of hers is mute,  
 Or thrown away, but with a flute  
 Her loneliness she cheers  
 This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,  
 At evening in his homeward walk  
 The Quantock woodman hears

I, too, have passed her on the hills  
 Setting her little water-mills  
 By spouts and fountains wild—  
 Such small machinery as she turned  
 Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned,  
 A young and happy Child !

Farewell ! and when thy days are told,  
 Ill-fated Ruth, in hallowed mould  
 Thy corpse shall buried be,  
 For thee a funeral bell shall ring,  
 And all the congregation sing  
 A Christian psalm for thee

(1799)

## WRITTEN IN GERMANY

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY<sup>1</sup>

A PLAGUE on your languages, German and Noise !  
 Let me have the song of the kettle,  
 And the tongs and the poker, instead of that horse  
 That gallops away with such fury and force  
 On this dreary dull plate of black metal

<sup>1</sup> A bitter winter it was when these verses were composed by the side of my Sister, in our lodgings at a draper's house in the romantic imperial town of Goslar, on the edge of the Harz Forest. In this town the German emperors of the Franconian line were accustomed to keep their court, and it retains vestiges of ancient splendour. So severe was

See that Fly,—a disconsolate creature ! perhaps  
 A child of the field or the grove ,  
 And, sorrow for him ! the dull treacherous heat  
 Has seduced the poor fool from his winter retreat,  
 And he creeps to the edge of my stove

Alas ! how he fumbles about the domains  
 Which this comfortless oven environ !  
 He cannot find out in what track he must crawl,  
 Now back to the tiles, then in search of the wall,  
 And now on the brink of the iron

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed ,  
 The best of his skill he has tried ,  
 His feelers, methinks, I can see him put forth  
 To the east and the west, to the south and the north ,  
 But he finds neither guide-post nor guide

His spindle sink under him, foot, leg, and thigh !  
 His eyesight and hearing are lost ,  
 Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws ,  
 And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky gauze  
 Are glued to his sides by the frost

No brother, no mate has he near him—while I  
 Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love ,  
 As blest and as glad, in this desolate gloom,  
 As if green summer grass were the floor of my room,  
 And woodbines were hanging above

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing !  
 Thy life I would gladly sustain  
 Till summer come up from the south, and with crowds  
 Of thy biethren a march thou should'st sound through the  
                   clouds,  
 And back to the forests again !

(1799)

the cold of this winter, that when we passed out of the parlour warmed by the stove, our cheeks were struck by the air as by cold iron I slept in a room over a passage which was not ceiled The people of the house used to say, rather unfeelingly, that they expected I should be frozen to death some night , but, with the protection of a pelisse lined with fur, and a dog's-skin bonnet, such as was worn by the peasants, I walked daily on the ramparts, or in a sort of public ground or garden, in which was a pond Here, I had no companion but a kingfisher, a beautiful creature, that used to glance by me I consequently became much attached to it During these walks I composed the poem that follows

The Reader must be apposed, that the Stoves in North-Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms

THE IDLE SHEPHERD-BOYS<sup>1</sup>OR, DUNGEON-GHYLL FORCE<sup>2</sup>

## A PASTORAL

THE valley rings with mirth and joy ,  
 Among the hills the echoes play  
 A never never ending song,  
 To welcome in the May  
 The magpie chatters with delight ,  
 The mountain raven's youngling brood  
 Have left the mother and the nest ,  
 And they go rambling east and west  
 In search of their own food ,  
 Or through the glittering vapours dart  
 In very wantonness of heart

Beneath a rock, upon the grass,  
 Two boys are sitting in the sun ,  
 Their work, if any work they have,  
 Is out of mind—or done.  
 On pipes of sycamore they play  
 The fragments of a Christmas hymn ,  
 Or with that plant which in our dale  
 We call stag-horn, or fox's tail,  
 Their rusty hats they trim :  
 And thus, as happy as the day,  
 Those Shepherds wear the time away

Along the river's stony marge  
 The sand-lark chants a joyous song ,  
 The thrush is busy in the wood,  
 And carols loud and strong,  
 A thousand lambs are on the rocks,  
 All newly born<sup>1</sup> both earth and sky  
 Keep jubilee, and more than all,  
 Those boys with their green coronal ;  
 They never hear the cry,  
 That plaintive cry<sup>1</sup> which up the hill  
 Comes from the depth of Dungeon-Ghyll

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere<sup>2</sup> *Ghyll*, in the dialect of Cumberland and Westmoreland, is a short and, for the most part, a steep narrow valley, with a stream running through it. *Force* is the word universally employed in these dialects for water-fall.

Said Walter, leaping from the ground,  
 "Down to the stump of yon old yew  
 We'll for our whistles run a race."  
 —Away the shepherds flew,  
 They leapt—they ran—and when they came  
 Right opposite to Dungeon-Ghyll,  
 Seeing that he should lose the prize,  
 "Stop!" to his comrade Walter cries—  
 James stopped with no good will  
 Said Walter then, exulting; "Here  
 You'll find a task for half a year  
 "Cross, if you dare, where I shall cross—  
 Come on, and tread where I shall tread."  
 The other took him at his word,  
 And followed as he led.  
 It was a spot which you may see  
 If ever you to Langdale go,  
 Into a chasm a mighty block  
 Hath fallen, and made a bidge of rock;  
 The gulf is deep below,  
 And, in a basin black and small,  
 Receives a lofty waterfall  
 With staff in hand across the cleft  
 The challenger pursued his march,  
 And now, all eyes and feet, hath gained  
 The middle of the arch.  
 When list! he hears a piteous moan—  
 Again!—his heart within him dies—  
 His pulse is stopped, his breath is lost,  
 He totters, pallid as a ghost,  
 And, looking down, espies  
 A lamb, that in the pool is pent  
 Within that black and frightful rent  
 The lamb had slipped into the stream,  
 And safe without a bruise or wound  
 The cataract had borne him down  
 Into the gulf profound.  
 His dam had seen him when he fell,  
 She saw him down the torrent borne,  
 And, while with all a mother's love  
 She from the lofty rocks above  
 Sent forth a cry forlorn,  
 The lamb, still swimming round and round,  
 Made answer to that plaintive sound

## The Pet-Lamb

When he had learnt what thing it was,  
 That sent this rueful cry, I ween  
 The Boy recovered heart, and told  
 The sight which he had seen  
 Both gladly now deferred their task,  
 Nor was there wanting other aid—  
 A Poet, one who loves the brooks  
 Far better than the sages' books,  
 By chance had thither strayed,  
 And there the helpless lamb he found  
 By those huge rocks encompassed round  
 He drew it from the troubled pool,  
 And brought it forth into the light  
 The Shepherds met him with his charge,  
 An unexpected sight!  
 Into their arms the lamb they took,  
 Whose life and limbs the flood had spared,  
 Then up the steep ascent they hied,  
 And placed him at his mother's side,  
 And gently did the Bard  
 Those idle Shepherd-boys upbraid,  
 And bade them better mind their trade

(1800)

THE PET-LAMB<sup>1</sup>

## A PASTORAL

THE dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink,  
 I heard a voice, it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!"  
 And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied  
 A snow-white mountain-lamb with a Maiden at its side  
 Nor sheep nor kine were near, the lamb was all alone,  
 And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone,  
 With one knee on the grass did the little Maiden kneel,  
 While to that mountain-lamb she gave its evening meal  
 The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took,  
 Seemed to feast with head and ears, and his tail with  
 pleasure shook  
 "Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone  
 That I almost received her heart into my own  
 'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare!  
 I watched them with delight, they were a lovely pair.  
 Now with her empty can the Maiden turned away  
 But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Glosmere

Right towards the lamb she looked , and from a shady place  
I unobserved could see the workings of her face  
If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring,  
Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little Maid might sing .

“What ails thee, young One ? what ? Why pull so at thy  
coid ?

Is it not well with thee ? well both for bed and board ?  
Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be ,  
Rest, little young One, rest , what is't that aileth thee ?

“What is it thou wouldst seek ? What is wanting to thy  
heart ?

Thy limbs are they not strong ? And beautiful thou art  
This grass is tender grass , these flowers they have no peers ,  
And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears !

“If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woollen  
chain,

This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain ,  
For rain and mountain-storms ! the like thou need'st not  
fear,

The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here

“Rest, little young One, rest , thou hast forgot the day  
When my father found thee first in places far away ,  
Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by  
none,

And thy mother from thy side for evermore was gone

“He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home  
A blessed day for thee ! then whither wouldst thou roam ?  
A faithful nurse thou hast , the dam that did thee yearn  
Upon the mountain-tops no kinder could have been

“Thou know'st that twice a day I have brought thee in this  
can

Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran ,  
And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew,  
I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

“Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,  
Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plough ,  
My playmate thou shalt be , and when the wind is cold  
Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

“It will not, will not rest !—Poor creature, can it be  
That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee ?  
Things that I know not of belike to thee are dear,  
And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear



## 76 Poems on the Naming of Places

"Alas, the mountain-tops that look so green and fair !  
I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there ;  
The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play,  
When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey  
"Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky ,  
Night and day thou art safe,—our cottage is hard by.  
Why bleat so after me ? Why pull so at thy chain ?  
Sleep—and at break of day I will come to thee again !"  
—As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,  
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat ,  
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad line by line,  
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was *mine*  
Again, and once again, did I repeat the song ,  
"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,  
For she looked with such a look and she spake with such a  
tone,  
That I almost received her heart into my own."  
(1800)

### POEMS ON THE NAMING OF PLACES

#### I

#### "IT WAS AN APRIL MORNING"<sup>1</sup>

It was an April morning fresh and clear  
The Rivulet, delighting in its strength,  
Ran with a young man's speed, and yet the voice  
Of waters which the winter had supplied  
Was softened down into a vernal tone.  
The spirit of enjoyment and desire,  
And hopes and wishes, from all living things  
Went circling, like a multitude of sounds  
The budding groves seemed eager to urge on  
The steps of June, as if their various hues  
Were only hindrances that stood between  
Them and their object: but, meanwhile, prevailed  
Such an entire contentment in the air  
That every naked ash, and tardy tree  
Yet leafless, showed as if the countenance  
With which it looked on this delightful day  
Were native to the summer.—Up the brook

<sup>1</sup> Written at Grasmere This poem was suggested on the banks of the brook that runs through Easedale, which is, in some parts of its course, as wild and beautiful as brook can be I have composed thousands of verses by the side of it.

## Poems on the Naming of Places 77

I roamed in the confusion of my heart,  
Alive to all things and forgetting all  
At length I to a sudden turning came  
In this continuous glen, where down a rock  
The Stream, so aident in its course before,  
Sent forth such sallies of glad sound, that all  
Which I till then had heard, appeared the voice  
Of common pleasure • beast and bird, the lamb,  
The shepherd's dog, the linnet and the thrush  
Vied with this waterfall, and made a song,  
Which, while I listened, seemed like the wild growth  
Or like some natural produce of the air,  
That could not cease to be    Green leaves were here ,  
But 'twas the foliage of the rocks—the birch,  
The yew, the holly, and the bright green thorn,  
With hanging islands of resplendent furze .  
And, on a summit, distant a short space,  
By any who should look beyond the dell,  
A single mountain-cottage might be seen.  
I gazed and gazed, and to myself I said,  
“Our thoughts at least are ours ; and this wild nook,  
My EMMA, I will dedicate to thee.”  
——Soon did the spot become my other home,  
My dwelling, and my out-of-doors abode  
And, of the Shepherds who have seen me there,  
To whom I sometimes in our idle talk  
Have told this fancy, two or three, perhaps,  
Years after we are gone and in our graves,  
When they have cause to speak of this wild place,  
May call it by the name of EMMA'S DELL.  
(1800)

### TO JOANNA<sup>1</sup>

AMID the smoke of chimneys did you pass  
The time of early youth , and there you learned,  
From years of quiet industry, to love  
The living Beings by your own fireside,  
With such a strong devotion, that your heart  
Is slow to meet the sympathies of them  
Who look upon the hills with tenderness,  
And make dear friendships with the streams and groves  
Yet we, who are transgressors in this kind,  
Dwelling retired in our simplicity

<sup>1</sup> Written at Grasmere

## 78 Poems on the Naming of Places

Among the woods and fields, we love you well,  
 Joanna<sup>1</sup> and I guess, since you have been  
 So distant from us now for two long years,  
 That you will gladly listen to discourse,  
 However trivial, if you thence be taught  
 That they, with whom you once were happy, talk  
 Familiarly of you and of old times

While I was seated, now some ten days past,  
 Beneath those lofty firs, that overtop  
 Their ancient neighbour, the old steeple-tower,  
 The Vicar from his gloomy house hard by  
 Came forth to greet me, and when he had asked,  
 "How fares Joanna, that wild-hearted Maid<sup>1</sup>  
 And when will she return to us?" he paused,  
 And, after short exchange of village news,  
 He with grave looks demanded, for what cause,  
 Reviving obsolete idolatry,  
 I, like a Runic Priest, in characters  
 Of formidable size had chiselled out  
 Some uncouth name upon the native rock,  
 Above the Rotha, by the forest-side  
 —Now, by those dear immunities of heart  
 Engendered between malice and true love,  
 I was not loth to be so catechised,  
 And this was my reply —"As it befell,  
 One summer morning we had walked abroad  
 At break of day, Joanna and myself  
 —'Twas that delightful season when the broom,  
 Full-flowered, and visible on every steep,  
 Along the copses runs in veins of gold  
 Our pathway led us on to Rotha's banks,  
 And when we came in front of that tall rock  
 That eastward looks, I there stopped short —and stood  
 Tracing the lofty barrier with my eye  
 From base to summit, such delight I found  
 To note in shrub and tree, in stone and flower  
 That intermixture of delicious hues,  
 Along so vast a surface, all at once,  
 In one impression, by connecting force  
 Of their own beauty, imaged in the heart  
 —When I had gazed perhaps two minutes' space,  
 Joanna, looking in my eyes, beheld  
 That ravishment of mine, and laughed aloud.  
 The Rock, like something starting from a sleep,  
 Took up the Lady's voice, and laughed again,

## Poems on the Naming of Places 79

That ancient Woman seated on Helm crag  
 Was ready with her cavern, Hammar-scar,  
 And the tall Steep of Silver-how, sent forth  
 A noise of laughter, southern Loughrigg heard,  
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone,  
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky  
 Carried the Lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew  
 His speaking-trumpet,—back out of the clouds  
 Of Glaramara southward came the voice,  
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head  
 —Now whether (said I to our cordial Friend,  
 Who in the hey-day of astonishment  
 Smiled in my face) this were in simple truth  
 A work accomplished by the brotherhood  
 Of ancient mountains, or my ear was touched  
 With dreams and visionary impulses  
 To me alone imparted, sue I am  
 That there was a loud uproar in the hills.  
 And, while we both were listening, to my side  
 The fair Joanna drew, as if she wished  
 To shelter from some object of her fear  
 —And hence, long afterwards, when eighteen moons  
 Were wasted, as I chanced to walk alone  
 Beneath this rock, at sunrise, on a calm  
 And silent morning, I sat down, and there,  
 In memory of affections old and true,  
 I chiselled out in those rude characters  
 Joanna's name deep in the living stone —  
 And I, and all who dwell by my fireside,  
 Have called the lovely rock, JOANNA'S ROCK ”  
 (1800)

### III <sup>1</sup>

#### “THERE IS AN EMINENCE”

THERE is an Eminence,—of these our hills  
 The last that parleys with the setting sun,  
 We can behold it from our orchard-seat,  
 And, when at evening we pursue our walk  
 Along the public way, this Peak, so high  
 Above us, and so distant in its height,  
 Is visible, and often seems to send  
 Its own deep quiet to restore our hearts

<sup>1</sup> It is not accurate that the Eminence here alluded to could be seen from our orchard-seat. It rises above the road by the side of Giasmere lake, towards Keswick, and its name is Stone-Arthur

## 80 Poems on the Naming of Places

The meteors make of it a favourite haunt.  
The star of Jove, so beautiful and large  
In the mid heavens, is never half so fair  
As when he shines above it 'Tis in truth  
The loneliest place we have among the clouds  
And She who dwells with me, whom I have loved  
With such communion, that no place on earth  
Can ever be a solitude to me,  
Hath to this lonely Summit given my Name.  
(1800)

### IV <sup>1</sup>

#### "POINT RASH-JUDGMENT"

A narrow gidle of rough stones and clogs,  
A rude and natural causeway, interposed  
Between the water and a winding slope  
Of copse and thicket, leaves the eastern shore  
Of Grasmere safe in its own privacy.  
And there myself and two beloved Friends,  
One calm September morning, ere the mist  
Had altogether yielded to the sun,  
Sauntered on this retired and difficult way  
—Ill suits the road with one in haste, but we  
Played with our time; and, as we strolled along,  
It was our occupation to observe  
Such objects as the waves had tossed ashore—  
Feather, or leaf, or weed, or withered bough,  
Each on the other heaped, along the line  
Of the dry wreck. And, in our vacant mood,  
Not seldom did we stop to watch some tuft  
Of dandelion seed or thistle's beard,  
That skimmed the surface of the dead calm lake,  
Suddenly halting now—a lifeless stand!  
And starting off again with freak as sudden;  
In all its sportive wanderings, all the while,  
Making report of an invisible breeze  
That was its wings, its chariot, and its horse,  
Its playmate, rather say, its moving soul  
—And often, trifling with a privilege  
Alike indulged to all, we paused, one now,  
And now the other, to point out, perchance

<sup>1</sup> The character of the eastern shore of Grasmere lake is quite changed, since these verses were written, by the public road being carried along its side. The friends spoken of were Coleridge and my Sister, and the facts occurred strictly as recorded.

## Poems on the Naming of Places 81

To pluck, some flower or water-weed, too fair  
Either to be divided from the place  
On which it grew, or to be left alone  
To its own beauty. Many such there are,  
Fair ferns and flowers, and chiefly that tall fern,  
So stately, of the queen Osmunda named,  
Plant lovelier, in its own retired abode  
On Grasmere's beach, than Naiad by the side  
Of Grecian brook, or Lady of the Mere,  
Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance  
—So fared we that bright morning, from the fields  
Meanwhile, a noise was heard, the busy murmur  
Of reapers, men and women, boys and guls.  
Delighted much to listen to those sounds,  
And feeding thus our fancies, we advanced  
Along the indented shore, when suddenly,  
Through a thin veil of glittering haze was seen  
Before us, on a point of jutting land,  
The tall and upright figure of a Man  
Attired in peasant's garb, who stood alone,  
Angling beside the margin of the lake  
"Improvident and reckless," we exclaimed,  
"The Man must be, who thus can lose a day  
Of the mid harvest, when the labourer's hire  
Is ample, and some little might be stored  
Wherewith to cheer him in the winter time"  
Thus talking of that Peasant, we approached  
Close to the spot where with his rod and line  
He stood alone, whereat he turned his head  
To greet us—and we saw a Man worn down  
By sickness, gaunt and lean, with sunken cheeks  
And wasted limbs, his legs so long and lean  
That for my single self I looked at them,  
Forgetful of the body they sustained.—  
Too weak to labour in the harvest field,  
The Man was using his best skill to gain  
A pittance from the dead unfeeling lake  
That knew not of his wants. I will not say  
What thoughts immediately were ours, nor how  
The happy idleness of that sweet morn,  
With all its lovely images, was changed  
To serious musing and to self-reproach  
Nor did we fail to see within ourselves  
What need there is to be reserved in speech,  
And temper all our thoughts with charity

## 82 The Waterfall and the Eglantine

—Therefore, unwilling to forget that day,  
My Friend, Myself, and She who then received  
The same admonishment, have called the place  
By a memorial name, uncouth indeed  
As e'er by mariner was given to bay  
On foieiland, on a new-discovered coast,  
And POINT RASH-JUDGMENT is the name it bears,  
(1800)

v<sup>1</sup>

TO M H

OUR walk was far among the ancient trees ·  
There was no road, nor any woodman's path ,  
But a thick umbrage—checking the wild growth  
Of weed and sapling, along soft green turf  
Beneath the branches—of itself had made  
A track, that brought us to a slip of lawn,  
And a small bed of water in the woods  
All round this pool both flocks and herds might dunk  
On its firm margin, even as from a well,  
Or some stone-basin which the herdsman's hand  
Had shaped for their refreshment , nor did sun,  
Or wind from any quarter, ever come,  
But as a blessing to this calm recess,  
This glade of water and this one green field  
The spot was made by Nature for herself ,  
The travellers know it not, and 'twill remain  
Unknown to them , but it is beautiful ,  
And if a man should plant his cottage near,  
Should sleep beneath the shelter of its trees,  
And blend its waters with his daily meal,  
He would so love it, that in his death-hour  
Its image would survive among his thoughts  
And therefore, my sweet MARY, this still Nook,  
With all its beeches, we have named from You !  
(1800)

### THE WATERFALL AND THE EGLANTINE <sup>2</sup>

I

“BEGONE, thou fond presumptuous Elf,”  
Exclaimed an angry Voice,

<sup>1</sup> The pool alluded to is in Rydal Upper Park

<sup>2</sup> Suggested nearer to Giasmeie, on the same mountain track as that referred to in the following Note [p 84] The Eglantine remained many years afterwards, but is now gone

## The Waterfall and the Eglantine 83

"Nor dare to thrust thy foolish self  
Between me and my choice!"  
A small Cascade fresh swoln with snows  
Thus threatened a poor Briar-rose,  
That, all bespattered with his foam,  
And dancing high and dancing low,  
Was living, as a child might know,  
In an unhappy home

### II

"Dost thou presume my course to block?  
Off, off! or, puny Thing!  
I'll hurl thee headlong with the rock  
To which thy fibres cling."  
The Flood was tyrannous and strong,  
The patient Briar suffered long,  
Nor did he utter groan or sigh,  
Hoping the danger would be past,  
But, seeing no relief, at last,  
He ventured to reply

### III

"Ah!" said the Briar, "blame me not  
Why should we dwell in strife?  
We who in this sequestered spot  
Once lived a happy life!  
You stured me on my rocky bed—  
What pleasure through my veins you spread  
The summer long, from day to day,  
My leaves you freshened and bedewed,  
Nor was it common gratitude  
That did your cares repay

### IV

"When spring came on with bud and bell,  
Among these rocks did I  
Before you hang my wreaths to tell  
That gentle days were nigh!  
And in the sultry summer hours,  
I sheltered you with leaves and flowers,  
And in my leaves—now shed and gone,  
The linnet lodged, and for us two  
Chanted his pretty songs, when you  
Had little voice or none



## V

"But now proud thoughts are in your breast—  
 What grief is mine you see,  
 Ah ! would you think, even yet how blest  
 Together we might be !  
 Though of both leaf and flower bereft,  
 Some ornaments to me are left—  
 Rich store of scarlet hips is mine,  
 With which I, in my humble way,  
 Would deck you many a winter day,  
 A happy Eglantine ! "

## VI

What more he said I cannot tell,  
 The Torrent down the rocky dell  
 Came thundering loud and fast ;  
 I listened, nor aught else could hear,  
 The Briar quaked—and much I fear  
 Those accents were his last

(1800)

THE OAK AND THE BROOM<sup>1</sup>

## A PASTORAL

## I

His simple truths did Andrew glean  
 Beside the babbling rills,  
 A careful student he had been  
 Among the woods and hills  
 One winter's night, when through the trees  
 The wind was roaring, on his knees  
 His youngest born did Andrew hold :  
 And while the rest, a ruddy quire,  
 Were seated round their blazing fire,  
 This Tale the Shepherd told

## II

"I saw a crag, a lofty stone  
 As ever tempest beat !  
 Out of its head an Oak had grown,  
 A Broom out of its feet  
 The time was March, a cheerful noon—  
 The thaw-wind, with the breath of June,

<sup>1</sup> Suggested upon the mountain pathway that leads from Upper Rydal to Gasmere. The ponderous block of stone which is mentioned in the poem remains, I believe, to this day, a good way up Nab-Scar. Broom grows under it, and in many places on the side of the precipice.

## The Oak and the Broom 85

Breathed gently from the warm south-west :  
When, in a voice sedate with age,  
This Oak, a giant and a sage,  
His neighbour thus addressed —

### III

“ ‘ Eight weary weeks, through rock and clay,  
Along this mountain’s edge,  
The Frost hath wrought both night and day,  
Wedge driving after wedge.  
Look up ! and think, above your head  
What trouble, surely, will be bred ,  
Last night I heard a crash—’tis true,  
The splinters took another road—  
I see them yonder—what a load  
For such a Thing as you !

### IV

“ ‘ You are preparing as before,  
To deck your slender shape ,  
And yet, just three years back—no more—  
You had a strange escape .  
Down from yon cliff a fragment broke ;  
It thundered down, with fire and smoke,  
And hitherward pursued its way ;  
This ponderous block was caught by me,  
And o’er your head, as you may see,  
’Tis hanging to this day !

### V

“ ‘ If bleeze or bird to this rough steep  
You kind’s first seed did bear ,  
The breeze had better been asleep,  
The bird caught in a snare  
For you and your green twigs decoy  
The little witless shepherd-boy  
To come and slumber in your bower ,  
And, trust me, on some sultry noon,  
Both you and he, Heaven knows how soon !  
Will perish in one hour

### VI

“ ‘ From me this friendly warning take ’—  
The Broom began to doze,  
And thus, to keep herself awake,  
Did gently interpose

' My thanks for your discourse are due ,  
That more than what you say is true ,  
I know, and I have known it long ,  
Fial is the bond by which we hold  
Oui being, whether young or old,  
Wise, foolish, weak, or strong

## VII

" Disasters, do the best we can,  
Will reach both great and small ,  
And he is oft the wisest man,  
Who is not wise at all  
For me, why should I wish to roam ?  
This spot is my paternal home,  
It is my pleasant heritage ,  
My father many a happy year,  
Spread here his careless blossoms, here  
Attained a good old age

## VIII

" Even such as his may be my lot.  
What cause have I to haunt  
My heart with terrors ? Am I not  
In truth a favoured plant !  
On me such bounty Summer pours,  
That I am covered o'er with flowers ,  
And, when the Frost is in the sky,  
My branches are so fresh and gay  
That you might look at me and say,  
This Plant can never die

## IX

" The butterfly, all green and gold,  
To me hath often flown,  
Here in my blossoms to behold  
Wings lovely as his own  
When grass is chill with rain or dew,  
Beneath my shade, the mother-cow  
Lies with her infant lamb , I see  
The love they to each other make,  
And the sweet joy which they partake,  
It is a joy to me

## X

" Her voice was blithe, her heart was light ;  
The Broom might have pursued

Her speech, until the stars of night  
 Their journey had renewed ,  
 But in the branches of the oak  
 Two ravens now began to croak  
 Their nuptial song, a gladsome air ,  
 And to her own green bower the bleeze  
 That instant brought two stripling bees  
 To rest, or murmur there

## XI

“One night, my Children ! from the north  
 There came a furious blast ,  
 At break of day I ventured forth,  
 And near the cliff I passed  
 The storm had fallen upon the Oak,  
 And struck him with a mighty stroke,  
 And whirled, and whirled him far away ,  
 And, in one hospitable cleft,  
 The little careless Broom was left  
 To live for many a day ”

(1800)

HART-LEAP WELL <sup>1</sup>

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor  
 With the slow motion of a summer's cloud,  
 And now, as he approached a vassal's door,  
 “Bring forth another horse !” he cried aloud  
 “Another horse !”—That shout the vassal heard  
 And saddled his best Steed, a comely grey ,  
 Sir Walter mounted him , he was the third  
 Which he had mounted on that glorious day  
 Joy sparkled in the prancing courser's eyes ,  
 The horse and horseman are a happy pair ,  
 But, though Sir Walter like a falcon flies,  
 There is a doleful silence in the air  
 A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall,  
 That as they galloped made the echoes roar ,  
 But horse and man are vanished, one and all ,  
 Such race, I think, was never seen before

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere Hart-Leap Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road that leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second Part of the following Poem, which monuments do now exist as I have there described them

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind,  
 Calls to the few tired dogs that yet remain ·  
 Blanch, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,  
 Follow, and up the weary mountain stain

The Knight hallooed, he cheered and chid them on  
 With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern,  
 But breath and eyesight fail, and, one by one,  
 The dogs are stretched among the mountain fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?  
 The bugles that so joyfully were blown?  
 —This chase it looks not like an earthly chase;  
 Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side,  
*I will not stop to tell how far he fled,*  
 Nor will I mention by what death he died,  
 But now the Knight beholds him lying dead

Dismounting, then, he leaned against a thorn ·  
 He had no follower, dog, nor man, nor boy  
 He neither cracked his whip, nor blew his horn,  
 But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned,  
 Stood his dumb partner in this glorious feat,  
 Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned,  
 And white with foam as if with cleaving sleet.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched:  
 His nostril touched a spring beneath a hill,  
 And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched  
 The waters of the spring were trembling still

And now, too happy for repose or rest,  
 (Never had living man such joyful lot!)  
 Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,  
 And gazed and gazed upon that darling spot

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least  
 Four roods of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found  
 Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast  
 Had left imprinted on the grassy ground

Sir Walter wiped his face, and cried, "Till now  
 Such sight was never seen by human eyes ·  
 Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow,  
 Down to the very fountain where he lies.

" I'll build a pleasure-house upon this spot,  
And a small arbour, made for rural joy ,  
'Twill be the traveller's shed, the pilgrim's cot,  
A place of love for damsels that are coy

" A cunning artist will I have to frame  
A basin for that fountain in the dell !  
And they who do make mention of the same,  
From this day forth, shall call it HART-LEAP WELL

" And, gallant Stag ! to make thy praises known,  
Another monument shall here be raised ,  
Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn stone,  
And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed

" And, in the summer-time when days are long,  
I will come hither with my Paramour ,  
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
We will make merry in that pleasant bowe

" Till the foundations of the mountains fail  
My mansion with its arbour shall endure ,—  
The joy of them who till the fields of Swale,  
And them who dwell among the woods of Ure ! "

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stone dead,  
With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring  
—Soon did the Knight perform what he had said ,  
And far and wide the fame thereof did ring

Ere thrice the Moon into her port had steered,  
A cup of stone received the living well ,  
Three pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared,  
And built a house of pleasure in the dell

And near the fountain, flowers of stature tall  
With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—  
Which soon composed a little sylvan hall,  
A leafy shelter from the sun and wind

And thither, when the summer days were long,  
Sir Walter led his wondering Paramour ,  
And with the dancers and the minstrel's song  
Made meriment within that pleasant bower

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of time,  
And his bones lie in his paternal vale —  
But there is matter for a second rhyme,  
And I to this would add another tale

## PART SECOND

THE moving accident is not my trade ,  
 To freeze the blood I have no ready arts  
 'Tis my delight, alone in summer shade,  
 To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair,  
 It chanced that I saw standing in a dell  
 Three aspens at three corners of a square ,  
 And one, not four yards distant, near a well

What this imported I could ill divine .  
 And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop,  
 I saw three pillars standing in a line,—  
 The last stone-pillar on a dark hill-top

The trees were grey, with neither arms nor head ,  
 Half wasted the square mound of tawny green ,  
 So that you just might say, as then I said,  
 " Here in old time the hand of man hath been "

I looked upon the hill both far and near,  
 More doleful place did never eye survey ,  
 It seemed as if the spring-time came not here,  
 And Nature here were willing to decay

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost,  
 When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired,  
 Came up the hollow —him did I accost,  
 And what this place might be I then inquired

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told  
 Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.

" A jolly place," said he, " in times of old !  
 But something ails it now , the spot is curst

" You see these lifeless stumps of aspen wood —  
 Some say that they are beeches, others elms—  
 These were the bowers , and here a mansion stood,  
 The finest palace of a hundred realms !

" The labour does its own condition tell ,  
 You see the stones, the fountain, and the stream ,  
 But as to the great Lodge ! you might as well  
 Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream

" There's neither dog nor heifer, horse nor sheep,  
 Will wet his lips within that cup of stone ,  
 And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep,  
 This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

"Some say that here a murder has been done,  
And blood cries out for blood but, for my part,  
I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun,  
That it was all for that unhappy Hart

"What thoughts must through the creature's brain have past !  
Even from the topmost stone, upon the steep,  
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at this last—  
O Master ' it has been a cruel leap

"For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race ,  
And in my simple mind we cannot tell  
What cause the Hart might have to love this place,  
And come and make his deathbed near the well

"Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank,  
Lulled by the fountain in the summer-tide ,  
This water was perhaps the first he drank  
When he had wandered from his mother's side

"In April here beneath the flowering thorn  
He heard the birds their morning carols sing ,  
And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was born  
Not half a furlong from that self-same spring

"Now, here is neither grass nor pleasant shade ,  
The sun on drearier hollow never shone ,  
So will it be, as I have often said,  
Till trees, and stones, and fountain, all are gone "

"Grey-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well ,  
Small difference lies between thy creed and mine  
This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell ,  
His death was mourned by sympathy divine

"The Being, that is in the clouds and air,  
That is in the green leaves among the groves,  
Maintains a deep and reverential care  
For the unoffending creatures whom he loves

"The pleasure house is dust —behind, before,  
This is no common waste, no common gloom ,  
But Nature, in due course of time, once more  
Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom

"She leaves these objects to a slow decay,  
That what we are, and have been, may be known ,  
But at the coming of the milder day,  
These monuments shall all be overgrown



## 92 'Some have Died for Love'

"One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide,  
Taught both by what she shows, and what conceals,  
Never to blend our pleasure or our pride  
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels"  
(1800)

### "TIS SAID, THAT SOME HAVE DIED FOR LOVE"

'Tis said, that some have died for love  
And here and there a churchyard grave is found  
In the cold north's unhallowed ground,  
Because the wretched man himself had slain,  
His love was such a grievous pain  
And there is one whom I five years have known,  
He dwells alone  
Upon Helvellyn's side.  
He loved—the pretty Barbara died,  
And thus he makes his moan  
Three years had Barbara in her grave been laid  
When thus his moan he made  
"Oh, move, thou Cottage, from behind that oak!  
Or let the aged tree uprooted lie,  
That in some other way yon smoke  
May mount into the sky!  
The clouds pass on; they from the heavens depart.  
I look—the sky is empty space,  
I know not what I trace,  
But when I cease to look, my hand is on my heart  
"Oh! what a weight is in these shades! Ye leaves,  
That murmur once so dear, when will it cease?  
Your sound my heart of rest bereaves,  
It robs my heart of peace  
Thou Thrush, that singest loud—and loud and free,  
Into yon row of willows flit,  
Upon that alder sit,  
Or sing another song, or choose another tree  
"Roll back, sweet Rill! back to thy mountain-bounds,  
And there for ever be thy waters chained!  
For thou dost haunt the air with sounds  
That cannot be sustained,  
If still beneath that pine-tree's ragged bough  
Headlong yon waterfall must come,  
Oh let it then be dumb!  
Be anything, sweet Rill, but that which thou art now.

"Thou Eglantine, so bright with sunny showers,  
Proud as a rainbow spanning half the vale,  
Thou one fair shrub, oh ! shed thy flowers,  
And stir not in the gale.  
For thus to see thee nodding in the air,  
To see thy arch thus stretch and bend,  
Thus rise and thus descend,—  
Disturbs me till the sight is more than I can bear "

The Man who makes this feverish complaint  
Is one of giant stature, who could dance  
Equipped from head to foot in iron mail  
Ah gentle Love ! if ever thought was thine  
To store up kindred hours for me, thy face  
Turn from me, gentle Love ! nor let me walk  
Within the sound of Emma's voice, nor know  
Such happiness as I have known to-day.  
(1800)

## THE CHILDLESS FATHER <sup>1</sup>

"Up, Timothy, up with your staff and away !  
Not a soul in the village this morning will stay ,  
The hare has just started from Hamilton's grounds,  
And Skiddaw is glad with the cry of the hounds "

—Of coats and of jackets grey, scarlet, and green,  
On the slopes of the pastures all colours were seen ,  
With their comely blue aprons, and caps white as snow,  
The girls on the hills made a holiday show

Fresh sprigs of green box-wood, not six months before,  
Filled the funeral basin <sup>2</sup> at Timothy's door ,  
A coffin through Timothy's threshold had past ,  
One Child did it bear, and that Child was his last

Now fast up the dell came the noise and the fray,  
The horse and the horn, and the hark ! hark away !  
Old Timothy took up his staff, and he shut  
With a leisurely motion the door of his hut

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere.

<sup>2</sup> In several parts of the North of England, when a funeral takes place, a basin full of sprigs of box-wood is placed at the door of the house from which the coffin is taken up, and each person who attends the funeral ordinarily takes a sprig of this box-wood, and throws it into the grave of the deceased

Perhaps to himself at that moment he said  
 "The key I must take, for my Ellen is dead"  
 But of this in my ears not a word did he speak,  
 And he went to the chase with a tear on his cheek  
 (1800)

## SONG

## FOR THE WANDERING JEW

THOUGH the torrents from their fountains  
 Roar down many a craggy steep,  
 Yet they find among the mountains  
 Resting-places calm and deep

Clouds that love through air to hasten,  
 Ere the storm its fury stills,  
 Helmet-like themselves will fasten  
 On the heads of towering hills

What, if through the frozen centre  
 Of the Alps the Chamois bound,  
 Yet he has a home to enter  
 In some nook of chosen ground

And the Sea-horse, though the ocean  
 Yield him no domestic cave,  
 Slumbers without sense of motion,  
 Couched upon the rocking wave

If on windy days the Raven  
 Gambol like a dancing skiff,  
 Not the less she loves her haven  
 In the bosom of the cliff

The fleet Ostrich, till day closes,  
 Vagrant over desert sands,  
 Brooding on her eggs reposes  
 When chill night that care demands.

Day and night my toils redouble,  
 Never nearer to the goal;  
 Night and day, I feel the trouble  
 Of the Wanderer in my soul

(1800)

RURAL ARCHITECTURE<sup>1</sup>

THERE'S George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald  
Shore,

Three rosy-cheeked school-boys, the highest not more  
Than the height of a counsellor's bag,  
To the top of GREAT How<sup>2</sup> did it please them to climb.  
And there they built up, without mortar or lime,  
A Man on the peak of the crag

They built him of stones gathered up as they lay  
They built him and christened him all in one day,  
An urchin both vigorous and hale,  
And so without scruple they called him Ralph Jones  
Now Ralph is renowned for the length of his bones,  
The Magog of Legberthwaite dale

Just half a week after, the wind sallied forth,  
And, in anger or merriment, out of the north,  
Coming on with a terrible pother,  
From the peak of the crag blew the giant away  
And what did these school-boys?—The very next day  
They went and they built up another.

—Some little I've seen of blind boisterous works  
By Christian disturbers more savage than Turks,  
Spirits busy to do and undo  
At remembrance whereof my blood sometimes will flag,  
Then, light-hearted Boys, to the top of the crag!  
And I'll build up a giant with you  
(1800)

## ELLEN IRWIN

OR, THE BRAES OF KIRTLE<sup>3</sup>

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate  
Upon the braces of Kirtle,  
Was lovely as a Grecian maid  
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere. These structures, as every one knows, are common amongst our hills, being built by shepherds, as conspicuous marks, and occasionally by boys in sport.

<sup>2</sup> Great How is a single and conspicuous hill, which rises towards the foot of Thilmere, on the western side of the beautiful dale of Legberthwaite, along the high road between Keswick and Ambleside.

<sup>3</sup> The Kirtle is a river in the southern part of Scotland, on the banks of which the events here related took place.

Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,  
 And there did they beguile the day  
 With love and gentle speeches,  
 Beneath the budding beeches

From many knights and many squires  
 The Bruce had been selected,  
 And Gordon, fairest of them all,  
 By Ellen was rejected  
 Sad tidings to that noble Youth !  
 For it may be proclaimed with truth,  
 If Bruce hath loved sincerely,  
 That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what are Gordon's form and face,  
 His shattered hopes and crosses,  
 To them, 'mid Kintle's pleasant braes,  
 Reclined on flowers and mosses ?  
 Alas that ever he was born !  
 The Gordon, couched behind a thorn,  
 Sees them and their caressing,  
 Beholds them blest and blessing

Proud Gordon, maddened by the thoughts  
 That through his brain are travelling,  
 Rushed forth, and at the heart of Bruce  
 He launched a deadly javelin !  
 Fair Ellen saw it as it came,  
 And, starting up to meet the same,  
 Did with her body cover  
 The Youth, her chosen lover

And, falling into Bruce's arms,  
 Thus died the beauteous Ellen,  
 Thus, from the heart of her True-love,  
 The mortal spear repelling  
 And Bruce, as soon as he had slain  
 The Gordon, sailed away to Spain,  
 And fought with rage incessant  
 Against the Moorish crescent

But many days, and many months,  
 And many years ensuing,  
 This wretched Knight did vainly seek  
 The death that he was wooing.

So, coming his last help to crave,  
Heart-broken, upon Ellen's grave  
His body he extended,  
And there his sorrow ended

Now ye, who willingly have heard  
The tale I have been telling,  
May in Kirkconnel churchyard view  
The grave of lovely Ellen  
By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid,  
And, for the stone upon his head,  
May no rude hand deface it,  
And its forlorn *hic jacet* !

(1800)

ANDREW JONES

I HATE that Andrew Jones, he'll breed  
His children up to waste and pillage  
I wish the press-gang or the dium  
With its tantara sound would come,  
And sweep him from the village !

I said not this, because he loves  
Through the long day to swear and tittle  
But for the poor dear sake of one  
To whom a foul deed he had done,  
A friendless man, a travelling cripple !

For this poor crawling helpless wretch,  
Some horseman who was passing by,  
A penny on the ground had thrown,  
But the poor cripple was alone  
And could not stoop—no help was nigh.

Inch-thick the dust lay on the ground,  
For it had long been droughty weather,  
So with his staff the cripple wrought  
Among the dust till he had brought  
The half-pennies together.

It chanced that Andrew passed that way  
Just at the time ; and there he found  
The cripple in the mid-day heat  
Standing alone, and at his feet  
He saw the penny on the ground

He stopped and took the penny up ·  
 And when the cripple nearer drew,  
 Quoth Andrew, "Under half-a-crown,  
 What a man finds is all his own,  
 And so, my Friend, good-day to you "  
 And *hence* I said, that Andrew's boys  
 Will all be trained to waste and pillage ,  
 And wished the press-gang, or the drum  
 With its tantara sound, would come  
 And sweep him from the village

(1800)

## THE TWO THIEVES;

OR, THE LAST STAGE OF AVARICE

O now that the genius of Bewick were mine,  
 And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne  
 Then the Muses might deal with me just as they chose,  
 For I'd take my last leave both of verse and of prose

What feats would I work with my magical hand !  
 Book-learning and books should be banished the land .  
 And, for hunger and thirst and such troublesome calls,  
 Every ale-house should then have a feast on its walls

The traveller would hang his wet clothes on a chair ,  
 Let them smoke, let them burn, not a straw would he care!  
 For the Prodigal Son, Joseph's Dream and his sheaves,  
 Oh, what would they be to my tale of two Thieves ?

The One, yet unbreeched, is not three birthdays old,  
 His Grandsire that age more than thirty times told ,  
 There are ninety good seasons of fair and foul weather  
 Between them, and both go a-pilfering together.

With chips is the carpenter strewing his floor ?  
 Is a cart-load of turf at an old woman's door ?  
 Old Daniel his hand to the treasure will slide !  
 And his Grandson's as busy at work by his side.

Old Daniel begins , he stops short—and his eye,  
 Through the lost look of dotage, is cunning and sly :  
 'Tis a look which at this time is hardly his own,  
 But tells a plain tale of the days that are flown

He once had a heart which was moved by the wiles  
 Of manifold pleasures and many desires .  
 And what if he cherished his purse ? 'Twas no more  
 Than treading a path trod by thousands before.

'Twas a path trod by thousands, but Daniel is one  
 Who went something farther than others have gone,  
 And now with old Daniel you see how it fares,  
 You see to what end he has brought his grey hairs

The pair sally forth hand in hand ere the sun  
 Has peered o'er the beeches, their work is begun  
 And yet, into whatever sin they may fall,  
 This child but half knows it, and that, not at all

They hunt through the streets with deliberate tread,  
 And each, in his turn, becomes leader or led,  
 And, wherever they carry their plots and their wiles,  
 Every face in the village is dimpled with smiles

Neither checked by the rich nor the needy they roam,  
 For the grey-headed Sire has a daughter at home,  
 Who will gladly repair all the damage that's done,  
 And three, were it asked, would be rendered for one.

Old Man ! whom so oft I with pity have eyed,  
 I love thee, and love the sweet Boy at thy side  
 Long yet may'st thou live ! for a teacher we see  
 That lifts up the veil of our nature in thee  
 (1800)

A CHARACTER<sup>1</sup>

I MARVEL how Nature could ever find space  
 For so many strange contrasts in one human face.  
 There's thought and no thought, and there's paleness and  
 bloom

And bustle and sluggishness, pleasure and gloom

There's weakness, and strength both redundant and vain,  
 Such strength as, if ever affliction and pain  
 Could pierce through a temper that's soft to disease,  
 Would be rational peace—a philosopher's ease

There's indifference, alike when he fails or succeeds,  
 And attention full ten times as much as there needs,  
 Pride where there's no envy, there's so much of joy,  
 And mildness, and spirit both forward and coy

There's freedom, and sometimes a diffident stare  
 Of shame scarcely seeming to know that she's there,  
 There's virtue, the title it surely may claim,  
 Yet wants heaven knows what to be worthy the name

<sup>1</sup> The principal features are taken from that of my friend Robert Jones.



This picture from nature may seem to depart,  
 Yet the Man would at once run away with your heart;  
 And I for five centuries right gladly would be  
 Such an odd such a kind happy creature as he  
 (1800)

## INSCRIPTIONS

## I

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON  
 ST HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENTWATER

If thou in the dear love of some one Friend  
 Hast been so happy that thou know'st what thoughts  
 Will sometimes in the happiness of love  
 Make the heart sink, then wilt thou reverence  
 This quiet spot, and, Stranger! not unmoved  
 Wilt thou behold this shapeless heap of stones,  
 The desolate ruins of St Herbert's Cell  
 Here stood his threshold, here was spread the roof  
 That sheltered him, a self-secluded Man,  
 After long exercise in social cares  
 And offices humane, intent to adore  
 The Deity, with undistracted mind,  
 And meditate on everlasting things,  
 In utter solitude — But he had left  
 A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved  
 As his own soul. And, when with eye upraised  
 To heaven he knelt before the crucifix,  
 While o'er the lake the cataract of Lodore  
 Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced  
 Along the beach of this small isle and thought  
 Of his Companion, he would pray that both  
 (Now that their earthly duties were fulfilled)  
 Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain  
 So prayed he — as our chronicles report,  
 Though here the Hermit numbered his last day  
 Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend,  
 Those holy Men both died in the same hour  
 (1800)

## II

WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL UPON A STONE IN THE WALL  
 OF THE HOUSE (AN OUT-HOUSE), ON THE ISLAND AT  
 GRASMERE

RUDE is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen  
 Buildings, albeit rude, that have maintained

Proportions more harmonious, and approached  
 To closer fellowship with ideal grace  
 But take it in good part —alas! the poor  
 Vitruvius of our village had no help  
 From the great City, never, upon leaves  
 Of red Morocco folio, saw displayed,  
 In long succession, pre-existing ghosts  
 Of Beauties yet unborn—the rustic Lodge  
 Antique, and Cottage with verandah graced,  
 Nor lacking, for fit company, alcove,  
 Green-house, shell-grot, and moss-lined hermitage.  
 Thou see'st a homely Pile, yet to these walls  
 The heifer comes in the snow-storm, and here  
 The new-dropped lamb finds shelter from the wind.  
 And hither does one Poet sometimes row  
 His pinnace, a small vagrant barge, up-piled  
 With plenteous store of heath and withered fern,  
 (A lading which he with his sickle cuts,  
 Among the mountains) and beneath this roof  
 He makes his summer couch, and here at noon  
 Spreads out his limbs, while, yet unshorn, the Sheep,  
 Panting beneath the burthen of their wool,  
 Lie round him, even as if they were a part  
 Of his own Household. nor, while from his bed  
 He looks, through the open door-place, toward the lake  
 And to the stirring breezes, does he want  
 Creations lovely as the work of sleep—  
 Fair sights, and visions of romantic joy!  
 (1800)

## III

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL UPON A STONE, THE  
 LARGEST OF A HEAP LYING NEAR A DESERTED QUARRY,  
 UPON ONE OF THE ISLANDS AT RYDAL

STRANGER! this hillock of mis-shapen stones  
 Is not a Ruin spared or made by time,  
 Nor, as perchance thou rashly deem'st, the Cairn  
 Of some old British Chief 'tis nothing more  
 Than the rude embryo of a little Dome  
 Of Pleasure-house, once destined to be built  
 Among the birch trees of this rocky isle  
 But, as it chanced, Sir William having learned  
 That from the shore a full-grown man might wade  
 And make himself a freeman of this spot  
 At any hour he chose, the prudent Knight

Desisted, and the quarry and the mound  
 Are monuments of his unfinished task  
 The block on which these lines are traced, perhaps,  
 Was once selected as the corner-stone  
 Of that intended Pile, which would have been  
 Some quaint odd plaything of elaborate skill,  
 So that, I guess, the linnet and the thrush,  
 And other little builders who dwell here,  
 Had wondered at the work But blame him not,  
 For old Sir William was a gentle Knight,  
 Bred in this vale, to which he appertained  
 With all his ancestry Then peace to him,  
 And for the outrage which he had devised  
 Entire forgiveness!—But if thou art one  
 On fire with thy impatience to become  
 An inmate of these mountains,—if, disturbed  
 By beautiful conceptions, thou hast hewn  
 Out of the quiet rock the elements  
 Of thy trim Mansion destined soon to blaze  
 In snow-white splendour,—think again; and, taught  
 By old Sir William and his quarry, leave  
 Thy fragments to the bramble and the rose,  
 There let the vernal slow-worm sun himself,  
 And let the redbreast hop from stone to stone.  
 (1800)

THE SPARROW'S NEST<sup>1</sup>

BEHOLD, within the leafy shade,  
 Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
 On me the chance-discovered sight  
 Gleamed like a vision of delight  
 I started—seeming to espy  
 The home and sheltered bed,  
 The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by  
 My Father's house, in wet or dry  
 My sister Emmeline and I  
 Together visited

She looked at it and seemed to fear it,  
 Dreading, tho' wishing, to be near it  
 Such heart was in her, being then  
 A little Prattler among men  
 The Blessing of my later years  
 Was with me when a boy

<sup>1</sup> Written in the Orchard, Town-end, Grasmere.

She gave me eyes, she gave me ears ,  
 And humble cares, and delicate fears ;  
 A heart, the fountain of sweet tears ,  
 And love, and thought, and joy

(1801)

#### PELION AND OSSA

PELION and Ossa flourish side by side,  
 Together in immortal books enrolled .  
 His ancient dower Olympus hath not sold ,  
 And that inspiring Hill, which "did divide  
 Into two ample horns his forehead wide,"  
 Shines with poetic radiance as of old ,  
 While not an English Mountain we behold  
 By the celestial Muses glorified  
 Yet round our sea-girt shore they rise in crowds ,  
 What was the great Parnassus' self to Thee,  
 Mount Skiddaw? In his natural sovereignty  
 Our British Hill is nobler far , he shrouds  
 His double front among Atlantic clouds,  
 And pours forth streams more sweet than Castaly

(1801)

#### THE SAILOR'S MOTHER <sup>1</sup>

ONE morning (raw it was and wet—  
 A foggy day in winter time)  
 A Woman on the road I met,  
 Not old, though something past her prime  
 Majestic in her person, tall and straight ,  
 And like a Roman matron's was her mien and gait  
 The ancient spirit is not dead ,  
 Old times, thought I, are breathing there ,  
 Proud was I that my country bred  
 Such strength, a dignity so fair  
 She begged an alms, like one in poor estate ,  
 I looked at her again, nor did my pride abate  
 When from these lofty thoughts I woke,  
 "What is it," said I, "that you bear,  
 Beneath the covert of your Cloak,  
 Protected from this cold damp air?"  
 She answered, soon as she the question heard,  
 "A simple burthen, Sir, a little Singing-bird "

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere I met this woman near the  
 Wishing-gate, on the high-road that then led from Grasmere to Amble-  
 side Her appearance was exactly as here described, and such was her  
 account, nearly to the letter

And, thus continuing, she said,  
 "I had a Son, who many a day  
 Sailed on the seas, but he is dead ;  
 In Denmark he was cast away  
 And I have travelled weary miles to see  
 If aught which he had owned might still remain for me  
 "The bird and cage they both were his .  
 'Twas my Son's bird , and neat and trim  
 He kept it many voyages  
 The singing-bird had gone with him ,  
 When last he sailed, he left the bird behind ,  
 From bodings, as might be, that hung upon his mind  
 "He to a fellow-lodger's care  
 Had left it, to be watched and fed,  
 And pipe its song in safety ,—there  
 I found it when my Son was dead ,  
 And now, God help me for my little wit !  
 I bear it with me, Sir ,—he took so much delight in it"  
 (1802)

## ALICE FELL

## OR, POVERTY

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,  
 For threatening clouds the moon had drowned ;  
 When, as we hurried on, my ear  
 Was smitten with a startling sound.  
 As if the wind blew many ways,  
 I heard the sound,—and more and more,  
 It seemed to follow with the chaise,  
 And still I heard it as before.  
 At length I to the boy called out ,  
 He stopped his horses at the word,  
 But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,  
 Nor aught else like it, could be heard  
 The boy then smacked his whip, and fast  
 The horses scampered through the rain ,  
 But, hearing soon upon the blast  
 The cry, I bade him halt again.  
 Forthwith alighting on the ground,  
 "Whence comes," said I, "this piteous moan?"  
 And there a little Girl I found,  
 Sitting behind the chaise, alone

"My cloak!" no other word she spake,  
But loud and bitterly she wept,  
As if her innocent heart would break,  
And down from off her seat she leapt

"What ails you, child?"—she sobbed "Look here!"  
I saw it in the wheel entangled,  
A weather-beaten rag as e'er  
From any garden scare-crow dangled

There, twisted between nave and spoke,  
It hung, nor could at once be freed,  
But our joint pains unloosed the cloak,  
A miserable rag indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,  
To-night along these lonesome ways?"  
"To Durham," answered she, half wild—  
"Then come with me into the chaise."

Insensible to all relief  
Sat the poor girl, and forth did send  
Sob after sob, as if her grief  
Could never, never have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"  
She checked herself in her distress,  
And said, "My name is Alice Fell,  
I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, Sir, belong"  
Again, as if the thought would choke  
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;  
And all was for her tattered cloak!

The chaise drove on, our journey's end  
Was nigh, and, sitting by my side,  
As if she had lost her only friend  
She wept, nor would be pacified

Up to the tavern-door we post,  
Of Alice and her grief I told,  
And I gave money to the host,  
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil grey,  
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"  
Proud creature was she the next day,  
The little orphan, Alice Fell!

BEGGARS<sup>1</sup>

SHE had a tall man's height or more ,  
 Her face from summer's noontide heat  
 No bonnet shaded, but she wore  
 A mantle, to her very feet  
 Descending with a graceful flow,  
 And on her head a cap as white as new-fallen snow.

Her skin was of Egyptian brown :  
 Haughty, as if her eye had seen  
 Its own light to a distance thrown,  
 She towered, fit person for a Queen  
 To lead those ancient Amazonian files ,  
 Or ruling Bandit's wife among the Grecian isles

Advancing, forth she stretched her hand  
 And begged an alms with doleful plea  
 That ceased not , on our English land  
 Such woes, I knew, could never be ,  
 And yet a boon I gave her, for the creature  
 Was beautiful to see—a weed of glorious feature

I left her, and pursued my way ,  
 And soon before me did espy  
 A pair of little Boys at play,  
 Chasing a crimson butterfly ,  
 The taller followed with his hat in hand,  
 Wreathed round with yellow flowers the gayest of the land

The other wore a rimless crown  
 With leaves of laurel stuck about ,  
 And, while both followed up and down,  
 Each whooping with a merry shout,  
 In their fraternal features I could trace  
 Unquestionable lines of that wild Suppliant's face.

Yet *they*, so blithe of heart, seemed fit  
 For finest tasks of earth or air .  
 Wings let them have, and they might flit  
 Precursors to Aurora's car,  
 Scattering fresh flowers ; though happier far, I ween,  
 To hunt their fluttering game o'er rock and level green.

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere. Met, and described to me by my Sister, near the quarry at the head of Rydal lake, a place still a chosen resort of vagrants travelling with their families

## Sequel to the Foregoing 107

They dart across my path—but lo,  
 Each ready with a plaintive whine !  
 Said I, “ Not half an hour ago  
 Your Mother has had alms of mine ”  
 “ That cannot be,” one answered—“ she is dead ”—  
 I looked reproof—they saw—but neither hung his head  
 “ She has been dead, Sir, many a day ”—  
 “ Hush, boys ! you’re telling me a lie ,  
 It was your Mother, as I say ! ”  
 And, in the twinkling of an eye,  
 “ Come ! come ! ” cried one, and without more ado,  
 Off to some other play the joyous Vagrants flew !  
 (1802)

### SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

COMPOSED MANY YEARS AFTER

WHERE are they now, those wanton Boys ?  
 For whose free range the dædal earth  
 Was filled with animated toys,  
 And implements of frolic mirth ,  
 With tools for ready wit to guide ,  
 And ornaments of seemlier pride,  
 More fresh, more bright, than Princes wear ,  
 For what one moment flung aside,  
 Another could repair ,  
 What good or evil have they seen  
 Since I their pastime witnessed here,  
 Their daring wiles, their sportive cheer ?  
 I ask—but all is dark between !

Spirits of beauty and of grace !  
 Associates in that eager chase ,  
 Ye, by a course to nature true,  
 The sterner judgment can subdue ;  
 And waken a relenting smile  
 When she encounters fraud or guile ,  
 And sometimes ye can charm away  
 The inward mischief, or allay,  
 Ye, who within the blameless mind  
 Your favourite seat of empire find !

They met me in a genial hour,  
 When universal nature breathed  
 As with the breath of one sweet flower,—  
 A time to overrule the power



## To a Butterfly

Of discontent, and check the birth  
 Of thoughts with better thoughts at strife,  
 The most familiar bane of life  
 Since parting Innocence bequeathed  
 Mortality to Earth !  
 Soft clouds, the whitest of the year,  
 Sailed through the sky—the brooks ran clear,  
 The lambs from rock to rock were bounding,  
 With songs the budded groves resounding,  
 And to my heart is still endeared  
 The faith with which it then was cheered,  
 The faith which saw that gladsome pair  
 Walk through the fire with unsinged hair  
 Or, if such thoughts must needs deceive  
 Kind Spirits ! may we not believe  
 That they, so happy and so fan,  
 Through your sweet influence, and the care  
 Of pitying Heaven, at least were free  
 From touch of *deadly* injury ?  
 Destined, whate'er their earthly doom,  
 For mercy and immortal bloom !

TO A BUTTERFLY <sup>1</sup>

## 1

STAY near me—do not take thy flight !  
 A little longer stay in sight !  
 Much converse do I find in thee,  
 Historian of my infancy !  
 Float near me, do not yet depart !  
 Dead times revive in thee  
 Thou bring'st, gay creature as thou art !  
 A solemn image to my heart,  
 My father's family !  
 Oh ! pleasant, pleasant were the days,  
 The time, when, in our childish plays,  
 My sister Emmeline and I  
 Together chased the butterfly !  
 A very hunter did I rush  
 Upon the prey—with leaps and springs  
 I followed on from brake to bush ;  
 But she, God love her, feared to brush  
 The dust from off its wings.

<sup>1</sup> Written in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere

## II

I've watched you now a full half-hour,  
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower,  
 And, little Butterfly ! indeed  
 I know not if you sleep or feed  
 How motionless !—not frozen seas  
 More motionless ! and then  
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze  
 Hath found you out among the trees,  
 And calls you forth again !

This plot of orchard-ground is ours,  
 My trees they are, my Sister's flowers,  
 Here rest your wings when they are weary  
 Here lodge as in a sanctuary !  
 Come often to us, fear no wrong,  
 Sit near us on the bough !  
 We'll talk of sunshine and of song,  
 And summer days, when we were young  
 Sweet childish days, that were as long  
 As twenty days are now.

(1802)

## THE EMIGRANT MOTHER

ONCE in a lonely hamlet I sojourned  
 In which a Lady driven from France did dwell,  
 The big and lesser griefs with which she mourned,  
 In friendship she to me would often tell  
 This Lady, dwelling upon British ground,  
 Where she was childless, daily would repair  
 To a poor neighbouring cottage, as I found,  
 For sake of a young Child whose home was there

Once having seen her clasp with fond embrace  
 This Child, I chanted to myself a lay,  
 Endeavouring in our English tongue, to trace  
 Such things as she unto the Babe might say  
 And thus, from what I heard and knew, or guessed,  
 My song the workings of her heart expressed.

## I

"Dear Babe, thou daughter of another.  
 One moment let me be thy mother !  
 An infant's face and looks are thine,  
 And sure a mother's heart is mine .

## The Emigrant Mother

Thy own dear mother's far away,  
 At labour in the harvest field  
 Thy little sister is at play,—  
 What warmth, what comfort would it yield  
 To my poor heart, if thou wouldst be  
 One little hour a child to me !

## II

" Across the waters I am come,  
 And I have left a babe at home  
 A long, long way of land and sea !  
 Come to me—I'm no enemy  
 I am the same who at thy side  
 Sate yesterday, and made a nest  
 For thee, sweet Baby !—thou hast tried,  
 Thou know'st the pillow of my breast,  
 Good, good art thou —alas ! to me  
 Far more than I can be to thee

## III

" Here, little Darling, dost thou lie,  
 An infant thou, a mother I !  
 Mine wilt thou be, thou hast no fears,  
 Mine art thou—spite of these my tears  
 Alas ! before I left the spot,  
 My baby and its dwelling-place,  
 The nurse said to me, 'Tears should not  
 Be shed upon an infant's face,  
 It was unlucky'—no, no, no,  
 No truth is in them who say so !

## IV

" My own dear Little-one will sigh,  
 Sweet Babe ! and they will let him die  
 'He pines,' they'll say, 'it is his doom,  
 And you may see his hour is come'  
 Oh ! had he but thy cheerful smiles,  
 Limbs stout as thine, and lips as gay,  
 Thy looks, thy cunning, and thy wiles,  
 And countenance like a summer's day,  
 They would have hopes of him,—and then  
 I should behold his face again !

## V

" 'Tis gone—like dreams that we forget,  
 There was a smile or two—yet—yet

## The Emigrant Mother

III

I can remember them, I see  
The smiles, worth all the world to me  
Dear Baby ! I must lay thee down ,  
Thou troublest me with strange alarms ,  
Smiles hast thou, bright ones of thy own ,  
I cannot keep thee in my arms ,  
For they confound me,—where—where is  
That last, that sweetest smile of his ?

### VI

“Oh ! how I love thee !—we will stay  
Together here this one half day  
My sister's child, who bears my name,  
From France to sheltering England came ,  
She with her mother crossed the sea ,  
The babe and mother near me dwell  
Yet does my yearning heart to thee  
Turn rather, though I love her well  
Rest, little Stranger, rest thee here !  
Never was any child more dear !

### VII

“—I cannot help it , ill intent  
I've none, my pretty Innocent !  
I weep—I know they do thee wrong,  
These tears—and my poor idle tongue  
Oh, what a kiss was that ! my cheek  
How cold it is ! but thou art good ,  
Thine eyes are on me—they would speak,  
I think, to help me if they could  
Blessings upon that soft, warm face,  
My heart again is in its place !

### VIII

“While thou art mine, my little Love,  
This cannot be a sorrowful grove ,  
Contentment, hope, and mother's glee,  
I seem to find them all in thee  
Here's grass to play with, here are flowers ,  
I'll call thee by my darling's name ,  
Thou hast, I think, a look of ours,  
Thy features seem to me the same ,  
His little sister thou shalt be ,  
And, when once more my home I see,  
I'll tell him many tales of Thee ”

"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD"<sup>1</sup>

My heart leaps up when I behold  
 A rainbow in the sky  
 So was it when my life began ;  
 So is it now I am a man ,  
 So be it when I shall grow old,  
 Or let me die !  
 The Child is father of the Man ,  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety

(1802)

"AMONG ALL LOVELY THINGS MY LOVE  
HAD BEEN"

AMONG all lovely things my Love had been ,  
 Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew  
 About her home , but she had never seen  
 A glow-worm, never one, and this I knew

While riding near her home one stormy night  
 A single glow-worm did I chance to espy ,  
 I gave a fervent welcome to the sight,  
 And from my horse I leapt , great joy had I

Upon a leaf the glow-worm did I lay,  
 To bear it with me through the stormy night .  
 And, as before, it shone without dismay ,  
 Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the dwelling of my Love I came,  
 I went into the orchard quietly ,  
 And left the glow-worm, blessing it by name,  
 Laid safely by itself, beneath a tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped with fear ;  
 At night the glow-worm shone beneath the tree ,  
 I led my Lucy to the spot, "Look here,"  
 Oh ! joy it was for her, and joy for me !

(1802)

Written at Town end, Giasmere.

## Redbreast Chasing Butterfly 113

### WRITTEN IN MARCH

WHILE RESTING ON THE BRIDGE AT THE FOOT OF  
BROTHER'S WATER

THE Cock is crowing,  
The stream is flowing,  
The small birds twitter,  
The lake doth glitter,  
The green field sleeps in the sun,  
The oldest and youngest  
Are at work with the strongest,  
The cattle are grazing,  
Their heads never raising,  
There are forty feeding like one !

Like an army defeated  
The snow hath retreated,  
And now doth fare ill  
On the top of the bare hill,  
The ploughboy is whooping—anon—anon.  
There's joy in the mountains;  
There's life in the fountains,  
Small clouds are sailing,  
Blue sky prevailing,  
The rain is over and gone !

(1802)

### THE REDBREAST CHASING THE BUTTERFLY<sup>1</sup>

ART thou the bird whom Man loves best,  
The pious bird with the scarlet breast,  
Our little English Robin,  
The bird that comes about our doors  
When Autumn-winds are sobbing ?  
Art thou the Peter of Norway Boors ?  
Their Thomas in Finland,  
And Russia far inland ?  
The bird, that by some name or other  
All men who know thee call their brother,  
The darling of children and men ?  
Could Father Adam<sup>2</sup> open his eyes  
And see this sight beneath the skies,

<sup>1</sup> Observed in the then beautiful orchard, Town-end, Grasmere

<sup>2</sup> See *Paradise Lost*, Book XI, where Adam points out to Eve the ominous sign of the Eagle chasing "two birds of gayest plume," and the gentle Hart and Hind pursued by their enemy.

He'd wish to close them again  
 — If the Butterfly knew but his friend,  
 Hither his flight he would bend,  
 And find his way to me,  
 Under the branches of the tree  
 In and out, he darts about,  
 Can this be the bird, to man so good,  
 That, after their bewildering,  
 Covered with leaves the little children,  
 So painfully in the wood?  
 What ailed thee, Robin, that thou could'st pursue  
 A beautiful creature,  
 That is gentle by nature?  
 Beneath the summer sky  
 From flower to flower let him fly,  
 'Tis all that he wishes to do  
 The cheerer Thou of our indoor sadness,  
 He is the friend of our summer gladness  
 What hinders, then, that ye should be  
 Playmates in the sunny weather,  
 And fly about in the air together!  
 His beautiful wings in crimson are drest,  
 A crimson as bright as thine own.  
 Would'st thou be happy in thy nest,  
 O pious Bird! whom man loves best,  
 Love him, or leave him alone!  
 (1802)

#### FORESIGHT<sup>1</sup>

THAT is work of waste and ruin—  
 Do as Charles and I are doing!  
 Strawberry-blossoms, one and all,  
 We must spare them—here are many.  
 Look at it—the flower is small,  
 Small and low, though fair as any  
 Do not touch it! summers two  
 I am older, Anne, than you.

Pull the primrose, sister Anne!  
 Pull as many as you can.  
 —Here are daisies, take your fill,  
 Pansies, and the cuckoo-flower

<sup>1</sup> Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Giasmere.

## To the Small Celandine 115

Of the lofty daffodil  
Make your bed, or make your bower ,  
Fill your lap, and fill your bosom ,  
Only spare the strawberry-blossom <sup>1</sup>

Primroses, the Spring may love them—  
Summer knows but little of them ,  
Violets, a barren kind,  
Withered on the ground must lie ,  
Daisies leave no fruit behind  
When the pretty flowerets die ,  
Pluck them, and another year  
As many will be blowing here

God has given a kindlier power  
To the favoured strawberry-flower  
Hither soon as Spring is fled  
You and Charles and I will walk ,  
Lurking berries, ripe and red,  
Then will hang on every stalk,  
Each within its leafy bower ,  
And for that promise spare the flower <sup>1</sup>

(1802)

### TO THE SMALL CELANDINE <sup>1</sup>

I <sup>2</sup>

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises ;  
Long as there's a sun that sets,  
Primroses will have their glory ,  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine

Eyes of some men travel far  
For the finding of a star ,  
Up and down the heavens they go,  
Men that keep a mighty rout <sup>1</sup>  
I'm as great as they, I trow,  
Since the day I found thee out,  
Little Flower <sup>1</sup>—I'll make a stir,  
Like a sage astronomer.

<sup>1</sup> Common Pilewort

<sup>2</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere



## To the Small Celandine

Modest, yet withal an Elf  
 Bold, and lavish of thyself,  
 Since we needs must first have met  
 I have seen thee, high and low,  
 Thirty years or more, and yet  
 'Twas a face I did not know,  
 Thou hast now, go where I may  
 Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
 In the time before the thrush  
 Has a thought about her nest,  
 Thou wilt come with half a call,  
 Spreading out thy glossy breast  
 Like a careless Prodigal;  
 Telling tales about the sun,  
 When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!  
 Travel with the multitude  
 Never heed them; I aver  
 That they all are wanton wooers,  
 But the thrifty cottager,  
 Who stirs little out of doors,  
 Joys to spy thee near her home,  
 Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit,  
 Kindly, unassuming Spirit!  
 Careless of thy neighbourhood,  
 Thou dost show thy pleasant face  
 On the moor, and in the wood,  
 In the lane,—there's not a place,  
 Howsoever mean it be,  
 But 'tis good enough for thee

Ill befall the yellow flowers,  
 Children of the flaring hours!  
 Buttercups, that will be seen,  
 Whether we will see or no,  
 Others, too, of lofty mien,  
 They have done as worldlings do,  
 Taken praise that should be thine,  
 Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth,  
Ill-requested upon earth,  
Herald of a mighty band,  
Of a joyous train ensuing,  
Serving at my heart's command,  
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,  
I will sing, as doth behove,  
Hymns in praise of what I love !

(1802)

## II

PLEASURES newly found are sweet  
When they lie about our feet .  
February last, my heart  
First at sight of thee was glad ,  
All unheard of as thou art,  
Thou must needs, I think, have had,  
Celandine ! and long ago,  
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,  
Whosoe'er the man might be  
Who the first with pointed rays  
(Workman worthy to be sainted)  
Set the sign-board in a blaze,  
When the rising sun he painted,  
Took the fancy from a glance  
At thy glittering countenance

Soon as gentle breezes bring  
News of winter's vanishing,  
And the children build their bowers,  
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould  
All about with full-blown flowers,  
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold !  
With the proudest thou art there,  
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure  
By myself a lonely pleasure.  
Sighed to think, I read a book  
Only read, perhaps, by me ,  
Yet I long could overlook  
Thy bright coronet and Thee,  
And thy arch and wily ways,  
And thy store of other praise

## To the Small Celandine

Blithe of heart, from week to week  
 Thou dost play at hide-and-seek,  
 While the patient primrose sits  
 Like a beggar in the cold,  
 Thou, a flower of wiser wits,  
 Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold,  
 Liveliest of the vernal train  
 When ye all are out again

Drawn by what peculiar spell,  
 By what charm of sight or smell,  
 Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,  
 Labouring for her waxen cells,  
 Fondly settle upon Thee  
 Prized above all buds and bells  
 Opening daily at thy side,  
 By the season multiplied?

Thou art not beyond the moon,  
 But a thing "beneath our shoon"  
 Let the bold Discoverer thrice  
 In his bark the polar sea,  
 Rear who will a pyramid,  
 Praise it is enough for me,  
 If there be but three or four  
 Who will love my little Flower

(1802)

## III

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,  
 That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain;  
 And, the first moment that the sun may shine,  
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again!

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,  
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,  
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,  
 In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed  
 And recognised it, though an altered form,  
 Now standing forth an offering to the blast,  
 And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,  
 "It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold:  
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,  
 But its necessity in being old.

## Resolution and Independence 119

"The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew,  
It cannot help itself in its decay,  
Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue"  
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey  
To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, woe's truth,  
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!  
O Man, that from thy fan and shining youth  
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!  
(1804)

### RESOLUTION AND INDEPENDENCE<sup>1</sup>

#### I

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night,  
The rain came heavily and fell in floods,  
But now the sun is rising calm and bright,  
The birds are singing in the distant woods,  
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods,  
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters,  
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters

All things that love the sun are out of doors,  
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth,  
The grass is bright with rain-drops,—on the moors  
The hare is running races in her mirth,  
And with her feet she from the plashy earth  
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,  
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run

#### III

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,  
I saw the hare that raced about with joy,  
I heard the woods and distant waters roar,  
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy  
The pleasant season did my heart employ  
My old remembrances went from me wholly;  
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere This old Man I met a few hundred yards from my cottage, and the account of him is taken from his own mouth I was in the state of feeling described in the beginning of the poem, while crossing over Barton Fell from Mr Clarkson's, at the foot of Ullswater, towards Askham The image of the hare I then observed on the ridge of the Fell

## 120 Resolution and Independence

### IV

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might  
Of joy in minds that can no further go,  
As high as we have mounted in delight  
In our dejection do we sink as low,  
To me that morning did it happen so,  
And fears and fancies thick upon me came,  
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor  
name.

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky,  
And I bethought me of the playful hare  
Even such a happy Child of earth am I,  
Even as these blissful creatures do I fare,  
Far from the world I walk, and from all care;  
But there may come another day to me—  
Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty

### VI

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,  
As if life's business were a summer mood,  
As if all needful things would come unsought  
To genial faith, still rich in genial good,  
But how can He expect that others should  
Build for him, sow for him, and at his call  
Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

### VII

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,  
The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride,  
Of Him who walked in glory and in joy  
Following his plough, along the mountain-side  
By our own spirits are we deified.  
We Poets in our youth begin in gladness,  
But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

### VIII

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace,  
A leading from above, a something given,  
Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,  
When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,  
Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven  
I saw a Man before me unawares:  
The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

## Resolution and Independence 121

### IX

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie  
Couched on the bald top of an eminence ,  
Wonder to all who do the same espy,  
By what means it could thither come, and whence ,  
So that it seems a thing endued with sense  
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf  
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself ,

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,  
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age  
His body was bent double, feet and head  
Coming together in life's pilgrimage ,  
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage  
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,  
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast

### XI

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,  
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood  
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,  
Upon the margin of that moorish flood  
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,  
That heareth not the loud winds when they call  
And moveth all together, if it move at all

### XII

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond  
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look  
Upon the muddy water, which he conned,  
As if he had been reading in a book  
And now a stranger's privilege I took ,  
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,  
"This morning gives us promise of a glorious day "

### XIII

A gentle answer did the old Man make,  
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :  
And him with further words I thus bespake,  
"What occupation do you there pursue ?  
This is a lonesome place for one like you "  
Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise  
Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes

## 122 Resolution and Independence

### XIV

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,  
But each in solemn order followed each,  
With something of a lofty utterance drest—  
Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach  
Of ordinary men, a stately speech,  
Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,  
Religious men, who give to God and man their dues

### XV

He told, that to these waters he had come  
To gather leeches, being old and poor  
Employment hazardous and wearisome !  
And he had many hardships to endure .  
From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor,  
Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,  
And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

### XVI

The old Man still stood talking by my side ,  
But now his voice to me was like a stream  
Scarce heard , nor word from word could I divide ,  
And the whole body of the Man did seem  
Like one whom I had met with in a dream ;  
Or like a man from some far region sent,  
To give me human strength, by apt admonishment.

### XVII

My former thoughts returned the fear that kills ,  
And hope that is unwilling to be fed ,  
Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ,  
And mighty Poets in their misery dead  
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,  
My question eagerly did I renew,  
“How is it that you live, and what is it you do?”

### XVIII

He with a smile did then his words repeat ,  
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide  
He travelled , stirring thus about his feet  
The waters of the pools where they abide  
“Once I could meet with them on every side ,  
But they have dwindled long by slow decay ,  
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may ”

## I Grieved for Buonaparté 123

### XIX

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,  
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me  
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace  
About the weary moors continually,  
Wandering about alone and silently  
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,  
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed

### XX

And soon with this he other matter blended,  
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,  
But stately in the main, and when he ended,  
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find  
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind  
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure,  
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!"  
(1802)

### "I GRIEVED FOR BUONAPARTÉ"

I GRIEVED for Buonaparté, with a vain  
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood  
Of that Man's mind—what can it be? what food  
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could *he* gain?  
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train  
The Governor who must be wise and good,  
And temper with the sternness of the brain  
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood  
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees  
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk  
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
Of the mind's business these are the degrees  
By which true Sway doth mount, this is the stalk  
True Power doth grow on, and her rights are these  
(1802)

### A FAREWELL <sup>1</sup>

FAREWELL, thou little Nook of mountain-ground,  
Thou rocky corner in the lowest stair  
Of that magnificent temple which doth bound  
One side of our whole vale with grandeur rare,

Composed just before my Sister and I went to fetch Mrs Wordsworth from Gallow-hill, near Scarborough



Sweet garden-orchard, eminently fair,  
 The loveliest spot that man hath ever found,  
 Farewell !—we leave thee to Heaven's peaceful care,  
 Thee, and the Cottage which thou dost surround,

Our boat is safely anchored by the shore,  
 And there will safely ride when we are gone ,  
 The flowering shrubs that deck our humble door  
 Will prosper, though untended and alone  
 Fields, goods, and far-off chattels we have none .  
 These narrow bounds contain our private store  
 Of things earth makes, and sun doth shine upon,  
 Here are they in our sight—we have no more.

Sunshine and shower be with you, bud and bell !  
 For two months now in vain we shall be sought  
 We leave you here in solitude to dwell  
 With these our latest gifts of tender thought ;  
 Thou, like the morning, in thy saffron coat,  
 Bright gowan, and marsh-margold, farewell !  
 Whom from the borders of the Lake we brought,  
 And placed together near our rocky Well

We go for One to whom ye will be dear ;  
 And she will prize this Bower, this Indian shed,  
 Our own contrivance, Building without peer !  
 —A gentle Maid, whose heart is lowly bled,  
 Whose pleasures are in wild fields gathered,  
 With joyousness, and with a thoughtful cheer,  
 Will come to you , to you herself will wed ;  
 And love the blessed life that we lead here.

Dear Spot ! which we have watched with tender heed,  
 Bringing thee chosen plants and blossoms blown  
 Among the distant mountains, flower and weed,  
 Which thou hast taken to thee as thy own,  
 Making all kindness registered and known ,  
 Thou for our sakes, though Nature's child indeed,  
 Fair in thyself and beautiful alone,  
 Hast taken gifts which thou dost little need.

And O most constant, yet most fickle Place,  
 Thou hast thy wayward moods, as thou dost show  
 To them who look not daily on thy face ,  
 Who, being loved, in love no bounds dost know,

‘The Sun has long been Set’ 125

And say’st, when we forsake thee, “Let them go !”  
Thou easy-hearted Thing, with thy wild race  
Of weeds and flowers, till we return be slow,  
And travel with the year at a soft pace.

Help us to tell Her tales of years gone by,  
And this sweet spring, the best beloved and best  
Joy will be flown in its mortality,  
Something must stay to tell us of the rest  
Here, thronged with primroses, the steep rock’s breast  
Glittered at evening like a starry sky,  
And in this bush our sparrow built her nest,  
Of which I sang one song that will not die

O happy Garden ! whose seclusion deep  
Hath been so friendly to industrious hours,  
And to soft slumbers, that did gently steep  
Our spirits, carrying with them dreams of flowers,  
And wild notes warbled among leafy bowers,  
Two burning months let summer overleap,  
And, coming back with Her who will be ours,  
Into thy bosom we again shall creep

(1802)

“THE SUN HAS LONG BEEN SET”

THE sun has long been set,  
The stars are out by twos and threes,  
The little birds are piping yet  
Among the bushes and the trees,  
There’s a cuckoo, and one or two thrushes,  
And a far-off wind that rushes,  
And a sound of water that gushes,  
And the cuckoo’s sovereign cry  
Fills all the hollow of the sky  
Who would “go parading”  
In London, “and masquerading,”  
On such a night of June  
With that beautiful soft half-moon,  
And all these innocent blisses?  
On such a night as this is !

(1802)

F 203

## 126 By the Sea-side, near Calais

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

SEPT. 3, 1802<sup>1</sup>

EARTH has not anything to show more fair  
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by  
A sight so touching in its majesty  
This City now doth, like a garment, wear  
The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,  
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie  
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,  
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.  
Never did sun more beautifully steep  
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill,  
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!  
The river glideth at his own sweet will.  
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,  
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS,

AUGUST 1802

FAIR Star of evening, Splendour of the west,  
Star of my Country!—on the horizon's brink  
Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink  
On England's bosom, yet well pleased to rest,  
Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest  
Conspicuous to the Nations Thou, I think,  
Should'st be my Country's emblem, and should'st wink  
Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, diest  
In thy fresh beauty There! that dusky spot  
Beneath thee, that is England, there she lies  
Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot,  
One life, one glory!—I, with many a fear  
For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs,  
Among men who do not love her, linger here.

CALAIS, AUGUST 1802

Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind,  
Or what is it that ye go forth to see?  
Lords, lawyers, statesmen, squires of low degree,  
Men known, and men unknown, sick, lame, and blind,  
Post forward all, like creatures of one kind,  
With first-fruit offerings crowd to bend the knee  
In France, before the new-born Majesty

<sup>1</sup> Written on the roof of a coach, on my way to France.

'Tis ever thus    Ye men of prostrate mind,  
 A seemly reverence may be paid to power,  
 But that's a loyal virtue, never sown  
 In haste, nor springing with a transient shower  
 When truth, when sense, when liberty were flown.  
 What hardship had it been to wait an hour?  
 Shame on you, feeble Heads, to slavery prone!

COMPOSED NEAR CALAIS, ON THE ROAD  
 LEADING TO ARDRES, AUGUST 7, 1802

JONES<sup>1</sup> as from Calais southward you and I  
 Went pacing side by side, this public Way  
 Streamed with the pomp of a too-credulous day,<sup>1</sup>  
 When faith was pledged to new-born Liberty  
 A homeless sound of joy was in the sky  
 From hour to hour the antiquated Earth  
 Beat like the heart of Man    songs, garlands, mirth,  
 Banners, and happy faces, far and nigh!  
 And now, sole register that these things were,  
 Two solitary greetings have I heard,  
 "*Good-morrow, Citizen!*" a hollow word,  
 As if a dead man spake it! Yet despair  
 Touches me not, though pensive as a bird  
 Whose vernal coverts winter hath laid bare

CALAIS, AUGUST 15, 1802

FESTIVALS have I seen that were not names.  
 This is young Buonaparté's natal day,  
 And his is henceforth an established sway—  
 Consul for life    With worship France proclaims  
 Her approbation, and with pomps and games  
 Heaven grant that other Cities may be gay!  
 Calais is not    and I have bent my way  
 To the sea-coast, noting that each man frames  
 His business as he likes    Far other show  
 My youth here witnessed, in a prouder time,  
 The senselessness of joy was then sublime!  
 Happy is he, who, caring not for Pope,  
 Consul, or King, can sound himself to know  
 The destiny of Man, and live in hope.

<sup>1</sup> 14th July, 1790

## 128 Extinction of Venetian Republic

### "IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING"<sup>1</sup>

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free,  
The holy time is quiet as a Nun  
Breathless with adoration, the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity,  
The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly  
Dear Child! dear Girl! that walkest with me here,  
If thou appear untouched by solemn thought,  
Thy nature is not therefore less divine  
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,  
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
God being with thee when we know it not

### ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

ONCE did She hold the gorgeous east in fee,  
And was the safeguard of the west the worth  
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,  
Venice, the eldest Child of Liberty.  
She was a maiden City, bright and free,  
No guile seduced, no force could violate,  
And, when she took unto herself a Mate,  
She must espouse the everlasting Sea  
And what if she had seen those glories fade,  
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,  
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid  
When her long life hath reached its final day.  
Men are we, and must grieve when even the Shade  
Of that which once was great, is passed away  
(1802)

### THE KING OF SWEDEN

THE Voice of song from distant lands shall call  
To that great King; shall hail the crownèd Youth  
Who, taking counsel of unbending Truth,  
By one example hath set forth to all  
How they with dignity may stand, or fall,

<sup>1</sup> This was composed on the beach near Calais, in the autumn of  
1802

## To Toussaint L'Ouverture 129

If fall they must    Now, whither doth it tend ?  
 And what to him and his shall be the end ?  
 That thought is one which neither can appal  
 Nor cheer him , for the illustrious Swede hath done  
 The thing which ought to be , is raised *above*  
 All consequences    work he hath begun  
 Of fortitude, and piety, and love,  
 Which all his glorious ancestors approve  
 The heroes bless him, him their mighty son  
 (1802)

### TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE

TOUSSAINT, the most unhappy man of men !  
 Whether the whistling Rustic tend his plough  
 Within thy hearing, or thy head be now  
 Pillowed in some deep dungeon's earless den ,—  
 O miserable Chieftain ! where and when  
 Wilt thou find patience ? Yet die not , do thou  
 Wear rather in thy bonds a cheerful brow  
 Though fallen thyself, never to rise again,  
 Live, and take comfort    Thou hast left behind  
 Powers that will work for thee , air, earth, and skies ,  
 There's not a breathing of the common wind  
 That will forget thee ; thou hast great allies ,  
 Thy friends are exultations, agonies,  
 And love, and man's unconquerable mind.  
 (1802)

### COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY NEAR DOVER, ON THE DAY OF LANDING

HERE, on our native soil, we breathe once more  
 The cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound  
 Of bells , those boys who in yon meadow-ground  
 In white-sleeved shirts are playing , and the roar  
 Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore ,—  
 All, all are English.    Oft have I looked round  
 With joy in Kent's green vales , but never found  
 Myself so satisfied in heart before  
 Europe is yet in bonds , but let that pass,  
 Thought for another moment    Thou art free,  
 My Country ! and 'tis joy enough and pride  
 For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the grass  
 Of England once again, and hear and see,  
 With such a dear Companion at my side  
 (1802)

SEPTEMBER 1, 1802<sup>1</sup>

WE had a female Passenger who came  
 From Calais with us, spotless in array,—  
 A white-robed Negio, like a lady gay,  
 Yet downcast as a woman fearing blame;  
 Meek, destitute, as seemed, of hope or aim  
 She sate, from notice turning not away,  
 But on all proffered intercourse did lay  
 A weight of languid speech, or to the same  
 No sign of answer made by word or face  
 Yet still her eyes retained their tropic fire,  
 That, burning independent of the mind,  
 Joined with the lustre of her rich attire  
 To mock the Outcast—O ye Heavens, be kind!  
 And feel, thou Earth, for this afflicted Race!

NEAR DOVER, SEPTEMBER 1802

INLAND, within a hollow vale, I stood,  
 And saw, while sea was calm and air was clear,  
 The coast of France—the coast of France how near!  
 Drawn almost into frightful neighbourhood  
 I shrank, for verily the barrier flood  
 Was like a lake, or river bright and fan,  
 A span of waters, yet what power is there!  
 What mightiness for evil and for good!  
 Even so doth God protect us if we be  
 Virtuous and wise. Winds blow, and waters roll,  
 Strength to the brave, and Power, and Deity,  
 Yet in themselves are nothing! One decree  
 Spake laws to *them*, and said that by the soul  
 Only, the Nations shall be great and free.

WRITTEN IN LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1802<sup>2</sup>

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must look  
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,

<sup>1</sup> Among the capricious acts of tyranny that disgraced those times, was the chasing of all Negroes from France by decree of the government we had who was one of the expelled

<sup>2</sup> This was after my return from France to London, when I could not but be struck, as here described, with the vanity and parade of our own country, especially in great towns and cities, as contrasted with the quiet, and I may say the desolation, that the revolution had produced in France

To think that now our life is only drest  
 For show, mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,  
 Or groom!—We must run glittering like a brook  
 In the open sunshine, or we are unblest  
 The wealthiest man among us is the best  
 No grandeur now in nature or in book  
 Delights us Rapine, avarice, expense,  
 This is idolatry, and these we adore  
 Plain living and high thinking are no more  
 The homely beauty of the good old cause  
 Is gone, our peace, our fearful innocence,  
 And pure religion breathing household laws

## LONDON, 1802

MILTON! thou should'st be living at this hour  
 England hath need of thee she is a fen  
 Of stagnant waters altar, sword, and pen,  
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
 Of inward happiness We are selfish men,  
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again,  
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power  
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart  
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea  
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
 In cheerful godliness, and yet thy heart  
 The lowliest duties on himself did lay.

## “GREAT MEN HAVE BEEN AMONG US”

GREAT men have been among us, hands that penned  
 And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none.  
 The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,  
 Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.  
 These moralists could act and comprehend.  
 They knew how genuine glory was put on,  
 Taught us how rightfully a nation shone  
 In splendour what strength was, that would not bend  
 But in magnanimous meekness France, 'tis strange,  
 Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.  
 Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!  
 No single volume paramount, no code,  
 No master spirit, no determined road,  
 But equally a want of books and men!



# 132 'When I have Borne in Memory'

## "IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF"

IT is not to be thought of that the Flood  
Of British freedom, which, to the open sea  
Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity  
Hath flowed, "with pomp of waters, unwithstood,"  
Roused though it be full often to a mood  
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,  
That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands  
Should perish, and to evil and to good  
Be lost for ever In our halls is hung  
Armoury of the invincible Knights of old.  
We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold  
Which Milton held — In everything we are spring  
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.  
(1802)

## "WHEN I HAVE BORNE IN MEMORY"

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed  
Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart  
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert  
The student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed  
I had, my Country! — am I to be blamed?  
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,  
Verily, in the bottom of my heart,  
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.  
For dearly must we prize thee, we who find  
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men  
And I by my affection was beguiled  
What wonder if a Poet now and then,  
Among the many movements of his mind,  
Felt for thee as a lover or a child!  
(1802)

## COMPOSED AFTER A JOURNEY ACROSS THE HAMBLETON HILLS, YORKSHIRE <sup>1</sup>

DARK and more dark the shades of evening fell,  
The wished-for point was reached—but at an hour  
When little could be gained from that rich dower  
Of prospect, whereof many thousands tell

<sup>1</sup> Composed October 4th, 1802, after a journey over the Hambleton Hills, on a day memorable to me—the day of my marriage. The horizon commanded by those hills is most magnificent.

Yet did the glowing west with marvellous power  
 Salute us, there stood Indian citadel,  
 Temple of Greece, and minster with its tower  
 Substantially expressed—a place for bell  
 Or clock to toll from! Many a tempting isle,  
 With groves that never were imagined, lay  
 'Mid seas how steadfast! objects all for the eye  
 Of silent rapture, but we felt the while  
 We should forget them, they are of the sky,  
 And from our earthly memory fade away  
 (1802)

## STANZAS

WRITTEN IN MY POCKET-COPY OF THOMSON'S  
 'CASTLE OF INDOLENCE' <sup>1</sup>

WITHIN our happy Castle there dwelt One  
 Whom without blame I may not overlook,  
 For never sun on living creature shone  
 Who more devout enjoyment with us took:  
 Here on his hours he hung as on a book,  
 On his own time here would he float away,  
 As doth a fly upon a summer brook,  
 But go to-morrow, or belike to-day,  
 Seek for him,—he is fled, and whither none can say.

Thus often would he leave our peaceful home,  
 And find elsewhere his business or delight,  
 Out of our Valley's limits did he roam  
 Full many a time, upon a stormy night,  
 His voice came to us from the neighbouring height  
 Oft could we see him driving full in view  
 At mid-day when the sun was shining bright;  
 What ill was on him, what he had to do,  
 A mighty wonder bred among our quiet crew.

Ah! piteous sight it was to see this Man  
 When he came back to us, a withered flower,—  
 Or like a sinful creature, pale and wan  
 Down would he sit, and without strength or power  
 Look at the common grass from hour to hour

<sup>1</sup> Composed in the orchard, Town-end, Grasmere, Coleridge living with us much at the time his son Hartley has said, that his father's character and habits are here preserved in a livelier way than in anything that has been written about him

And oftentimes, how long I fear to say,  
 Where apple-trees in blossom made a bowel,  
 Retired in that sunshiny shade he lay,  
 And, like a naked Indian, slept himself away.  
 Great wonder to our gentle tribe it was  
 Whenever from our Valley he withdrew,  
 For happier soul no living creature has  
 Than he had, being here the long day through.  
 Some thought he was a lover, and did woo  
 Some thought far worse of him, and judged him wrong,  
 But verse was what he had been wedded to,  
 And his own mind did like a tempest strong  
 Come to him thus, and drove the weary Wight along  
 With him there often walked in friendly guise,  
 Or lay upon the moss by brook or tree,  
 A noticeable Man with large grey eyes,  
 And a pale face that seemed undoubtedly  
 As if a blooming face it ought to be,  
 Heavy his low-hung lip did oft appear,  
 Deprest by weight of musing Phantasy,  
 Profound his forehead was, though not severe;  
 Yet some did think that he had little business here:  
 Sweet heaven forbid ! his was a lawful right;  
 Noisy he was, and gamesome as a boy,  
 His limbs would toss about him with delight  
 Like branches when strong winds the trees annoy.  
 Nor lacked his calmer hours device or toy  
 To banish listlessness and irksome care,  
 He would have taught you how you might employ  
 Yourself, and many did to him repair,—  
 And certes not in vain, he had inventions rare  
 Expedients, too, of simplest sort he tried.  
 Long blades of grass, plucked round him as he lay,  
 Made, to his ear attentively applied,  
 A pipe on which the wind would deftly play,  
 Glasses he had, that little things display,  
 The beetle panoplied in gems and gold,  
 A mailed angel on a battle-day,  
 The mysteries that cups of flowers enfold,  
 And all the gorgeous sights which fancies do behold.  
 He would entice that other Man to hear  
 His music, and to view his imagery  
 And, sooth, these two were each to the other dear:

No livelier love in such a place could be  
 There did they dwell—from earthly labour free,  
 As happy spirits as were ever seen,  
 If but a bird, to keep them company,  
 O! butterfly sate down, they were, I ween,  
 As pleased as if the same had been a Maiden-queen  
 (1802)

## TO H C

## SIX YEARS OLD

O THOU ! whose fancies from afar are brought ,  
 Who of thy words dost make a mock apparel,  
 And fittest to unutterable thought  
 The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol  
 Thou faery voyager ! that dost float  
 In such clear water, that thy boat  
 May rather seem  
 To brood on air than on an earthly stream ;  
 Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,  
 Where earth and heaven do make one imagery ;  
 O blessed vision ! happy child !  
 Thou art so exquisitely wild,  
 I think of thee with many fears  
 For what may be thy lot in future years  
     I thought of times when Pain might be thy guest,  
 Lord of thy house and hospitality ,  
 And Grief, uneasy lover ! never rest  
 But when she sate within the touch of thee  
 O too industrious folly !  
 O vain and causeless melancholy !  
 Nature will either end thee quite ,  
 Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,  
 Preserve for thee, by individual right,  
 A young lamb's heart among the full-grown flocks  
 What hast thou to do with sorrow,  
 Or the injuries of to-morrow ?  
 Thou art a dew-drop, which the morn brings forth,  
 Ill fitted to sustain unkindly shocks,  
 Or to be trailed along the soiling earth ,  
 A gem that glitters while it lives,  
 And no forewarning gives ,  
 But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife  
 Slips in a moment out of life.  
 (1802)

## To the Daisy

TO THE DAISY<sup>1</sup>

## I

In youth from rock to rock I went,  
 From hill to hill in discontent  
 Of pleasure high and turbulent,  
     Most pleased when most uneasy ,  
 But now my own delights I make,—  
 My thirst at every rill can slake,  
 And gladly Nature's love partake,  
     Of Thee, sweet Daisy<sup>1</sup>

Thee Winter in the garland wears  
 That thinly decks his few grey hairs ;  
 Spring parts the clouds with softest airs,  
     That she may sun thee ,  
 Whole Summer-fields are thine by night ,  
 And Autumn, melancholy Wight<sup>1</sup>  
 Doth in thy crimson head delight  
     When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice train,  
 Thou greet'st the traveller in the lane ;  
 Pleased at his greeting thee again ,  
     Yet nothing daunted,  
 Nor grieved if thou be set at nought  
 And oft alone in nooks remote  
 We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,  
     When such are wanted

Be violets in their secret mews  
 The flowers the wanton Zephyris choose ;  
 Proud be the rose, with rains and dews  
     Her head impearling,

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following were composed in the orchard, Town end, Giasmere, where the bird was often seen as here described.

“ Her divine skill taught me this,  
 That from every thing I saw  
 I could some instruction draw,  
 And raise pleasure to the height  
 Through the meanest object's sight  
 By the murmur of a spring,  
 Or the least bough's rustelling ,  
 By a Daisy whose leaves spread  
 Shut when Titan goes to bed ,  
 Or a shady bush or tree ,  
 She could more infuse in me  
 Than all Nature's beauties can  
 In some other wiser man ”

## To the Daisy

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Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,  
Yet hast not gone without thy fame ,  
Thou art indeed by many a claim  
The Poet's darling

If to a rock from rains he fly,  
Or, some bright day of April sky,  
Imprisoned by hot sunshine lie  
Near the green holly,  
And wearily at length should fare ,  
He needs but look about, and there  
Thou art !—a friend at hand, to scare  
His melancholy.

A hundred times, by rock or bower,  
Ere thus I have lain couched an hour,  
Have I derived from thy sweet power  
Some apprehension ,  
Some steady love , some brief delight ,  
Some memory that had taken flight ,  
Some chime of fancy wrong or right ,  
Or stray invention

If stately passions in me burn,  
And one chance look to Thee should turn,  
I drink out of an humbler urn  
A lowlier pleasure ,  
The homely sympathy that heeds  
The common life, our nature breeds ,  
A wisdom fitted to the needs  
Of hearts at leisure

Fresh-smitten by the morning ray,  
When thou art up, alert and gay,  
Then, cheerful Flower ! my spirits play  
With kindred gladness  
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest  
Thou sink'st, the image of thy rest  
Hath often eased my pensive breast  
Of careful sadness

And all day long I number yet,  
All seasons through, another debt,  
Which I, wherever thou art met,  
To thee am owing ,

## To the Daisy

An instinct call it, a blind sense,  
 A happy, genial influence,  
 Coming one knows not how, nor whence,  
 Nor whither going

Child of the Year ! that round dost run  
 Thy pleasant course,—when day's begun  
 As ready to salute the sun  
     As lark or leveret,  
 Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain,  
 Nor be less dear to future men  
 Than in old time,—thou not in vain  
     Art Nature's favourite.<sup>1</sup>

(1802)

## II

WITH little here to do or see  
 Of things that in the great world be,  
 Daisy ! again I talk to thee,  
     For thou art worthy,  
 Thou unassuming Common-place  
 Of Nature, with that homely face,  
 And yet with something of a grace,  
     Which Love makes for thee !

Oft on the dappled turf at ease  
 I sit, and play with smiles,  
 Loose types of things through all degrees,  
     Thoughts of thy raising  
 And many a fond and idle name  
 I give to thee, for praise or blame,  
 As is the humour of the game,  
     While I am gazing.

A nun demure of lowly port,  
 Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,  
 In thy simplicity the sport  
     Of all temptations,  
 A queen in crown of rubies diest,  
 A starveling in a scanty vest;  
 Are all, as seems to suit thee best,  
     Thy appellations.

<sup>1</sup> See, in Chaucer and the elder Poets, the honours formerly paid to this flower.

A little cyclops, with one eye  
 Staring to threaten and defy,  
 That thought comes next—and instantly  
     The freak is over,  
 The shape will vanish—and behold  
 A silver shield with boss of gold,  
 That spreads itself, some faery bold  
     In fight to cover !

I see thee glittering from afar—  
 And then thou art a pretty star ,  
 Not quite so fair as many are  
     In heaven above thee !  
 Yet like a star, with glittering crest,  
 Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest ,—  
 May peace come never to his nest,  
     Who shall reprove thee !

Bright *Flower* ! for by that name at last,  
 When all my reveries are past,  
 I call thee, and to that cleave fast,  
     Sweet silent creature !  
 That breath'st with me in sun and air,  
 Do thou, as thou art wont, repair  
 My heart with gladness, and a share  
     Of thy meek nature !

(1802)

III <sup>1</sup>

BRIGHT Flower ! whose home is everywhere,  
 Bold in maternal Nature's care,  
 And all the long year through the hen  
     Of joy or sorrow ,  
 Methinks that there abides in thee  
 Some concord with humanity,  
 Given to no other flower I see  
     The forest thorough !  
 Is it that Man is soon deprest ?  
 A thoughtless Thing ! who, once unblest,  
 Does little on his memory rest,  
     Or on his reason,  
 And Thou would'st teach him how to find  
 A shelter under every wind,  
 A hope for times that are unkind  
     And every season ?

<sup>1</sup> This and the other Poems addressed to the same flower were composed at Town-end, Grasmere, during the earlier part of my residence there.



## The Green Linnet

Thou wander'st the wide world about,  
 Unchecked by pride or scrupulous doubt,  
 With friends to greet thee, or without,  
     Yet pleased and willing,  
 Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,  
 And all things suffering from all  
 Thy function apostolical  
     In peace fulfilling.

(1802)

## THE GREEN LINNET

BENEATH these fruit-tree boughs that shed  
 Their snow-white blossoms on my head,  
 With brightest sunshine round me spread  
     Of spring's unclouded weather,  
 In this sequestered nook how sweet  
 To sit upon my orchard-seat !  
 And birds and flowers once more to greet,  
     My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest  
 In all this covert of the blest  
 Hail to Thee, far above the rest  
     In joy of voice and pinion !  
 Thou, Linnet ! in thy green array,  
 Presiding Spirit here to-day,  
 Dost lead the revels of the May,  
     And this is thy dominion

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,  
 Make all one band of paramours,  
 Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,  
     Art sole in thy employment  
 A Life, a Presence like the Air,  
 Scattering thy gladness without care,  
 Too blest with any one to pain,  
     Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,  
 That twinkle to the gusty breeze,  
 Behold him perched in ecstasies,  
     Yet seeming still to hover,  
 There ! where the flutter of his wings  
 Upon his back and body flings  
 Shadows and sunny glimmerings,  
     That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives,  
 A Brother of the dancing leaves,  
 Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves  
     Pours forth his song in gushes,  
 As if by that exulting strain  
 He mocked and treated with disdain  
 The voiceless Form he chose to feign,  
     While fluttering in the bushes

(1803)

YEW-TREES <sup>1</sup>

THERE is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton Vale,  
 Which to this day stands single, in the midst  
 Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore,  
 Not loth to furnish weapons for the bands  
 Of Umfraville or Percy ere they marched  
 To Scotland's heaths or those that crossed the sea  
 And diew then sounding bows at Azincour,  
 Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poitiers  
 Of vast circumference and gloom profound  
 This solitary Tree ! a living thing  
 Produced too slowly ever to decay,  
 Of form and aspect too magnificent  
 To be destroyed But wothier still of note  
 Are those fraternal Four of Bonnowdale,  
 Joined in one solemn and capacious grove,  
 Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth  
 Of intertwined fibres serpentine  
 Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,  
 Not uninformed with Phantasy, and looks  
 That threaten the profane,—a pillared shade,  
 Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue,  
 By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged  
 Perennially—beneath whose sable roof  
 Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked  
 With unrejoicing berries—ghostly Shapes  
 May meet at noontide, Fear and trembling Hope,  
 Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton  
 And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate  
 As in a natural temple scattered o'er  
 With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,  
 United worship, or in mute repose  
 To lie, and listen to the mountain flood  
 Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

(1803)

<sup>1</sup> Written at Gasmere.

## "WHO FANCED WHAT A PRETTY SIGHT"

WHO fancied what a pretty sight  
 This Rock would be if edged around  
 With living snow-drops ? circlet bright !  
 How glorious to this orchard-ground !  
 Who loved the little Rock, and set  
 Upon its head this colonet ?  
 Was it the humour of a child ?  
 Or rather of some gentle maid,  
 Whose blows, the day that she was styled  
 The shepherd-queen, were thus arrayed ?  
 Of man mature, or matron sage ?  
 Or old man toying with his age !  
 I asked—'twas whispered, The device  
 To each and all might well belong  
 It is the Spirit of Paradise  
 That prompts such work, a Spirit strong,  
 That gives to all the self-same bent  
 Where life is wise and innocent.

(1803)

"IT IS NO SPIRIT WHO FROM HEAVEN  
HATH FLOWN"<sup>1</sup>

It is no Spirit who from heaven hath flown,  
 And is descending on his embassy,  
 Nor Traveller gone from earth the heavens to espy !  
 'Tis Hesperus—there he stands with glittering crown,  
 First admonition that the sun is down !  
 For yet it is broad day-light • clouds pass by,  
 A few are near him still—and now the sky,  
 He hath it to himself—'tis all his own.  
 O most ambitious Star ! an inquest wrought  
 Within me when I recognised thy light,  
 A moment I was startled at the sight  
 And, while I gazed, there came to me a thought  
 That I might step beyond my natural race  
 As thou seem'st now to do ; might one day trace  
 Some ground not mine, and, strong her strength above,  
 My Soul, an Apparition in the place,  
 Tread there with steps that no one shall reprove !

(1803)

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town end, Giasmere I remember the instant my sister, S H, called me to the window of our Cottage, saying, "Look how beautiful is yon star ! It has the sky all to itself !" I composed the verses immediately

# Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 143

## MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND<sup>1</sup>

1803

### I

#### DEPARTURE FROM THE VALE OF GRASMERE

AUGUST 1803

THE gentlest Shade that walked Elysian plains  
Might sometimes covet dissoluble chains,  
Even for the tenants of the zone that lies  
Beyond the stars, celestial Paradise,  
Methinks 'twould heighten joy, to overleap  
At will the crystal battlements, and peep  
Into some other region, though less fair,  
To see how things are made and managed there  
Change for the worse might please, incursion bold  
Into the tracts of darkness and of cold,  
O'er Limbo lake with aery flight to steer,  
And on the verge of Chaos hang in fear  
Such animation often do I find,  
Power in my breast, wings growing in my mind,  
Then, when some rock or hill is overpast,  
Perchance without one look behind me cast  
Some barrier with which Nature, from the birth  
Of things, has fenced this fairest spot on earth.  
O pleasant transit, Grasmere! to resign  
Such happy fields, abodes so calm as thine,  
Not like an outcast with himself at strife,  
The slave of business, time, or care for life,  
But moved by choice, or, if constrained in part,  
Yet still with Nature's freedom at the heart,—  
To cull contentment upon wildest shores,  
And luxuries extract from bleakest moors,  
With prompt embrace all beauty to enfold,  
And having rights in all that we behold  
—Then why these lingering steps?—A bright adieu,  
For a brief absence, proves that love is true,  
Ne'er can the way be irksome or forlorn  
That winds into itself for sweet return

<sup>1</sup> Mr Coleridge, my Sister, and myself started together from Town-end to make a tour in Scotland. Poor Coleridge was at that time in bad spirits, and somewhat too much in love with his own dejection, and he departed from us, as is recorded in my Sister's Journal, soon after we left Loch Lomond. The verses that stand foremost among these Memorials were not actually written for the occasion, but transplanted from my "Epistle to Sir George Beaumont."

# 144 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

II

## AT THE GRAVE OF BURNS

1803

SEVEN YEARS AFTER HIS DEATH <sup>1</sup>

I SHIVER, Spirit fierce and bold,  
At thought of what I now behold  
As vapours breathed from dungeons cold,  
Strike pleasure dead,  
So sadness comes from out the mould  
Where Burns is laid

And have I then thy bones so near,  
And thou forbidden to appear?  
As if it were thyself that's here  
I shrink with pain;  
And both my wishes and my fear  
Alike are vain

Off weight—nor press on weight!—away  
Dark thoughts!—they came, but not to stay,  
With chastened feelings would I pay  
The tribute due  
To him, and aught that hides his clay  
From mortal view

Fresh as the flower, whose modest worth  
He sang, his genius “glinted” forth,  
Rose like a star that touching earth,  
For so it seems,  
Doth glorify its humble birth  
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,  
The struggling heart, where be they now?  
Full soon the Aspirant of the plough,  
The prompt, the brave,  
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low  
And silent grave

I mourned with thousands, but as one  
More deeply grieved, for He was gone  
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
And showed my youth  
How Verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth

<sup>1</sup> For illustration, see my Sister's Journal. It may be proper to add that the second of these pieces, though *felt* at the time, was not composed till many years after.

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 145

Alas ! where'er the current tends,  
Regret pursues and with it blends,—  
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends  
By Skiddaw seen,—  
Neighbours we were, and loving friends  
We might have been ,

True friends though diversely inclined ,  
But heart with heart and mind with mind,  
Where the main fibres are entwined,  
Through Nature's skill,  
May even by contraries be joined  
More closely still

The tear will start, and let it flow ,  
Thou " poor Inhabitant below,"  
At this dread moment—even so—  
Might we together  
Have sate and talked where gowans blow,  
Or on wild heathen

What treasures would have then been placed  
Within my reach , of knowledge graced  
By fancy what a rich repast !  
But why go on ?—  
Oh ! spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,  
His grave grass-grown.

There, too, a Son, his joy and pride,  
(Not three weeks past the Stripling died,)  
Lies gathered to his Father's side,  
Soul-moving sight !  
Yet one to which is not denied  
Some sad delight .

For *he* is safe, a quiet bed  
Hath early found among the dead,  
Harboured where none can be misled,  
Wronged, or distressed ,  
And surely here it may be said  
That such are blest

And oh for Thee, by pitying grace  
Checked oft-times in a devious race,  
May He who halloweth the place  
Where Man is laid  
Receive thy Spirit in the embrace  
For which it prayed !

## 146 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

Sighing I turned away , but ere  
Night fell I heard, or seemed to hear,  
Music that sorrow comes not near,  
    A ritual hymn,  
Chaunted in love that casts out fear  
    By Seraphim

### III

#### THOUGHTS

SUGGESTED THE DAY FOLLOWING, ON THE BANKS OF  
NITH, NEAR THE POET'S RESIDENCE

Too frail to keep the lofty vow  
That must have followed when his brow  
Was wreathed—"The Vision" tells us how—  
    With holly spray,  
He faltered, drifted to and fro,  
    And passed away

Well might such thoughts, dear Sister, throng  
Our minds when, lingering all too long,  
Over the grave of Burns we hung  
    In social grief—  
Indulged as if it were a wrong  
    To seek relief

But, leaving each unquiet theme  
Where gentlest judgments may misdeem,  
And prompt to welcome every gleam  
    Of good and fair,  
Let us beside this limpid Stream  
    Breathe hopeful air.

Enough of sorrow, wick, and blight ;  
Think rather of those moments bright  
When to the consciousness of night  
    His course was true,  
When Wisdom prospered in his sight  
    And virtue grew

Yes, freely let our hearts expand,  
Freely as in youth's season bland,  
When side by side, his Book in hand,  
    We wont to stray,  
Our pleasure varying at command  
    Of each sweet Lay.

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 147

How oft inspired must he have trod  
These pathways, yon far-stretching road !  
There lurks his home , in that Abode,  
    With mirth elate,  
O! in his nobly-pensive mood,  
    The Rustic sate

Proud thoughts that Image overawes,  
Before it humbly let us pause,  
And ask of Nature, from what cause  
    And by what rules  
She trained her Burns to win applause  
    That shames the Schools

Through busiest street and loneliest glen  
Are felt the flashes of his pen ,  
He rules 'mid winter snows, and when  
    Bees fill their hives ,  
Deep in the general heart of men  
    His power survives

What need of fields in some far clime  
Where Heroes, Sages, Bards sublime,  
And all that fetched the flowing rhyme  
    From genuine springs,  
Shall dwell together till old Time  
    Folds up his wings ?

Sweet Mercy ! to the gates of Heaven  
This Minstrel lead, his sins forgiven ,  
The rueful conflict, the heart riven  
    With vain endeavour,  
And memory of Earth's bitter leaven,  
    Effaced for ever

But why to Him confine the prayer,  
When kindred thoughts and yearnings bear  
On the frail heart the purest share  
    With all that live ?—  
The best of what we do and are,  
    Just God, forgive !



## 148 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

### IV

#### TO THE SONS OF BURNS

AFTER VISITING THE GRAVE OF THEIR FATHER<sup>1</sup>

'MID crowded obelisks and urns  
I sought the untimely grave of Burns ,  
Sons of the Bard, my heart still mourns  
    With sorrow true ,  
And more would grieve, but that it turns  
    Trembling to you !

Through twilight shades of good and ill  
Ye now are panting up life's hill,  
And more than common strength and skill  
    Must ye display ,  
If ye would give the better will  
    Its lawful sway.

Hath Nature strung your nerves to bear  
Intemperance with less harm, beware !  
But if the Poet's wit ye share,  
    Like him can speed  
The social hour—of tenfold care  
    There will be need ,

For honest men delight will take  
To spare your failings for his sake,  
Will flatter you,—and fool and rake  
    Your steps pursue ,  
And of your Father's name will make  
    A snare for you

Far from their noisy haunts retire,  
And add your voices to the quire  
That sanctify the cottage fire  
    With service meet ,  
There seek the genius of your Sire,  
    His spirit greet ;

Or where, 'mid "lonely heights and hows,"  
He paid to Nature tuneful vows ,

<sup>1</sup> "The Poet's grave is in a corner of the churchyard We looked at it with melancholy and painful reflections, repeating to each other his own verses—

"Is there a man whose judgment clear," etc "

*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow traveller*

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 149

On wiped his honourable brows  
    Bedewed with toil,  
While reapers strove, or busy ploughs  
    Upturned the soil,  
His judgment with benignant ray  
Shall guide, his fancy cheer, your way,  
But ne'er to a seductive lay  
    Let faith be given,  
Nor deem that "light which leads astray,  
    Is light from Heaven"  
Let no mean hope your souls enslave,  
Be independent, generous, brave,  
Your Father such example gave,  
    And such revere,  
But be admonished by his grave,  
    And think, and fear!

### V

#### TO A HIGHLAND GIRL<sup>1</sup>

AT INVERSNYDE, UPON LOCH LOMOND

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower  
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!  
Twice seven consenting years have shed  
Their utmost bounty on thy head  
And these grey rocks, that household lawn,  
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn,  
This fall of water that doth make  
A murmur near the silent lake,  
This little bay, a quiet road  
That holds in shelter thy Abode—  
In truth together do ye seem  
Like something fashioned in a dream,  
Such Forms as from their covert peep  
When earthly cares are laid asleep!  
But, O fair Creature! in the light  
Of common day, so heavenly bright,  
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,  
I bless thee with a human heart,  
God shield thee to thy latest years!  
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers;  
And yet my eyes are filled with tears

<sup>1</sup> This delightful creature and her demeanour are particularly described in my Sister's Journal

## 150 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

With earnest feeling I shall pray  
 For thee when I am far away  
 For never saw I mien, or face,  
 In which more plainly I could trace  
 Benignity and home-bred sense  
 Ripening in perfect innocence.  
 Here scattered, like a random seed,  
 Remote from men, Thou dost not need  
 The embarrassed look of shy distress,  
 And maidenly shamefacedness  
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear  
 The freedom of a Mountaineer  
 A face with gladness overspread !  
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred !  
 And seemliness complete, that sways  
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ,  
 With no restraint, but such as springs  
 From quick and eager visitings  
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach  
 Of thy few words of English speech  
 A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife  
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !  
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,  
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind—  
 Thus beating up against the wind

What hand but would a garland cull  
 For thee who art so beautiful ?  
 O happy pleasure ! here to dwell  
 Beside thee in some heathy dell ,  
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,  
 A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess !  
 But I could frame a wish for thee  
 More like a grave reality  
 Thou art to me but as a wave  
 Of the wild sea , and I would have  
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,  
 Though but of common neighbourhood.  
 What joy to hear thee, and to see  
 Thy elder Brother I would be,  
 Thy Father—anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace  
 Hath led me to this lonely place  
 Joy have I had , and going hence  
 I bear away my recompence  
 In spots like these it is we prize

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 151

Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes  
Then, why should I be loth to stir?  
I feel this place was made for her,  
To give new pleasure like the past,  
Continued long as life shall last  
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,  
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part.  
For I, methinks, till I grow old,  
As fair before me shall behold,  
As I do now, the cabin small,  
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;  
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

### VI

#### GLEN-ALMAIN

##### OR, THE NARROW GLEN

In this still place, remote from men,  
Sleeps Ossian, in the NARROW GLEN,  
In this still place, where murmurs on  
But one meek streamlet, only one.  
He sang of battles, and the breath  
Of stormy war, and violent death,  
And should, methinks, when all was past,  
Have rightfully been laid at last  
Where rocks were rudely heaped, and rent  
As by a spirit turbulent,  
Where sighs were rough, and sounds were wild,  
And everything unreconciled,  
In some complaining, dim retreat,  
For fear and melancholy meet,  
But this is calm, there cannot be  
A more entire tranquillity

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed?  
Or is it but a groundless creed?  
What matters it?—I blame them not  
Whose Fancy in this lonely Spot  
Was moved, and in such way expressed  
Their notion of its perfect rest  
A convent, even a hermit's cell,  
Would break the silence of this Dell  
It is not quiet, is not ease,  
But something deeper far than these  
The separation that is here  
Is of the grave, and of austere

## 152 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

Yet happy feelings of the dead  
And, therefore, was it rightly said  
That Ossian, last of all his race<sup>1</sup>  
Lies buried in this lonely place

### VII

#### STEPPING WESTWARD<sup>1</sup>

"*What, you are stepping westward?*"—"Yea."  
—"Twould be a *wildish* destiny,  
If we, who thus together roam  
In a strange Land, and far from home,  
Were in this place the guests of Chance  
Yet who would stop, or fear to advance,  
Though home or shelter he had none,  
With such a sky to lead him on?"

The dewy ground was dark and cold,  
Behind, all gloomy to behold,  
And stepping westward seemed to be  
A kind of *heavenly* destiny  
I liked the greeting, 'twas a sound  
Of something without place or bound,  
And seemed to give me spiritual right  
To travel through that region bright

The voice was soft, and she who spake  
Was walking by her native lake  
The salutation had to me  
The very sound of courtesy  
Its power was felt, and while my eye  
Was fixed upon the glowing Sky,  
The echo of the voice enwrought  
A human sweetness with the thought  
Of travelling through the world that lay  
Before me in my endless way

### VIII

#### THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland Lass!

<sup>1</sup> While my Fellow-traveller and I were walking by the side of Loch Ketterne, one fine evening after sunset, in our road to a Hut where, in the course of our Tour, we had been hospitably entertained some weeks before, we met, in one of the loneliest parts of that solitary region, two well-dressed Women, one of whom said to us, by way of greeting, "What, you are stepping westward?"

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 153

Reaping and singing by herself,  
Stop here, or gently pass!<sup>1</sup>  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain,  
O listen! for the Vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt,  
Among Arabian sands  
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard  
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides  
Will no one tell me what she sings?<sup>2</sup>—  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again?  
Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending.  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending,—  
I listened, motionless and still,  
And, as I mounted up the hill  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

### IX

#### ADDRESS TO KILCHURN CASTLE, UPON LOCH AWE<sup>1</sup>

CHILD of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream  
Roars in thy hearing, but thy hour of rest

<sup>1</sup> "From the top of the hill a most impressive scene opened upon our view,—a ruined Castle on an Island (for an Island the flood had made it) at some distance from the shore, backed by a Cove of the Mountain Cruachan, down which came a foaming stream. The Castle occupied every foot of the Island that was visible to us, appearing to rise out of the water,—mists rested upon the mountain side, with spots of sunshine, there was a mild desolation in the low grounds, a solemn grandeur in the mountains, and the Castle was wild, yet stately—not dismantled of turrets—nor the walls broken down, though obviously a ruin"—*Extract from the Journal of my Companion*

## 154 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

Is come, and thou art silent in thy age,  
 Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught  
 Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs  
 Oh! there is life that breathes not, Powers there are  
 That touch each other to the quick in modes  
 Which the gross world no sense hath to perceive,  
 No soul to dream of What art Thou, from care  
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,  
 Nor by soft Peace adopted, though, in place  
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem  
 But a mere footstool to yon sovereign Lord,  
 Huge Cruachan, (a thing that meaner hills  
 Might crush, nor know that it had suffered harm,)   
 Yet he, not loth, in favour of thy claims  
 To reverence, suspends his own, submitting  
 All that the God of Nature hath conferred,  
 All that he holds in common with the stars,  
 To the memorial majesty of Time  
 Impersonated in thy calm decay!<sup>1</sup>  
 Take, then, thy seat, Vicegerent unproved!<sup>1</sup>  
 Now, while a farewell gleam of evening light  
 Is fondly lingering on thy shattered front,  
 Do thou, in turn, be paramount, and rule  
 Over the pomp and beauty of a scene  
 Whose mountains, torrents, lake, and woods, unite  
 To pay thee homage, and with these are joined,  
 In willing admiration and respect,  
 Two Hearts, which in thy presence might be called  
 Youthful as Spring—Shade of departed Power,  
 Skeleton of unfleshed humanity,  
 The chronicle were welcome that should call  
 Into the compass of distinct regard  
 The toils and struggles of thy infant years!<sup>1</sup>  
 Yon foaming flood seems motionless as ice,  
 Its dizzy turbulence eludes the eye,  
 Frozen by distance, so, majestic Pile,  
 To the perception of this Age, appear  
 Thy fierce beginnings, softened and subdued  
 And quieted in character—the strife,  
 The pride, the fury uncontrollable,  
 Lost on the aerial heights of the Crusades!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The tradition is, that the Castle was built by a Lady during the absence of her Lord in Palestine.

X

ROB ROY'S GRAVE<sup>1</sup>

A FAMOUS man is Robin Hood,  
The English ballad-singer's joy !  
And Scotland has a thief as good,  
An outlaw of as daring mood ,  
She has her brave ROB ROY !  
Then clear the weeds from off his Grave,  
And let us chant a passing stave,  
In honour of that Hero brave !

Heaven gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart  
And wondrous length and strength of arm  
Nor craved he more to quell his foes,  
Or keep his friends from harm

Yet was Rob Roy as *wise* as brave ,  
Forgive me if the phrase be strong,—  
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy  
Must scorn a timid song

Say, then, that he was wise as brave ,  
As wise in thought as bold in deed  
For in the principles of things  
*He* sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob, "What need of books ?  
Burn all the statutes and their shelves  
They stir us up against our kind ,  
And worse, against ourselves

"We have a passion—make a law,  
Too false to guide us or control !  
And for the law itself we fight  
In bitterness of soul

"And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose  
Distinctions that are plain and few .  
These find I graven on my heart .  
*That* tells me what to do

<sup>1</sup> I have since been told that I was misinformed as to the burial-place of Rob Roy. If so, I may plead in excuse that I wrote on apparently good authority, namely, that of a well-educated Lady who lived at the head of the Lake, within a mile or less of the point indicated as containing the remains of One so famous in the neighbourhood.

The history of Rob Roy is sufficiently known, his grave is near the head of Loch Ketterine, in one of those small pinfold-like Burial-grounds, of neglected and desolate appearance, which the traveller meets with in the Highlands of Scotland.



## 156 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

"The creatures see of flood and field,  
And those that travel on the wind !  
With them no strife can last , they live  
In peace, and peace of mind.

"For why ?—because the good old rule  
Sufficeth them, the simple plan,  
That they should take, who have the power,  
And they should keep who can

"A lesson that is quickly learned,  
A signal this which all can see !  
Thus nothing here provokes the strong  
To wanton cruelty.

"All freakishness of mind is checked ;  
He tamed, who foolishly aspires ,  
While to the measure of his might  
Each fashions his desires

"All kinds, and creatures, stand and fall  
By strength of prowess or of wit  
'Tis God's appointment who must sway,  
And who is to submit

"Since, then, the rule of right is plain,  
And longest life is but a day ,  
To have my ends, maintain my rights,  
I'll take the shortest way "

And thus among these rocks he lived,  
Through summer heat and winter snow .  
The Eagle, he was lord above,  
And Rob was lord below

So was it—*would*, at least, have been  
But through untowardness of fate ,  
For Polity was then too strong—  
He came an age too late ,

Or shall we say an age too soon ?  
For, were the bold Man living *now*,  
How might he flourish in his pride,  
With buds on every bough !

Then rents and factois, rights of chase,  
Sheriffs, and lairds and their domains,  
Would all have seemed but paltry things,  
Not worth a moment's pains

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 157

Rob Roy had never lingered here,  
To these few meagre Vales confined,  
But thought how wide the world, the times  
How fairly to his mind !

And to his Sword he would have said,  
“ Do Thou my sovereign will enact  
From land to land through half the earth !  
Judge thou of law and fact !

“ ’Tis fit that we should do our part,  
Becoming, that mankind should learn  
That we are not to be surpassed  
In fatherly concern

“ Of old things all are over old,  
Of good things none are good enough —  
We’ll show that we can help to frame  
A world of other stuff

“ I, too, will have my kings that take  
From me the sign of life and death  
Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds,  
Obedient to my breath ”

And, if the word had been fulfilled,  
As *might* have been, then, thought of joy !  
France would have had her present Boast,  
And we our own Rob Roy !

Oh ! say not so, compare them not,  
I would not wrong thee, Champion brave !  
Would wrong thee nowhere, least of all  
Here standing by thy grave

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts  
Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan !  
Hadst this to boast of, thou didst love  
The *liberty* of man

And, had it been thy lot to live  
With us who now behold the light,  
Thou would’st have nobly stirred thyself,  
And battled for the Right

For thou wert still the poor man’s stay,  
The poor man’s heart, the poor man’s hand  
And all the oppressed, who wanted strength,  
Had thine at their command

## 158 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

Bear witness many a pensive sigh  
Of thoughtful Herdsman when he strays  
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,  
And by Loch Lomond's braes !

And, far and near, through vale and hill,  
Are faces that attest the same ,  
The proud heart flashing through the eyes,  
At sound of ROB ROY's name

### XI

#### SONNET

COMPOSED AT ——— CASTLE<sup>1</sup>

DEGENERATE Douglas ! oh, the unworthy Lord !  
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please,  
And love of havoc, (for with such disease  
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word  
To level with the dust a noble horde,  
A brotherhood of venerable Trees,  
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,  
Beggared and outraged !—Many hearts deplored  
The fate of those old Trees , and oft with pain  
The traveller, at this day, will stop and gaze  
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed .  
For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,  
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,  
And the green silent pastures, yet remain

### XII

YARROW UNVISITED<sup>2</sup>

FROM Stirling castle we had seen  
The mazy Forth unravelled ,  
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,  
And with the Tweed had travelled ,  
And when we came to Clovenford,  
Then said my "*winsome Marrow*,"  
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,  
And see the Braes of Yarrow "

<sup>1</sup> The Castle here mentioned was Nidpath near Peebles The person alluded to was the then Duke of Queensbury The fact was told me by Walter Scott

<sup>2</sup> See the various Poems the scene of which is laid upon the banks of the Yarrow , in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton beginning

"Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny Bride,  
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome Marrow !—"

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 159

“ Let Yarrow folk, *frae* Selkirk town,  
Who have been buying, selling,  
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own ,  
Each maiden to her dwelling !  
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,  
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow !  
But we will downward with the Tweed,  
Nor turn aside to Yarrow

“ There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,  
Both lying right before us ,  
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed  
The lintwhites sing in chorus ,  
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land  
Made blithe with plough and harrow .  
Why throw away a needful day  
To go in search of Yarrow ?

“ What's Yarrow but a river bare,  
That glides the dark hills under ?  
There are a thousand such elsewhere  
As worthy of your wonder ”  
—Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn  
My True-love sighed for sorrow ,  
And looked me in the face, to think  
I thus could speak of Yarrow !

“ Oh ! green,” said I, “ are Yarrow's holms  
And sweet is Yarrow flowing !  
Fair hangs the apple *frae* the rock,<sup>1</sup>  
But we will leave it growing  
O'er hilly path, and open Strath,  
We'll wander Scotland thorough ,  
But, though so near, we will not turn  
Into the dale of Yarrow.

“ Let beeves and home-bred kine partake  
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow ,  
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake  
Float double, swan and shadow !  
We will not see them , will not go,  
To-day, nor yet to-morrow,  
Enough if in our hearts we know  
There's such a place as Yarrow.

<sup>1</sup> See Hamilton's Ballad as above.

## 160 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

“ Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown !  
It must, or we shall rue it  
We have a vision of our own ,  
Ah ! why should we undo it ?  
The treasured dreams of times long past,  
We'll keep them, winsome Ma'row !  
For when we're there, although 'tis fau,  
'Twill be another Yarrow !

“ If Care with freezing years should come  
And wandering seem but folly,—  
Should we be loth to stir from home,  
And yet be melancholy ,  
Should life be dull, and spirits low,  
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,  
That earth has something yet to show,  
The bonny holms of Yarrow ! ”

### XIII

#### THE MATRON OF JEDBOROUGH AND HER HUSBAND

AGE ! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers,  
And call a train of laughing Hours ,  
And bid them dance, and bid them sing ,  
And thou, too, mingle in the ring !  
Take to thy heart a new delight ,  
If not, make merry in despite  
That there is One who scorns thy power —  
But dance ! for under Jedborough Tower  
A Matron dwells who, though she bears  
The weight of more than seventy years,  
Lives in the light of youthful glee,  
And she will dance and sing with thee

Nay ! start not at that Figure—there !  
Him who is rooted to his chan !  
Look at him—look again ! for he  
Hath long been of thy family  
With legs that move not, if they can,  
And useless arms, a trunk of man,  
He sits, and with a vacant eye ,  
A sight to make a stranger sigh !  
Deaf, drooping, that is now his doom  
His world is in this single room  
Is this a place for mirthful cheer ?  
Can merry-making enter here ?

The joyous Woman is the Mate

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 161

Of him in that forlorn estate !  
He breathes a subterraneous damp ,  
But bright as Vesper shines her lamp  
He is as mute as Jedborough Tower  
She jocund as it was of yore,  
With all its bravery on , in times  
When all alive with merry chimes,  
Upon a sun-bright moor of May,  
It roused the Vale to holiday

I praise thee, Matron ! and thy due  
Is praise, heroic praise, and true !  
With admiration I behold  
Thy gladness unsubdued and bold .  
Thy looks, thy gestures, all present  
The picture of a life well spent  
This do I see , and something more ,  
A strength unthought of heretofore !  
Delighted am I for thy sake ,  
And yet a higher joy partake  
Our Human-nature throws away  
Its second twilight, and looks gay ,  
A land of promise and of pride  
Unfolding, wide as life is wide

Ah ! see her helpless Charge ! enclosed  
Within himself it seems, composed ,  
To fear of loss, and hope of gain,  
The strife of happiness and pain,  
Utterly dead ! yet in the guise  
Of little infants, when their eyes  
Begin to follow to and fro  
The persons that before them go,  
He tracks her motions, quick or slow,  
Her buoyant spirit can prevail  
Where common cheerfulness would fail ,  
She strikes upon him with the heat  
Of July suns , he feels it sweet ,  
An animal delight though dim !  
'Tis all that now remains for him !

The more I looked, I wondered more—  
And, while I scanned them o'er and o'er,  
Some inward trouble suddenly  
Broke from the Matron's strong black eye—  
A remnant of uneasy light,  
A flash of something over-bright !  
Nor long this mystery did detain

## 162 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

My thoughts,—she told in pensive strain  
 That she had borne a heavy yoke,  
 Been stricken by a twofold stroke,  
 Ill health of body, and had pined  
 Beneath worse ailments of the mind  
 So be it!—but let praise ascend  
 To Him who is our lord and friend!  
 Who from disease and suffering  
 Hath called for thee a second spring;  
 Repaid thee for that sore distress  
 By no untimely joyousness,  
 Which makes of thine a blissful state;  
 And cheers thy melancholy Mate!

### XIV

“FLY, SOME KIND HARBINGER, TO GRASMERE-DALE!”

FLY, some kind Harbinger, to Grasmere dale!  
 Say that we come, and come by this day's light,  
 Fly upon swiftest wing round field and height,  
 But chiefly let one Cottage hear the tale;  
 There let a mystery of joy prevail,  
 The kitten frolic, like a gamesome sprite,  
 And Rover whine, as at a second sight  
 Of ———— good that shall not fail.  
 And ———— face let joy appear,  
 Yea, let our Mary's one companion child—  
 That hath her six weeks' solitude beguiled  
 With intimations manifold and dear,  
 While we have wandered over wood and wild—  
 Smile on his Mother now with bolder cheer.

### XV

#### THE BLIND HIGHLAND BOY

A TALE TOLD BY THE FIRE-SIDE, AFTER RETURNING TO THE  
 VALE OF GRASMERE<sup>1</sup>

Now we are tired of boisterous joy,  
 Have romped enough, my little Boy!  
 Jane hangs her head upon my breast,  
 And you shall bring your stool and rest,  
 This corner is your own

<sup>1</sup> The story was told me by George Mackenzie, for many years parish clerk of Grasmere. He had been an eye witness of the occurrence. The vessel in reality was a washing-tub, which the little fellow had met with on the shore of the Loch.

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 163

There<sup>1</sup> take your seat, and let me see  
That you can listen quietly  
And, as I promised, I will tell  
That strange adventure which befell  
A poor blind Highland Boy

A *Highland* Boy<sup>1</sup>—why call him so?<sup>2</sup>  
Because, my Darlings, ye must know  
That, under hills which rise like towers,  
Far higher hills than these of ours<sup>1</sup>  
He from his birth had lived

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight,  
The sun, the day, the stars, the night,  
Or tree, or butterfly, or flower,  
Or fish in stream, or bird in bower,  
Or woman, man, or child

And yet he neither drooped nor pined,  
Nor had a melancholy mind,  
For God took pity on the Boy,  
And was his friend, and gave him joy  
Of which we nothing know

His Mother, too, no doubt, above  
Her other children him did love:  
For, was she here, or was she there,  
She thought of him with constant care,  
And more than mother's love

And proud she was of heart, when, clad  
In crimson stockings, tartan plaid,  
And bonnet with a feather gay,  
To Kirk he on the Sabbath day  
Went hand in hand with her

A dog too, had he, not for need,  
But one to play with and to feed,  
Which would have led him, if bereft  
Of company or friends, and left  
Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow—  
And thus from house to house would go,  
And all were pleased to hear and see,  
For none made sweeter melody  
Than did the poor blind Boy

Yet he had many a restless dream;  
Both when he heard the eagles scream,



## 164 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

And when he heard the torrents roar,  
And heard the water beat the shore  
Near which their cottage stood

Beside a lake their cottage stood,  
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood ,  
But one of mighty size, and strange ,  
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,  
And stirring in its bed

For to this lake, by night and day,  
The great Sea-water finds its way  
Through long, long windings of the hills  
And drinks up all the pretty rills  
And rivers large and strong

Then hurries back the road it came—  
Returns, on errand still the same ,  
Thus did it when the earth was new ,  
And this for evermore will do  
As long as earth shall last

And, with the coming of the tide,  
Come boats and ships that safely ride  
Between the woods and lofty rocks ,  
And to the shepherds with their flocks  
Bring tales of distant lands

And of those tales, whate'er they were,  
The blind Boy always had his share ,  
Whether of mighty towns, or vales  
With warmer suns and softer gales,  
Or wonders of the Deep

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirred,  
When from the water-side he heard  
The shouting, and the jolly cheers ,  
The bustle of the mariners  
In stillness or in storm

But what do his desires avail ?  
For He must never handle sail ,  
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float  
In sailor's ship, or fisher's boat,  
Upon the rocking waves

His Mother often thought, and said,  
What sin would be upon her head  
If she should suffer this " My Son,  
Whate'er you do, leave this undone ,  
The danger is so great "

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 165

Thus lived he by Loch Leven's side  
Still sounding with the sounding tide,  
And heard the billows leap and dance,  
Without a shadow of mischance,  
Till he was ten years old

When one day (and now mark me well,  
Ye soon shall know how this befell)  
He in a vessel of his own,  
On the swift flood is hurrying down,  
Down to the mighty Sea

In such a vessel never more  
May human creature leave the shore !  
If this or that way he should stir,  
Woe to the poor blind Mariner !  
For death will be his doom

But say what bears him ?—Ye have seen  
The Indian's bow, his arrows keen,  
Rare beasts, and birds with plumage bright,  
Gifts which, for wonder or delight,  
Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those seafaring men  
Spread round that haven in the glen,  
Each hut, perchance, might have its own,  
And to the Boy they all were known—  
He knew and prized them all

The rarest was a Turtle-shell  
Which he, poor Child, had studied well,  
A shell of ample size, and light  
As the pearly car of Amphitrite,  
That sportive dolphins drew.

And, as a Coracle that braves  
On Vaga's breast the fretful waves,  
This shell upon the deep would swim,  
And gaily lift its fearless brim  
Above the tossing surge

And this the little blind Boy knew  
And he a story strange yet true  
Had heard, how in a shell like this  
An English Boy, O thought of bliss !  
Had stoutly launched from shore,

Launched from the margin of a bay  
Among the Indian isles, where lay

## 166 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

His father's ship, and had sailed far—  
To join that gallant ship of war,  
In his delightful shell

Our Highland Boy oft visited  
The house that held this prize, and, led  
By choice or chance, did thither come  
One day when no one was at home,  
And found the door unbarred

While there he sate, alone and blind,  
That story flashed upon his mind,—  
A bold thought roused him, and he took  
The shell from out its secret nook,  
And bore it on his head

He launched his vessel,—and in pride  
Of spirit, from Loch Leven's side,  
Stepped into it—his thoughts all free  
As the light breezes that with glee  
Sang through the adventurer's han

A while he stood upon his feet,  
He felt the motion—took his seat,  
Still better pleased as more and more  
The tide retreated from the shore,  
And sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven  
How rapidly the Child is driven !  
The fourth part of a mile, I ween,  
He thus had gone, ere he was seen  
By any human eye

But when he was first seen, oh me  
What shrieking and what misery !  
For many saw, among the rest  
His Mother, she who loved him best  
She saw her poor blind Boy

But for the child, the sightless Boy,  
It is the triumph of his joy !  
The bravest traveller in balloon,  
Mounting as if to reach the moon,  
Was never half so blessed

And let him, let him go his way,  
Alone, and innocent, and gay !  
For, if good Angels love to wait  
On the forlorn unfortunate,  
This Child will take no harm.

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 167

But now the passionate lament,  
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,  
The cries which broke from old and young  
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,  
Are stifled—all is still

And quickly with a silent crew  
A boat is ready to pursue,  
And from the shore their course they take,  
And swiftly down the running lake  
They follow the blind Boy

But soon they move with softer pace;  
So have ye seen the fowler chase  
On Giasmere's clear unruffled breast  
A youngling of the wild-duck's nest  
With deftly-lifted oar;

Or as the wily sailors crept  
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)  
The hapless creature which did dwell  
Erewhile within the dancing shell,  
They steal upon their prey

With sound the least that can be made,  
They follow, more and more afraid,  
More cautious as they draw more near,  
But in his darkness he can hear,  
And guesses then intent

"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—he then cried out,  
"*Lei-gha—Lei-gha*"—with eager shout,  
Thus did he cry, and thus did pray,  
And what he meant was, "Keep away,  
And leave me to myself!"

Alas! and when he felt their hands—  
You've often heard of magic wands,  
That with a motion overthrew  
A palace of the proudest show,  
Or melt it into air.

So all his dreams—that inward light  
With which his soul had shone so bright—  
All vanished,—'twas a heartfelt cross  
To him, a heavy, bitter loss,  
As he had ever known.

## 168 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

But hark ! a gratulating voice,  
 With which the very hills rejoice  
 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly  
 Have watched the event, and now can see  
     That he is safe at last

And then, when he was brought to land,  
 Full sure they were a happy band,  
 Which, gathering round, did on the banks  
 Of that great Water give God thanks,  
     And welcomed the poor Child

And in the general joy of heart  
 The blind Boy's little dog took part ;  
 He leapt about, and oft did kiss  
 His master's hands in sign of bliss,  
     With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear,  
 She who had fainted with her fear,  
 Rejoiced when waking she espies  
 The Child, when she can trust her eyes,  
     And touches the blind Boy

She led him home, and wept amain,  
 When he was in the house again  
 Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes,  
 She kissed him—how could she chastise ?  
     She was too happy far

Thus, after he had fondly braved  
 The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved ;  
 And, though his fancies had been wild,  
 Yet he was pleased and reconciled  
     To live in peace on shore

And in the lonely Highland dell  
 Still do they keep the Turtle-shell  
 And long the story will repeat  
 Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat,  
     And how he was preserved.

NOTE —It is recorded in Dampier's *Voyages*, that a boy, son of the captain of a Man-of-War, seated himself in a Turtle-shell, and floated in it from the shore to his father's ship, which lay at anchor at the distance of half a mile. In deference to the opinion of a Friend, I have substituted such a shell for the less elegant vessel in which my blind Voyager did actually entrust himself to the dangerous current of Loch Leven, as was related to me by an eye-witness

OCTOBER 1803

ONE might believe that natural miseries  
Had blasted France, and made of it a land  
Unfit for men, and that in one great band  
Her sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.  
But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze  
Shed gentle favours rural works are there,  
And ordinary business without care,  
Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!  
How piteous then that there should be such dearth  
Of knowledge, that whole myriads should unite  
To work against themselves such fell despite  
Should come in phrensy and in drunken mirth,  
Impatient to put out the only light  
Of Liberty that yet remains on earth!

‘THERE IS A BONDAGE WORSE, FAR WORSE,  
TO BEAR”

THERE is a bondage worse, far worse, to bear  
Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,  
Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall  
'Tis his who walks about in the open air,  
One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear  
Then fetters in their souls For who could be,  
Who, even the best, in such condition, free  
From self-reproach, reproach that he must share  
With Human-nature? Never be it ours  
To see the sun how brightly it will shine,  
And know that noble feelings, manly powers,  
Instead of gathering strength, must droop and pine,  
And earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers  
Fade, and participate in man's decline

(1803)

OCTOBER 1803

THESE times strike monied worldlings with dismay  
Even rich men, brave by nature, taunt the air  
With words of apprehension and despair  
While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray,  
Men unto whom sufficient for the day  
And minds not stinted or untilled are given,  
Sound, healthy, children of the God of heaven,  
Are cheerful as the rising sun in May.

170 'England! the Time is Come'

What do we gather hence but finer faith  
That every gift of noble origin  
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath ;  
That virtue and the faculties within  
Are vital,—and that riches are akin  
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death?

“ENGLAND! THE TIME IS COME WHEN  
THOU SHOULD'ST WEAN”

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou should'st wean  
Thy heart from its emasculating food ,  
The truth should now be better understood ,  
Old things have been unsettled ; we have seen  
Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been  
But for thy trespasses , and, at this day,  
*If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa,*  
Aught good were destined, thou would'st step between  
England! all nations is this charge agree  
But worse, more ignorant in love and hate,  
Far—far more abject, is thine Enemy  
Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight  
Of thy offences be a heavy weight  
Oh grief that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee '  
(1803)

OCTOBER 1803

WHEN, looking on the present face of things,  
I see one Man, of men the meanest too !  
Raised up to sway the world, to do, undo,  
With mighty Nations for his underlings,  
The great events with which old story rings  
Seem vain and hollow , I find nothing great  
Nothing is left which I can venerate ,  
So that a doubt almost within me springs  
Of Providence, such emptiness at length  
Seems at the heart of all things But, great God !  
I measure back the steps which I have trod  
And tremble, seeing whence proceeds the strength  
Of such poor Instruments, with thoughts sublime  
I tremble at the sorrow of the time.

TO THE MEN OF KENT

OCTOBER 1803

VANGUARD of Liberty, ye men of Kent,  
Ye children of a Soil that doth advance

## In the Pass of Killicranky 171

Hei haughty brow against the coast of France,  
Now is the time to prove your hardiment !  
To Fiance be words of invitation sent !  
They from then fields can see the countenance  
Of your fierce war, may ken the glittering lance  
And hear you shouting forth your brave intent  
Left single, in bold parley, ye, of yore,  
Did from the Norman win a gallant wreath,  
Confirmed the charters that were yours before,—  
No parleying now ! In Britain is one breath,  
We all are with you now from shore to shore—  
Ye men of Kent, 'tis victory or death !

### IN THE PASS OF KILLICRANKY<sup>1</sup>

Six thousand veterans practised in war's game,  
Tried men, at Killicranky were arrayed  
Against an equal host that wore the plaid,  
Shepherds and herdsmen—Like a whirlwind came  
The Highlanders, the slaughter spread like flame,  
And Gary, thundering down his mountain-road,  
Was stopped, and could not breathe beneath the load  
Of the dead bodies—"Twas a day of shame  
For them whom precept and the pedantry  
Of cold mechanic battle do enslave  
O for a single hour of that Dundee,  
Who on that day the word of onset gave !  
Like conquest would the Men of England see,  
And her Foes find a like inglorious grave

### ANTICIPATION, OCTOBER 1803

SHOUT, for a mighty Victory is won !  
On British ground the Invaders are laid low,  
The breath of Heaven has drifted them like snow,  
And left them lying in the silent sun,  
Never to rise again !—the work is done  
Come forth, ye old men, now in peaceful show  
And greet your sons ! drums beat and trumpets blow !  
Make merrily, wives ! ye little children, stun  
Your gaudame's ears with pleasure of your noise !  
Clap, infants, clap your hands ! Divine must be  
That triumph, when the very worst, the pain,  
And even the prospect of our brethren slain,  
Hath something in it which the heart enjoys.—  
In glory will they sleep and endless sanctity.

(1803)

<sup>1</sup>An invasion being expected, October 1803



## 172 The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale

### LINES ON THE EXPECTED INVASION, 1803

COME ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land  
 Were with herself at strife, would take your stand,  
 Like gallant Falkland, by the Monarch's side,  
 And, like Montrose, make Loyalty your pride—  
 Come ye—who, not less zealous, might display  
 Banners at enmity with regal sway,  
 And, like the Pym and Miltons of that day,  
 Think that a State would live in sounder health  
 If Kingship bowed its head to Commonwealth—  
 Ye too—whom no discreditable fear  
 Would keep, perhaps with many a fruitless tear,  
 Uncertain what to choose and how to steer—  
 And ye—who might mistake for sober sense  
 And wise reserve the plea of indolence—  
 Come ye—whate'er your creed—O waken all,  
 Whate'er your temper, at your Country's call,  
 Resolving (this a free-born Nation can)  
 To have one Soul, and perish to a man,  
 Or save this honoured Land from every Lord  
 But British reason and the British sword

### THE FARMER OF TILSBURY VALE<sup>1</sup>

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined,  
 The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind,  
 And the small critic wielding his delicate pen,  
 That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men  
 He dwells in the centre of London's wide Town,  
 His staff is a sceptre—his grey hairs a crown,  
 And his bright eyes look brighter, set off by the streak  
 Of the unfaded rose that still blooms on his cheek  
 'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn,—'mid the joy  
 Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy,  
 That countenance there fashioned, which, spite of a stain  
 That his life hath received, to the last will remain  
 A Farmer he was, and his house far and near  
 Was the boast of the country for excellent cheer  
 How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury Vale  
 Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his mild ale!

<sup>1</sup> The character of this man was described to me, and the incident upon which the verses turn was told me, by Mr Pool of Nether Stowey, with whom I became acquainted through our common friend, S. T. Coleridge

## The Farmer of Tilsbury Vale 173

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin,  
His fields seemed to know what their Master was doing  
And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,  
All caught the infection—as generous as he

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl,—  
The fields better suited the ease of his soul  
He strayed through the fields like an indolent wight,  
The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought, and the poor,  
Familiar with him, made an inn of his door  
He gave them the best that he had, or, to say  
What less may mislead you, they took it away

Thus thirty smooth years did he thrive on his farm.  
The Genius of plenty preserved him from harm  
At length, what to most is a season of sorrow,  
His means are run out,—he must beg, or must borrow.

To the neighbours he went,—all were free with their money,  
For his hive had so long been replenished with honey,  
That they dreamt not of dearth,—He continued his rounds,  
Knocked here—and knocked there, pounds still adding to  
pounds

He paid what he could with his ill-gotten pelf,  
And something, it might be, reserved for himself  
Then (what is too true) without hunting a word,  
Turned his back on the country—and off like a bird

You lift up your eyes<sup>1</sup>—but I guess that you frame  
A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame,  
In him it was scarcely a business of art,  
For this he did all in the *ease* of his heart.

To London—a sad emigration I ween—  
With his grey hairs he went from the brook and the green,  
And there, with small wealth but his legs and his hands,  
As lonely he stood as a crow on the sands

All trades, as need was, did old Adam assume,—  
Served as stable-boy, errand-boy, porter, and groom,  
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,  
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk in his mind,

He seems ten birthdays younger, is green and is stout  
Twice as fast as before does his blood run about,  
You would say that each hair of his beard was alive,  
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes  
 About work that he knows, in a track that he knows,  
 But often his mind is compelled to demur,  
 And you guess that the more then his body must stir  
 In the throng of the town like a stranger is he,  
 Like one whose own country's far over the sea,  
 And Nature, while through the great city he hies,  
 Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprise  
 This gives him the fancy of one that is young,  
 More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue,  
 Like a maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,  
 And tears of fifteen will come into his eyes  
 What's a tempest to him, or the dry parching heats?  
 Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets,  
 With a look of such earnestness often will stand,  
 You might think he'd twelve reapers at work in the Strand.  
 Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours  
 Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits and her flowers,  
 Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made  
 Poor winter look fine in such strange masquerade  
 'Mid coaches and chariots, a waggon of straw,  
 Like a magnet, the heart of old Adam can draw,  
 With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,  
 And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.  
 Up the Haymarket hill he oft whistles his way,  
 Thrusts his hands in a waggon, and smells at the hay,  
 He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,  
 And is happy as if the rich freight were his own  
 But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair,—  
 If you pass by at morning, you'll meet with him there  
 The breath of the cows you may see him inhale,  
 And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury Vale.  
 Now farewell, old Adam ! when low thou art laid,  
 May one blade of grass spring up over thy head,  
 And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,  
 Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree  
 (1803)

TO THE CUCKOO<sup>1</sup>

O BLITHE New-comer ! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice  
 O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice ?

<sup>1</sup> Composed in the orchard, Town end, Grasmere

‘She was a Phantom of Delight’ 175

While I am lying on the grass  
Thy twofold shout I hear,  
From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
At once far off, and near.  
Though babbling only to the Vale,  
Of sunshine and of flowers,  
Thou bringest unto me a tale  
Of visionary hours  
Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bud, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery ;  
The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to , that Cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky  
To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green ,  
And thou wert still a hope, a love ,  
Still longed for, never seen  
And I can listen to thee yet ,  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.  
O blessed Bird ! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, faery place ,  
That is fit home for Thee !

(1804)

“SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT”<sup>1</sup>

SHE was a Phantom of delight  
When first she gleamed upon my sight ,  
A lovely Apparition, sent  
To be a moment's ornament ;  
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ,  
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;  
But all things else about her drawn  
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn ;  
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,  
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere The germ of this poem was four lines composed as a part of the verses on the Highland Girl. Though beginning in this way, it was written from my heart, as is sufficiently obvious

# 176 'I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud'

I saw her upon nearer view,  
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!<sup>1</sup>  
 Her household motions light and free,  
 And steps of virgin-liberty,  
 A countenance in which did meet  
 Sweet records, promises as sweet,  
 A Creature not too bright or good  
 For human nature's daily food,  
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,  
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles  
 And now I see with eye serene  
 The very pulse of the machine,  
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,  
 A Traveller between life and death,  
 The reason firm, the temperate will,  
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,  
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,  
 To warn, to comfort, and command,  
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright  
 With something of angelic light

(1804)

## "I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD"<sup>1</sup>

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud  
 That floats on high o'er vales and hills,  
 When all at once I saw a crowd,  
 A host, of golden daffodils,  
 Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
 Fluttering and dancing in the breeze  
 Continuous as the stars that shine  
 And twinkle on the milky way,  
 They stretched in never-ending line  
 Along the margin of a bay  
 Ten thousand saw I at a glance,  
 Tossing their heads in sprightly dance  
 The waves beside them danced, but they  
 Out-did the sparkling waves in glee.  
 A poet could not but be gay,  
 In such a jocund company  
 I gazed—and gazed—but little thought  
 What wealth the show to me had brought

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The Daffodils grew and still grow on the margin of Ullswater, and probably may be seen to this day as beautiful in the month of March, nodding their golden heads beside the dancing and foaming waves

The Affliction of Margaret ——— 177

For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills,  
And dances with the daffodils

(1804)

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET ———

I

WHERE art thou, my beloved Son,  
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?  
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!<sup>1</sup>  
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,  
Why am I ignorant of the same  
That I may rest, and neither blame  
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

II

Seven years, alas! to have received  
No tidings of an only child,  
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,  
And been for evermore beguiled,  
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss!<sup>1</sup>  
I catch at them, and then I miss,  
Was ever darkness like to this?

III

He was among the prime in worth,  
An object beautiful to behold,  
Well born, well bred, I sent him forth  
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold.  
If things ensued that wanted grace,  
As hath been said, they were not base;  
And never blush was on my face

IV

Ah! little doth the young one dream,  
When full of play and childish cares,  
What power is in his wildest scream,  
Heard by his mother unawares!<sup>1</sup>  
He knows it not, he cannot guess,  
Years to a mother bring distress,  
But do not make her love the less

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere. This was taken from the case of a poor widow who lived in the town of Penrith. She kept a shop, and when she saw a stranger passing by, she was in the habit of going out into the street to enquire of him after her son.

## 78 The Affliction of Margaret —

### V

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long  
From that ill thought , and, being blind,  
Said, “ Pride shall help me in my wrong  
Kind mother have I been, as kind  
As ever breathed ” and that is true ,  
I’ve wet my path with tears like dew,  
Weeping for him when no one knew

### VI

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,  
Hopeless of honour and of gain,  
Oh ! do not dread thy mother’s door ,  
Think not of me with grief and pain  
I now can see with better eyes ,  
And worldly grandeur I despise,  
And fortune with her gifts and lies

### VII

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,  
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ,  
They mount—how short a voyage brings  
The wanderers back to their delight !  
Chains tie us down by land and sea ,  
And wishes, vain as mine, may be  
All that is left to comfort thee

### VIII

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men ,  
Or thou upon a desert thrown  
Inheritest the lion’s den ,  
Or hast been summoned to the deep,  
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep

### IX

I look for ghosts , but none will force  
Their way to me ’tis falsely said  
That there was ever intercourse  
Between the living and the dead ,  
For, surely, then I should have sight  
Of him I wait for day and night,  
With love and longings infinite.

## x

My apprehensions come in crowds ;  
 I dread the rustling of the grass ,  
 The very shadows of the clouds  
 Have power to shake me as they pass :  
 I question things and do not find  
 One that will answer to my mind ,  
 And all the world appears unkind.

## xi

Beyond participation lie  
 My troubles, and beyond relief .  
 If any chance to heave a sigh,  
 They pity me, and not my grief  
 Then come to me, my Son, or send  
 Some tidings that my woes may end ,  
 I have no other earthly friend !

(1804)

THE FORSAKEN<sup>1</sup>

THE peace which others seek they find ,  
 The heaviest storms not longest last ,  
 Heaven grants even to the guiltiest mind  
 An amnesty for what is past ,  
 When will my sentence be reversed ?  
 I only pray to know the worst ,  
 And wish as if my heart would burst.  
 O weary struggle ! silent years  
 Tell seemingly no doubtful tale ;  
 And yet they leave it short, and fears  
 And hopes are strong and will prevail.  
 My calmest faith escapes not pain ,  
 And, feeling that the hope is vain,  
 I think that he will come again

(1804)

## REPENTANCE

A PASTORAL BALLAD<sup>2</sup>

THE fields which with covetous spirit we sold,  
 Those beautiful fields, the delight of the day,  
 Would have brought us more good than a burthen of gold,  
 Could we but have been as contented as they

<sup>1</sup> This was an overflow from the "Affliction of Margaret —," and was excluded as superfluous there, but preserved in the faint hope that it may turn to account by restoring a shy lover to some forsaken damsel

<sup>2</sup> Written at Town-end, Gasmere Suggested by the conversation of our next neighbour, Margaret Ashburner



When the troublesome Tempter beset us, said I,  
 "Let him come, with his purse proudly grasped in his hand  
 But, Allan, be true to me, Allan,—we'll die  
 Before he shall go with an inch of the land!"

There dwelt we, as happy as birds in their bowers;  
 Unfettered as bees that in gardens abide,  
 We could do what we liked with the land, it was ours,  
 And for us the brook murmured that ran by its side

But now we are strangers, go early or late,  
 And often, like one overburthened with sin,  
 With my hand on the latch of the half-opened gate,  
 I look at the fields, but I cannot go in!

When I walk by the hedge on a bright summer's day,  
 Or sit in the shade of my grandfather's tree,  
 A stern face it puts on, as if ready to say,  
 "What ails you, that you must come creeping to me!"

With our pastures about us, we could not be sad,  
 Our comfort was near if we ever were crost,  
 But the comfort, the blessings, and wealth that we had,  
 We slighted them all,—and our birth-right was lost

Oh, ill-judging sire of an innocent son  
 Who must now be a wanderer! but peace to that strain!  
 Think of evening's repose when our labour was done,  
 The sabbath's return, and its leisure's soft chain!

And in sickness, if night had been sparing of sleep,  
 How cheerful, at sunrise, the hill where I stood,  
 Looking down on the kine, and our treasure of sheep  
 That besprinkled the field, 'twas like youth in my blood!

Now I cleave to the house, and am dull as a snail;  
 And, oftentimes, hear the church-bell with a sigh,  
 That follows the thought—We've no land in the vale,  
 Save six feet of earth where our forefathers lie!

(1804)

## THE SEVEN SISTERS

### OR, THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE

#### I

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,  
 All children of one mother  
 You could not say in one short day  
 What love they bore each other

## The Seven Sisters

181

A garland, of seven lilies, wrought !  
Seven Sisters that together dwell ,  
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,  
Then Father, took of them no thought,  
He loved the ways so well  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie !

### II

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind,  
And from the shores of Erin,  
Across the wave, a Rover brave  
To Binnorie is steering  
Right onward to the Scottish strand  
The gallant ship is borne  
The warriors leap upon the land,  
And hark ! the Leader of the band  
Hath blown his bugle horn  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie

### III

Beside a grotto of their own,  
With boughs above them closing,  
The Seven are laid, and in the shade  
They lie like fawns reposing  
But now, upstarting with affright  
At noise of man and steed,  
Away they fly to left, to right—  
Of your fair household, Father-knight,  
Methinks you take small heed !  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie

### IV

Away the seven fair Campbells fly,  
And, over hill and hollow,  
With menace proud, and insult loud,  
The youthful Rovers follow  
Cried they, " Your Father loves to roam  
Enough for him to find  
The empty house when he comes home ,  
For us your yellow ringlets comb,  
For us be fair and kind !"  
Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
The solitude of Binnorie.

## 182 Address to my Infant Daughter

### V

Some close behind, some side to side,  
 Like clouds in stormy weather,  
 They run, and cry, "Nay, let us die,  
 And let us die together"  
 A lake was near, the shore was steep,  
 There never foot had been,  
 They ran, and with a desperate leap  
 Together plunged into the deep,  
 Nor ever more were seen  
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie

### VI

The stream that flows out of the lake,  
 As through the glen it rambles,  
 Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone,  
 For those seven lovely Campbells  
 Seven little Islands, green and bare,  
 Have risen from out the deep  
 The fishers say, those sisters fair,  
 By faeries all are buried there,  
 And there together sleep  
 Sing, mournfully, oh ! mournfully,  
 The solitude of Binnorie

(1804)

## ADDRESS TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER, DORA

ON BEING REMINDED THAT SHE WAS A MONTH OLD THAT  
 DAY, SEPTEMBER 16

—HAST thou then survived—  
 Mild Offspring of infirm humanity,  
 Meek Infant ! among all forlornest things  
 The most forlorn—one life of that bright star,  
 The second glory of the Heavens ?—Thou hast,  
 Already hast survived that great decay,  
 That transformation through the wide earth felt,  
 And by all nations In that Being's sight  
 From whom the Race of human kind proceed,  
 A thousand years are but as yesterday  
 And one day's narrow circuit is to Him  
 Not less capacious than a thousand years  
 But what is time ? What outward glory ? neither  
 A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend

## Address to my Infant Daughter 183

Through "heaven's eternal year"—Yet hail to Thee,  
Frail, feeble Monthling!—by that name, methinks,  
Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out  
Not idly—Hadst thou been of Indian birth,  
Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves,  
And rudely canopied by leafy boughs,  
Or to the churlish elements exposed  
On the blank plains,—the coldness of the night,  
Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face  
Of beauty, by the changing moon adorned,  
Would, with imperious admonition, then  
Have scored thine age, and punctually timed  
Thine infant history, on the minds of those  
Who might have wandered with thee—Mother's love,  
Nor less than mother's love in other breasts,  
Will, among us warm-clad and warmly housed,  
Do for thee what the finger of the heavens  
Doth all too often harshly execute  
For thy unblest coevals, amid wilds  
Where fancy hath small liberty to grace  
The affections, to exalt them or refine,  
And the maternal sympathy itself,  
Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie  
Of naked instinct, wound about the heart  
Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours!  
Even now—to solemnise thy helpless state,  
And to enliven in the mind's regard  
Thy passive beauty—parallels have risen,  
Resemblances, or contrasts, that connect,  
Within the region of a father's thoughts,  
Thee and thy mate and sister of the sky.  
And first,—thy sinless progress, through a world  
By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed,  
Apt likeness bears to hers, through gathered clouds,  
Moving untouched in silver purity,  
And cheering oft-times their reluctant gloom  
Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain  
But thou, how leisurely thou fill'st thy horn  
With brightness! leaving her to post along,  
And range about, disquieted in change,  
And still impatient of the shape she wears  
Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe,  
That will suffice thee; and it seems that now  
Thou hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine,  
Thou travellest so contentedly, and sleep'st

## 184 The Kitten and Falling Leaves

In such a heedless peace. Alas ! full soon  
 Hath this conception, grateful to behold,  
 Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er  
 By breathing mist, and thine appears to be  
 A mournful labour, while to her is given  
 Hope, and a renovation without end  
 —That smile forbids the thought, for on thy face  
 Smiles are beginning like the beams of dawn,  
 To shoot and circulate, smiles have there been seen  
 Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports  
 The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers  
 Thy loneliness or shall those smiles be called  
 Feelers of love, put forth as if to explore  
 This untried world, and to prepare thy way  
 Through a strait passage intricate and dim ?  
 Such are they, and the same are tokens, signs,  
 Which, when the appointed season hath arrived,  
 Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt,  
 And Reason's godlike Power be proud to own  
 (1804)

### THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES<sup>1</sup>

THAT way look, my Infant, lo !  
 What a pretty baby-show !  
 See the Kitten on the wall,  
 Sporting with the leaves that fall,  
 Withered leaves — one—two—and three—  
 From the lofty elder-tree !  
 Through the calm and frosty air  
 Of this morning bright and fair,  
 Eddying round and round they sink  
 Softly, slowly one might think,  
 From the motions that are made,  
 Every little leaf conveyed  
 Sylph or Faery hither tending,—  
 To this lower world descending,  
 Each invisible and mute,  
 In his wavering parachute  
 —But the Kitten, how she starts,  
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !

<sup>1</sup> Seen at Town-end, Gramere The elder-bush has long since disappeared it hung over the wall near the Cottage, and the Kitten continued to leap up, catching the leaves as here described The infant was Dora

## The Kitten and Falling Leaves 185

First at one, and then its fellow  
Just as light and just as yellow ,  
There are many now—now one—  
Now they stop and there are none  
What intenseness of desire  
In her upward eye of fire !  
With a tiger-leap half-way  
Now she meets the coming prey,  
Lets it go as fast, and then  
Has it in her power again  
Now she works with three or four,  
Like an Indian conjurer ,  
Quick as he in feats of art,  
Far beyond in joy of heart  
Were her antics played in the eye  
Of a thousand standers-by,  
Clapping hands with shout and stare,  
What would little Tabby care  
For the plaudits of the crowd ?  
Over happy to be proud,  
Over wealthy in the treasure  
Of her own exceeding pleasure !

'Tis a pretty baby-treat ,  
Nor, I deem, for me unmeet ,  
Here, for neither Babe nor me,  
Other play-mate can I see  
Of the countless living things,  
That with stir of feet and wings  
(In the sun or under shade,  
Upon bough or grassy blade)  
And with busy revellings,  
Chirp and song, and murmurings,  
Made this orchard's narrow space,  
And this vale so blithe a place ,  
Multitudes are swept away  
Never more to breathe the day  
Some are sleeping , some in bands  
Travelled into distant lands ,  
Others slunk to moor and wood,  
Far from human neighbourhood ,  
And, among the Kinds that keep  
With us closer fellowship,  
With us openly abide,  
All have laid their muth aside  
Where is he that giddy Sprite,

## 186 The Kitten and Falling Leaves

Blue-cap, with his colours bright,  
 Who was blest as bird could be,  
 Feeding in the apple-tree  
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,  
 Turning blossoms inside out,  
 Hung—head pointing towards the ground—  
 Fluttered, perched, into a round  
 Bound himself, and then unbound,  
 Lithest, gaudiest Hailequin !  
 Prettiest Tumbler ever seen !  
 Light of heart and light of limb,  
 What is now become of Him ?  
 Lambs, that through the mountains went  
 Frisking, bleating merriment,  
 When the year was in its prime,  
 They are sobered by this time  
 If you look to vale or hill,  
 If you listen, all is still,  
 Save a little neighbouring rill,  
 That from out the rocky ground  
 Strikes a solitary sound.  
 Vainly glitter hill and plain,  
 And the air is calm in vain,  
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure  
 Of a sky serene and pure ;  
 Creature none can she decoy  
 Into open sign of joy  
 Is it that they have a fear  
 Of the dreary season near ?  
 Or that other pleasures be  
 Sweeter even than gaiety ?  
 Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell  
 In the impenetrable cell  
 Of the silent heart which Nature  
 Furnishes to every creature,  
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know  
 Too sedate for outward show,  
 Such a light of gladness breaks,  
 Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,—  
 Spreads with such a living grace  
 O'er my little Dora's face,  
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms  
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,  
 That almost I could repine  
 That your transports are not mine,

## To the Spade of a Friend 187

That I do not wholly fare  
Even as ye do, thoughtless pair !  
And I will have my careless season  
Spite of melancholy reason,  
Will walk through life in such a way  
That, when time brings on decay,  
Now and then I may possess  
Hours of perfect gladness  
—Pleased by any random toy,  
By a kitten's busy joy,  
Or an infant's laughing eye  
Sharing in the ecstasy,  
I would fare like that or this,  
Find my wisdom in my bliss,  
Keep the sprightly soul awake,  
And have faculties to take,  
Even from things by sorrow wrought,  
Matter for a jocund thought,  
Spite of care, and spite of grief,  
To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

(1804)

### TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND<sup>1</sup>

(AN AGRICULTURIST)

COMPOSED WHILE WE WERE LABOURING TOGETHER IN  
HIS PLEASURE-GROUND

SPADE<sup>1</sup> with which Wilkinson hath tilled his lands,  
And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,  
Thou art a tool of honour in my hands,  
I press thee, through the yielding soil, with pride  
Rare master has it been thy lot to know,  
Long hast Thou served a man to reason true,  
Whose life combines the best of high and low,  
The labouring many and the resting few,  
Health, meekness, ardour, quietness secure,  
And industry of body and of mind,  
And elegant enjoyments, that are pure  
As nature is, too pure to be refined  
Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing  
In concord with his river murmuring by,  
Or in some silent field, while timid spring  
Is yet uncheered by other minstrelsy

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Wilkinson, a Quaker.



## 188 At Applethwaite, near Keswick

Who shall inherit Thee when death has laid  
Low in the darksome cell thine own dear lord?  
That man will have a trophy, humble Spade!  
A trophy nobler than a conqueror's sword

If he be one that feels, with skill to part  
False praise from true, or, greater from the less,  
Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart,  
Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

He will not dread with Thee a toilsome day—  
Thee his loved servant, his inspiring mate!  
And, when thou art past service, worn away,  
No dull oblivious nook shall hide thy fate

His thrift thy uselessness will never scorn;  
An *heir-loom* in his cottage wilt thou be —  
High will he hang thee up, well pleased to adorn  
His rustic chimney with the last of 'Thee'!

(1804)

### AT APPLETHWAITE, NEAR KESWICK<sup>1</sup>

BEAUMONT! it was thy wish that I should rear  
A seemly Cottage in this sunny Dell,  
On favoured ground, thy gift, where I might dwell  
In neighbourhood with One to me most dear,  
That undivided we from year to year  
Might work in our high Calling—a bright hope  
To which our fancies, mingling, gave free scope  
Till checked by some necessities severe  
And should these slacken, honoured BEAUMONT! still  
Even then we may perhaps in vain implore  
Leave of our fate thy wishes to fulfil  
Whether this boon be granted us or not,  
Old Skiddaw will look down upon the Spot  
With pride, the Muses love it evermore  
(1804)

<sup>1</sup> This place was presented to me by Sir George Beaumont with a view to the erection of a house upon it, for the sake of being near to Coleridge, then living, and likely to remain, at Greta Hall, near Keswick. The *severe* necessities that prevented this arose from his domestic situation. This little property, with a considerable addition that still leaves it very small, lies beautifully upon the banks of a rill that gurgles down the side of Skiddaw, and the orchard and other parts of the grounds command a magnificent prospect of Derwent Water, and of the mountains of Borrowdale and Newlands. Many years ago I gave the place to my daughter

# To The Supreme Being 189

## TO THE SUPREME BEING

FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO

THE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed  
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray .  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That of its native self can nothing feed :  
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,  
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may :  
Unless Thou show to us thine own true way  
No man can find it . Father ! Thou must lead.  
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in thy holy footsteps I may tread ,  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,  
And sound thy praises everlastingly.

(1804)

## ODE TO DUTY<sup>1</sup>

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !  
O Duty ! if that name thou love  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring, and reprove ;  
Thou, who art victory and law  
When empty terrors overawe ,  
From vain temptations dost set free ,  
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !  
There are who ask not if thine eye  
Be on them , who, in love and truth,  
Where no misgiving is, rely  
Upon the genial sense of youth .  
Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot  
Who do thy work, and know it not

<sup>1</sup> This ode is on the model of Gray's Ode to Adversity, which is copied from Horace's Ode to Fortune. Many and many a time have I been twitted by my wife and sister for having forgotten this dedication of myself to the stern lawgiver. Transgressor indeed I have been, from hour to hour, from day to day : I would fain hope, however, not more flagrantly or in a worse way than most of my tuneful biethren. But these last words are in a wrong strain. We should be rigorous to ourselves and forbearing, if not indulgent, to others, and, if we make comparisons at all, it ought to be with those who have morally excelled us

"Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus, ut non tantum rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim."

Oh ! if through confidence misplaced  
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast,  
 Serene will be our days and bright,  
 And happy will our nature be,  
 When love is an unerring light,  
 And joy its own security.  
 And they a blissful course may hold  
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,  
 Live in the spirit of this creed ,  
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.  
 I, loving freedom, and untried ,  
 No sport of every random gust,  
 Yet being to myself a guide,  
 Too blindly have reposed my trust .  
 And oft, when in my heart was heard  
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred  
 The task, in smoother walks to stray ,  
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may  
 Through no disturbance of my soul,  
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,  
 I supplicate for thy control ,  
 But in the quietness of thought  
 Me this unchartered freedom tires ;  
 I feel the weight of chance-desires .  
 My hopes no more must change their name,  
 I long for a repose that ever is the same  
 Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear  
 The Godhead's most benignant grace ,  
 Nor know we anything so fair  
 As is the smile upon thy face  
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds  
 And fragrance in thy footing treads ,  
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;  
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are fresh and  
     strong.  
 To humbler functions, awful Power !  
 I call thee I myself commend  
 Unto thy guidance from this hour ,  
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !  
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
 The spirit of self-sacrifice ,  
 The confidence of reason give ,  
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !  
     (1805)

## To a Sky-Lark

191

### TO A SKY-LARK

Up with me ! up with me into the clouds !  
For thy song, Lark, is strong ,  
Up with me, up with me into the clouds !  
Singing, singing,  
With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
Lift me, guide me till I find  
That spot which seems so to thy mind !  
I have walked through wildernesses dreary  
And to-day my heart is weary ,  
Had I now the wings of a Faery,  
Up to thee would I fly.  
There is madness about thee, and joy divine  
In that song of thine ,  
Lift me, guide me high and high  
To thy banqueting-place in the sky.

Joyous as morning  
Thou art laughing and scorning ,  
Thou hast a nest for thy love and thy rest,  
And, though little troubled with sloth,  
Drunken Lark ! thou would'st be loth  
To be such a traveller as I  
Happy, happy Liver,  
With a soul as strong as a mountain river  
Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver,  
Joy and jollity be with us both !

Alas ! my journey, rugged and uneven,  
Through prickly moors or dusty ways must wind  
But hearing thee, or others of thy kind,  
As full of gladness and as free of heaven,  
I, with my fate contented, will plod on,  
And hope for higher raptures, when life's day is done  
(1805)

### FIDELITY<sup>1</sup>

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears,  
A cry as of a dog or fox ,  
He halts—and searches with his eyes

<sup>1</sup> The young man whose death gave occasion to this poem was named Charles Gough, and had come early in the spring to Paterdale for the sake of angling. While attempting to cross over Helvellyn to Gasmere he slipped from a steep part of the rock where the ice was not thawed, and perished. His body was discovered as is told in this poem.

Among the scattered rocks .  
 And now at distance can discern  
 A stirring in a brake of fern ,  
 And instantly a dog is seen,  
 Glancing through that covert green

The Dog is not of mountain breed ,  
 Its motions, too, are wild and shy ,  
 With something, as the Shepherd thinks,  
 Unusual in its cry .

Nor is there any one in sight  
 All round, in hollow or on height ,  
 Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear ,  
 What is the creature doing here ?

It was a cove, a huge recess,  
 That keeps, till June, December's snow ,  
 A lofty precipice in front,  
 A silent tarn<sup>1</sup> below !  
 Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,  
 Remote from public road or dwelling,  
 Pathway, or cultivated land ,  
 From trace of human foot or hand

There sometimes doth a leaping fish  
 Send through the tarn a lonely cheer ;  
 The crags repeat the raven's croak,  
 In symphony austere ,  
 Thither the rainbow comes—the cloud—  
 And mists that spread the flying shroud ;  
 And sunbeams , and the sounding blast,  
 That, if it could, would hurry past ,  
 But that enormous barrier holds it fast

Not free from boding thoughts, a while  
 The Shepherd stood , then makes his way  
 O'er rocks and stones, following the Dog  
 As quickly as he may ;  
 Nor far had gone before he found  
 A human skeleton on the ground ,  
 The appalled Discoverer with a sigh  
 Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks  
 The Man had fallen, that place of fear !  
 At length upon the Shepherd's mind  
 It breaks, and all is clear .

<sup>1</sup> Tarn is a *small* Mere or Lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

He instantly recalled the name,  
 And who he was, and whence he came;  
 Remembered, too, the very day  
 On which the Traveller passed this way.  
 But hear a wonder, for whose sake  
 This lamentable tale I tell<sup>1</sup>  
 A lasting monument of words  
 This wonder merits well  
 The Dog, which still was hovering nigh,  
 Repeating the same timid cry,  
 This Dog had been through three months' space  
 A dweller in that savage place  
 Yes, proof was plain that, since the day  
 When this ill-fated Traveller died,  
 The Dog had watched about the spot,  
 Or by his master's side.  
 How nourished here through such long time  
 He knows, who gave that love sublime;  
 And gave that strength of feeling, great  
 Above all human estimate<sup>1</sup>

(1805)

## INCIDENT

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG<sup>1</sup>

ON his morning rounds the Master  
 Goes to learn how all things fare;  
 Searches pasture after pasture,  
 Sheep and cattle eyes with care,  
 And, for silence or for talk,  
 He hath comrades in his walk;  
 Four dogs, each pair of different breed,  
 Distinguished two for scent, and two for speed.  
 See a hare before him started<sup>1</sup>  
 —Off they fly in earnest chase;  
 Every dog is eager-hearted,  
 All the four are in the race.  
 And the hare whom they pursue,  
 Knows from instinct what to do,  
 Her hope is near — no turn she makes,  
 But, like an arrow, to the river takes.

<sup>1</sup> This Dog I knew well. It belonged to Mrs Wordsworth's brother, Mr Thomas Hutchinson, who then lived at Sockburn on the Tees, a beautiful retired situation where I used to visit him and his sisters before my marriage. My sister and I spent many months there after our return from Germany in 1799.

Deep the river was, and cruised  
Thinly by a one night's frost,  
But the nimble Hare hath trusted  
To the ice, and safely crost,  
She hath crost, and without heed  
All are following at full speed,  
When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread,  
Breaks—and the greyhound, DART, is overhead!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW—  
See them cleaving to the sport!  
MUSIC has no heart to follow,  
Little MUSIC, she stops short  
She hath neither wish nor heart,  
Hers is now another part  
A loving creature she, and brave!  
And fondly strives her struggling friend to save  
From the brink her paws she stretches,  
Very hands as you would say!  
And afflicting moans she fetches,  
As he breaks the ice away.  
For herself she hath no fears,—  
Him alone she sees and hears,—  
Makes efforts with complainings, nor gives o'er  
Until her fellow sinks to re-appear no more.

(1805)

## TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG

LIE here, without a record of thy worth,  
Beneath a covering of the common earth!  
It is not from unwillingness to praise,  
Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise;  
More thou deserv'st, but *this* man gives to man,  
Brother to brother, *this* is all we can  
Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear  
Shall find thee through all changes of the year.  
This Oak points out thy grave, the silent tree  
Will gladly stand a monument of thee  
We grieved for thee, and wished thy end were past,  
And willingly have laid thee here at last  
For thou hadst lived till everything that cheers  
In thee had yielded to the weight of years,  
Extreme old age had wasted thee away,  
And left thee but a glimmering of the day.

Thy ears were deaf, and feeble were thy knees,—  
 I saw thee stagger in the summer breeze,  
 Too weak to stand against its sportive breath,  
 And ready for the gentlest stroke of death  
 It came, and we were glad, yet tears were shed;  
 Both man and woman wept when thou wert dead;  
 Not only for a thousand thoughts that weie,  
 Old household thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share,  
 But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee,  
 Found scarcely anywhere in like degree!  
 For love, that comes wherever life and sense  
 Are given by God, in thee was most intense.  
 A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind,  
 A tender sympathy, which did thee bind  
 Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind  
 Yea, for thy fellow-brutes in thee we saw  
 A soul of love, love's intellectual law.—  
 Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame,  
 Our tears from passion and from reason came,  
 And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!

(1805)

## ELEGIAC STANZAS

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE CASTLE, IN A STORM,  
 PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT

I WAS thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!  
 Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee.  
 I saw thee every day, and all the while  
 Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea  
 So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!  
 So like, so very like, was day to day!  
 Whene'er I looked, thy Image still was there,  
 It trembled, but it never passed away  
 How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep,  
 No mood, which season takes away, or brings.  
 I could have fancied that the mighty Deep  
 Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things.  
 Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's hand,  
 To express what then I saw, and add the gleam,  
 The light that never was, on sea or land,  
 The consecration, and the Poet's dream;  
 I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,  
 Amid a world how different from this!



Beside a sea that could not cease to smile ;  
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine  
Of peaceful years , a chronicle of heaven ,—  
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine  
The very sweetest had to thee been given

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,  
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife ,  
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,  
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,  
Such Picture would I at that time have made  
And seen the soul of truth in every part,  
A stedfast peace that might not be betrayed.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ,  
I have submitted to a new control :  
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;  
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul

Not for a moment could I now behold  
A smiling sea, and be what I have been :  
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ,  
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the Friend,  
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,  
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate Work !—yet wise and well,  
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ,  
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,  
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,  
I love to see the look with which it braves,  
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,  
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,  
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !  
Such happiness, wherever it be known,  
Is to be pitied , for 'tis surely blind

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,  
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !  
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here.—  
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

(1805)

ELEGIAC VERSES

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH,  
COMMANDER OF THE E I COMPANY'S SHIP THE EARL OF ABERGA  
VENNY, IN WHICH HE PERISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK,  
FEB 6, 1805<sup>1</sup>

I

THE Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo !  
That instant, startled by the shock,  
The Buzzard mounted from the rock  
Deliberate and slow  
Lord of the air, he took his flight ;  
Oh ! could he on that woeful night  
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,  
For one poor moment's space to Thee,  
And all who struggled with the Sea,  
When safety was so near

II

Thus in the weakness of my heart  
I spoke (but let that pang be still)  
When rising from the rock at will,  
I saw the Bird depart.  
And let me calmly bless the Power  
That meets me in this unknown Flower.  
Affecting type of him I mourn !  
With calmness suffer and believe,  
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,  
Not cheerless, though forlorn.

III

Here did we stop ; and here looked round  
While each into himself descends,  
For that last thought of parting Friends  
That is not to be found.

<sup>1</sup> Composed near the Mountain track that leads from Grasmere through Gisdale Hawes, where it descends towards Paterdale.

“ Here did we stop, and here looked round,  
While each into himself descends ”

The point is two or three yards below the outlet of Gisdale tarn, on a foot road by which a horse may pass to Paterdale—a ridge of Helvellyn on the left, and the summit of Fairfield on the right.

\*H 203

Hidden was Grasmere Vale from sight,  
 Our home and his, his heart's delight,  
 His quiet heart's selected home  
 But time before him melts away,  
 And he hath feeling of a day  
 Of blessedness to come

## IV

Full soon in sorrow did I weep,  
 Taught that the mutual hope was dust,  
 In sorrow, but for higher trust,  
 How miserably deep !  
 All vanished in a single word,  
 A breath, a sound, and scarcely heard .  
 Sea—Ship—drowned—Shipwreck—so it came,  
 The meek, the brave, the good, was gone ,  
 He who had been our living John  
 Was nothing but a name.

## V

That was indeed a parting ! oh,  
 Glad am I, glad that it is past ;  
 For there were some on whom it cast  
 Unutterable woe  
 But they as well as I have gains ,—  
 From many a humble source, to pains  
 Like these, there comes a mild release ,  
 Even here I feel it, even this Plant  
 Is in its beauty ministrant  
 To comfort and to peace

## VI

He would have loved thy modest grace,  
 Meek Flower ! To Him I would have said,  
 " It grows upon its native bed  
 Beside our Parting-place ,  
 There, cleaving to the ground, it lies  
 With multitude of purple eyes,  
 Spangling a cushion green like moss ,  
 But we will see it, joyful tide !  
 Some day, to see it in its pride,  
 The mountain will we cross "

## VII

—Brother and Friend, if verse of mine  
 Have power to make thy virtues known,

‘Attractions of the Busy World’ 199

Here let a monumental Stone  
Stand—sacred as a Shrine,  
And to the few who pass this way,  
Traveller or Shepherd, let it say,  
Long as these mighty rocks endure,—  
Oh do not Thou too fondly brood,  
Although deserving of all good,  
On any earthly hope, however pure !<sup>1</sup>

(1805)

“WHEN, TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF THE  
BUSY WORLD ”<sup>2</sup>

WHEN, to the attractions of the busy world,  
Preferring studious leisure, I had chosen  
A habitation in this peaceful Vale,  
Sharp season followed of continual storm  
In deepest winter, and, from week to week,  
Pathway, and lane, and public road, were clogged  
With frequent showers of snow Upon a hill  
At a short distance from my cottage, stands  
A stately Fir-grove, whither I was wont  
To hasten, for I found, beneath the roof  
Of that perennial shade, a cloistral place  
Of refuge, with an unincumbered floor  
Here, in safe covert, on the shallow snow,  
And, sometimes, on a speck of visible earth,  
The redbreast near me hopped, nor was I loth  
To sympathise with vulgar coppice birds  
That, for protection from the nipping blast,  
Hither repaired.—A single beech-tree grew  
Within this grove of firs<sup>1</sup> and, on the fork  
Of that one beech, appeared a thrush’s nest,  
A last year’s nest, conspicuously built  
At such small elevation from the ground  
As gave sure sign that they, who in that house  
Of nature and of love had made their home  
Amid the fir-trees, all the summer long  
Dwelt in a tranquil spot And oftentimes,  
A few sheep, straggles from some mountain-flock,

<sup>1</sup> The plant alluded to is the Moss Campion (*Silene acaulis* of Linnæus)

<sup>2</sup> The grove still exists, but the plantation has been walled in, and is not so accessible as when my brother John wore the path in the manner here described The grove was a favourite haunt with us all while we lived at Town-end.

## 200 'Attractions of the Busy World'

Would watch my motions with suspicious stare,  
 From the remotest outskirts of the grove,—  
 Some nook where they had made their final stand,  
 Huddling together from two fears—the fear  
 Of me and of the storm Full many an hour  
 Here did I lose But in this grove the trees  
 Had been so thickly planted, and had thriven  
 In such perplexed and intricate array,  
 That vainly did I seek, beneath their stems  
 A length of open space, where to and fro  
 My feet might move without concern or care,  
 And, baffled thus, though earth from day to day  
 Was fettered, and the air by storm disturbed,  
 I ceased the shelter to frequent,—and prized,  
 Less than I wished to prize, that calm recess

The snows dissolved, and genial Spring returned  
 To clothe the fields with verdure Other haunts  
 Meanwhile were mine, till, one bright April day,  
 By chance retiring from the glare of noon  
 To this forsaken covert, there I found  
 A hoary pathway traced between the trees,  
 And winding on with such an easy line  
 Along a natural opening, that I stood  
 Much wondering how I could have sought in vain  
 For what was now so obvious To abide,  
 For an allotted interval of ease,  
 Under my cottage-roof, had gladly come  
 From the wild sea a cherished Visitant,  
 And with the sight of this same path—begun,  
 Begun and ended, in the shady grove,  
 Pleasant conviction flashed upon my mind  
 That, to this opportune recess allured,  
 He had surveyed it with a finer eye,  
 A heart more wakeful, and had worn the track  
 By pacing here, unwearied and alone,  
 In that habitual restlessness of foot

That haunts the Sailor measuring o'er and o'er  
 His short domain upon the vessel's deck,  
 While she pursues her course through the dreary sea

When thou hadst quitted Esthwaite's pleasant shore,  
 And taken thy first leave of those green hills  
 And rocks that were the play-ground of thy youth,  
 Year followed year, my Brother! and we two,  
 Conversing not, knew little in what mould  
 Each other's mind was fashioned, and at length,

‘Attractions of the Busy World’ 201

When once again we met in Grasmere Vale,  
Between us there was little other bond  
Than common feelings of fraternal love.  
But thou, a Schoolboy, to the sea hadst carried  
Undying recollections ! Nature there  
Was with thee , she, who loved us both, she still  
Was with thee , and even so didst thou become  
*A silent Poet* , from the solitude  
Of the vast sea didst bring a watchful heart  
Still couchant, an inevitable ear,  
And an eye practised like a blind man’s touch.  
—Back to the joyless Ocean thou art gone ,  
Nor from this vestige of thy musing hours  
Could I withhold thy honoured name,—and now  
I love the fir-grove with a perfect love.  
Thither do I withdraw when cloudless suns  
Shine hot, or wind blows troublesome and strong ,  
And there I sit at evening, when the steep  
Of Silver-how, and Grasmere’s peaceful lake,  
And one green island, gleam between the stems  
Of the dark firs, a visionary scene !  
And, while I gaze upon the spectacle  
Of clouded splendour, on this dream-like sight  
Of solemn loveliness, I think on thee,  
My Brother, and on all which thou hast lost.  
Nor seldom, if I rightly guess, while Thou,  
Muttering the verses which I muttered first  
Among the mountains, through the midnight watch  
Art pacing thoughtfully the vessel’s deck  
In some far region, here, while o’er my head,  
At every impulse of the moving breeze,  
The fir-grove murmurs with a sea-like sound,  
Alone I tread this path,—for aught I know,  
Timing my steps to thine ; and, with a store  
Of undistinguishable sympathies,  
Mingling most earnest wishes for the day  
When we, and others whom we love, shall meet  
A second time, in Grasmere’s happy Vale

(1805)

NOTE.—This wish was not granted , the lamented Person not long  
after perished by shipwreck, in discharge of his duty as Commander of  
the Honourable East India Company’s vessel, the *Earl of Abingdon*.

## LOUISA

I<sup>1</sup>AFTER ACCOMPANYING HER ON A MOUNTAIN  
EXCURSION

I MET Louisa in the shade,  
And, having seen that lovely Maid,  
Why should I fear to say  
That, nymph-like, she is fleet and strong,  
And down the rocks can leap along  
Like rivulets in May?

She loves her fire, her cottage-home,  
Yet o'er the moorland will she roam  
In weather rough and bleak,  
And, when against the wind she strains,  
Oh! might I kiss the mountain rains  
That sparkle on her cheek

Take all that's mine "beneath the moon,"  
If I with her but half a noon  
May sit beneath the walls  
Of some old cave, or mossy nook,  
When up she winds along the brook  
To hunt the waterfalls

(1805)

## II

TO A YOUNG LADY WHO HAD BEEN REPROACHED  
FOR TAKING LONG WALKS IN THE COUNTRY

DEAR Child of Nature, let them rail!  
—There is a nest in a green dale,  
A harbour and a hold,  
Where thou, a Wife and Friend, shalt see  
Thy own heart-stirring days, and be  
A light to young and old.

There, healthy as a shepherd boy,  
And treading among flowers of joy  
Which at no season fade,  
Thou, while thy babes around thee cling,  
Shalt show us how divine a thing  
A Woman may be made

Thy thoughts and feelings shall not die,  
Nor leave thee, when grey hairs are nigh  
A melancholy slave,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere

## Character of the Happy Warrior 203

But an old age serene and bright,  
And lovely as a Lapland night,  
Shall lead thee to thy grave

(1805)

### CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR <sup>1</sup>

WHO is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
That every man in arms should wish to be?  
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright  
Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn,  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care,  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train <sup>1</sup>  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower,  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate,  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more, more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness  
—'Tis he whose law is reason, who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends,  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows  
—Who, if he rise to station of command,  
Rises by open means, and there will stand

<sup>1</sup> [Inspired partly by Nelson's, partly by John Wordsworth's character.  
—Ed.]



## 204 Character of the Happy Warrior

On honourable terms, or else retire,  
 And in himself possess his own desire ;  
 Who comprehends his trust, and to the same  
 Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ,  
 And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait  
 For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;  
 Whom they must follow , on whose head must fall,  
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all  
 Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
 Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
 A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;  
 But who, if he be called upon to face  
 Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined  
 Great issues, good or bad for human kind,  
 Is happy as a Lover , and attired  
 With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;  
 And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law  
 In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ,  
 Or if an unexpected call succeed,  
 Come when it will, is equal to the need .  
 —He who, though thus endued as with a sense  
 And faculty for storm and turbulence,  
 Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans  
 To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ,  
 Sweet images <sup>1</sup> which, wheresoe'er he be,  
 Are at his heart ; and such fidelity  
 It is his darling passion to approve ;  
 More brave for this, that he hath much to love .—  
 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,  
 Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,  
 Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—  
 Who, with a toward or untoward lot,  
 Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—  
 Plays, in the many games of life, that one  
 Where what he most doth value must be won :  
 Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,  
 Nor thought of tender happiness betray ,  
 Who, not content that former worth stand fast,  
 Looks forward, persevering to the last,  
 From well to better, daily self-surpast  
 Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth  
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,  
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,  
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—  
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;

## The Horn of Egremont Castle 205

And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws  
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause.  
This is the happy Warrior; this is He  
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

(1806)

### THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE<sup>1</sup>

ERE the Brothers through the gateway  
Issued forth with old and young,  
To the Horn Sir Eustace pointed  
Which for ages there had hung  
Horn it was which none could sound,  
No one upon living ground,  
Save He who came as rightful Heir  
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.  
Heirs from times of earliest record  
Had the House of Lucie born,  
Who of right had held the Lordship  
Claimed by proof upon the Horn.  
Each at the appointed hour  
Tried the Horn,—it owned his power,  
He was acknowledged and the blast,  
Which good Sir Eustace sounded, was the last.  
With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,  
And to Hubert thus said he,  
"What I speak this Horn shall witness  
For thy better memory.  
Hear, then, and neglect me not!  
At this time, and on this spot,  
The words are uttered from my heart,  
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.  
"On good service we are going  
Life to risk by sea and land,  
In which course if Christ our Saviour  
Do my sinful soul demand,  
Hither come thou back straightway,  
Hubert, if alive that day,  
Return, and sound the Horn, that we  
May have a living House still left in thee!"  
"Fear not," quickly answered Hubert  
"As I am thy Father's son,

<sup>1</sup> A tradition transferred from the ancient mansion of Hutton John, the seat of the Hudlestons to Egremont Castle.

## 206 The Horn of Egremont Castle

What thou askest, noble Brother,  
With God's favour shall be done "  
So were both right well content  
Forth they from the Castle went,  
And at the head of their Array  
To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies  
Were a line for valour famed),  
And where'er their strokes alighted,  
There the Saracens were tamed  
Whence, then, could it come—the thought—  
By what evil spirit brought?  
Oh ! can a brave Man wish to take  
His Brother's life, for Lands' and Castle's sake?

"Sir !" the Ruffians said to Hubert,  
"Deep he lies in Jordan flood "  
Stricken by this ill assurance,  
Pale and trembling Hubert stood  
"Take your earnings"—Oh ! that I  
Could have *seen* my Brother die !  
It was a pang that vexed him then ,  
And oft returned, again, and yet again

Months passed on, and no Sir Eustace !  
Nor of him were tidings heard ,  
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer  
Back again to England steered.  
To his Castle Hubert sped ,  
Nothing has he now to dread  
But silent and by stealth he came,  
And at an hour which nobody could name

None could tell if it were night-time,  
Night or day, at even or morn ,  
No one's eye had seen him enter,  
No one's ear had heard the Horn  
But bold Hubert lives in glee  
Months and years went smilingly ,  
With plenty was his table spread ,  
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had sons and daughters ,  
And, as good men do, he sate  
At his board by these surrounded,  
Flourishing in fair estate.

And while thus in open day  
 Once he sate, as old books say,  
 A blast was uttered from the Horn,  
 Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn  
 'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace !  
 He is come to claim his right  
 Ancient castle, woods, and mountains  
 Hear the challenge with delight  
 Hubert ! though the blast be blown  
 He is helpless and alone  
 Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word !  
 And there he may be lodged, and thou be Lord.  
 Speak !—astounded Hubert cannot ,  
 And, if power to speak he had,  
 All are daunted, all the household  
 Smitten to the heart, and sad.  
 'Tis Sir Eustace , if it be  
 Living man, it must be he !  
 Thus Hubert thought in his dismay,  
 And by a postern-gate he slunk away  
 Long, and long was he unheard of .  
 To his Brother then he came,  
 Made confession, asked forgiveness,  
 Asked it by a brother's name,  
 And by all the saints in heaven ,  
 And of Eustace was forgiven .  
 Then in a convent went to hide  
 His melancholy head, and there he died  
 But Sir Eustace, whom good angels  
 Had preserved from murderers' hands,  
 And from Pagan chains had rescued,  
 Lived with honour on his lands  
 Sons he had, saw sons of theirs :  
 And through ages, heirs of heirs,  
 A long posterity renowned,  
 Sounded the Horn which they alone could sound.

(1806)

A COMPLAINT <sup>1</sup>

THERE is a change—and I am poor ,  
 Your love hath been, not long ago,  
 A fountain at my fond heart's door,  
 Whose only business was to flow ;

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere Suggested by a change in the  
 manner of a friend [S. T. C.—*Ed*]

And flow it did : not taking heed  
Of its own bounty, or my need

What happy moments did I count !  
Blest was I then all bliss above !  
Now, for that consecrated fount  
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,  
What have I ? shall I dare to tell ?  
A comfortless and hidden well

A well of love—it may be deep—  
I trust it is,—and never dry .  
What matter ? if the waters sleep  
In silence and obscurity  
—Such change, and at the very door  
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

(1806)

### STRAY PLEASURES <sup>1</sup>

“ — *Pleasure is spread through the earth  
In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find*

By their floating mill,  
That lies dead and still,  
Behold yon Prisoners three,  
The Miller with two Dames, on the breast of the Thames <sup>1</sup>  
The platform is small, but gives room for them all,  
And they're dancing merrily.

From the shore come the notes  
To their mill where it floats,  
To their house and their mill tethered fast .  
To the small wooden isle where, their work to beguile,  
They from morning to even take whatever is given ,—  
And many a blithe day they have past.

In sight of the spires,  
All alive with the fires  
Of the sun going down to his rest,  
In the broad open eye of the solitary sky,  
They dance,—there are three, as jocund as free,  
While they dance on the calm river's breast

<sup>1</sup> Suggested on the Thames by the sight of one of those floating mills that used to be seen there. Thus I noticed on the Surrey side between Somerset House and Blackfriars Bridge. Charles Lamb was with me at the time, and I thought it remarkable that I should have to point out to *him*, an idolatrous Londoner, a sight so interesting as the happy group dancing on the platform.

Man and Maidens wheel,  
 They themselves make the reel,  
 And their music's a prey which they seize ;  
 It plays not for them,—what matter? 'tis theirs ;  
 And if they had care, it has scattered their cares,  
 While they dance, crying, "Long as ye please!"

They dance not for me,  
 Yet mine is their glee !  
 Thus pleasure is spread through the earth  
 In stray gifts to be claimed by whoever shall find ;  
 Thus a rich loving-kindness, redundantly kind,  
 Moves all nature to gladness and mirth.

The showers of the spring  
 Rouse the birds, and they sing ;  
 If the wind do but stir for his proper delight,  
 Each leaf, that and this, his neighbour will kiss ;  
 Each wave, one and t' other, speeds after his brother :  
 They are happy, for that is their right !  
 (1806)

POWER OF MUSIC <sup>1</sup>

AN Orpheus ! an Orpheus ! yes, Faith may grow bold,  
 And take to herself all the wonders of old,—  
 Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with the same  
 In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there ; and he works on the crowd,  
 He sways them with harmony merry and loud,  
 He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim—  
 Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him ?

What an eager assembly ! what an empire is this !  
 The weary have life, and the hungry have bliss ;  
 The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest,  
 And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer oppress.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,  
 So He, where he stands, is a centre of light,  
 It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,  
 And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste—  
 What matter ! he's caught—and his time runs to waste ;  
 The Newsman is stopped, though he stops on the fret,  
 And the half-breathless Lamplighter—he's in the net !

<sup>1</sup> Taken from life.

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore ;  
 The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store ,—  
 If a thief could be here he might pilfer at ease ,  
 She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees !

He stands, backed by the wall ,—he abates not his din,  
 His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in,  
 From the old and the young, from the poorest , and there !  
 The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare

O blest are the hearers, and proud be the hand  
 Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a band ;  
 I am glad for him, blind as he is !—all the while  
 If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise with a smile.

That tall Man, a giant in bulk and in height,  
 Not an inch of his body is free from delight ;  
 Can he keep himself still, if he would ? oh, not he !  
 The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

Mark that Cripple who leans on his crutch , like a tower  
 That long has leaned forward, leans hour after hour !—  
 That Mother, whose spirit in fetters is bound,  
 While she dandles the Babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, coaches and chariots ! roar on like a stream ,  
 Here are twenty souls happy as souls in a dream  
 They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,  
 Nor what ye are flying, nor what ye pursue !

(1806)

### STAR-GAZERS <sup>1</sup>

WHAT crowd is this ? what have we here ! we must not pass  
 it by ,

A Telescope upon its frame, and pointed to the sky .  
 Long is it as a barber's pole, or mast of little boat,  
 Some little pleasure-skiff, that doth on Thames's waters float.  
 The Showman chooses well his place, 'tis Leicester's busy  
 Square ,

And is as happy in his night, for the heavens are blue and  
 fair ,

Calm, though impatient, is the crowd ; each stands ready  
 with the fee,

And envies him that's looking ,—what an insight must it be !

Yet, Showman, where can lie the cause ? Shall thy Imple-  
 ment have blame,

A boaster, that when he is tried, fails, and is put to shame ?

<sup>1</sup> Observed by me in Leicester square

‘Yes, it was the Mountain Echo’ 211

Or is it good as others are, and be their eyes in fault?  
Their eyes, or minds? or, finally, is yon resplendent vault?  
Is nothing of that radiant pomp so good as we have here?  
Or gives a thing but small delight that never can be dear?  
The silver moon with all her vales, and hills of mightiest  
fame,  
Doth she betray us when they’re seen? or are they but a  
name?

Or is it rather that Conceit rapacious is and strong,  
And bounty never yields so much but it seems to do *her*  
wrong?

Or is it, that when human Souls a journey long have had  
And are returned into themselves, they cannot but be sad?

Or must we be constrained to think that these Spectators  
rude,

Poor in estate, of manners base, men of the multitude,  
Have souls which never yet have risen, and therefore  
prostrate lie?

No, no, this cannot be,—men thirst for power and majesty!

Does, then, a deep and earnest thought the blissful mind  
employ

Of him who gazes, or has gazed? a grave and steady joy,  
That doth reject all show of pride, admits no outward sign,  
Because not of this noisy world, but silent and divine!

Whatever be the cause, ’tis sure that they who pry and pore  
Seem to meet with little gain, seem less happy than before:  
One after One they take their turn, nor have I one espied  
That doth not slackly go away, as if dissatisfied.

(1806)

“YES, IT WAS THE MOUNTAIN ECHO”<sup>1</sup>

YES, it was the mountain Echo,  
Solitary, clear, profound,  
Answering to the shouting Cuckoo,  
Giving to her sound for sound!

Unsolicited reply  
To a babbling wanderer sent;  
Like her ordinary cry,  
Like—but oh, how different!

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The echo came from Nab-scar, when I was walking on the opposite side of Rydal Mere.



## ‘Nuns Fret Not’

Hears not also mortal Life?  
 Hear not we, unthinking Creatures!  
 Slaves of folly, love, or strife—  
 Voices of two different natures?

Have not *we* too?—yes, we have  
 Answers, and we know not whence;  
 Echoes from beyond the grave,  
 Recognised intelligence!

Such rebounds our inward ear  
 Catches sometimes from afar—  
 Listen, ponder, hold them dear;  
 For of God,—of God they are.

(1806)

“NUNS FRET NOT AT THEIR CONVENT’S  
 NARROW ROOM”<sup>1</sup>

NUNS fret not at their convent’s narrow room;  
 And hermits are contented with their cells,  
 And students with their pensive citadels,  
 Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,  
 Sit blithe and happy, bees that soar for bloom,  
 High as the highest Peak of Furness-fells,  
 Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells:  
 In truth the prison, unto which we doom  
 Ourselves, no prison is and hence for me,  
 In sundry moods, ’twas pastime to be bound  
 Within the Sonnet’s scanty plot of ground,  
 Pleased if some Souls (for such there needs must be)  
 Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,  
 Should find brief solace there, as I have found.

(1806)

PERSONAL TALK<sup>2</sup>

I AM not One who much or oft delight  
 To season my fireside with personal talk —

<sup>1</sup> Town-end, Grasmere<sup>2</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere. The last line but two stood, at first, better and more characteristically, thus

“By my half-kitchen and half-parlour fire”

My Sister and I were in the habit of having the tea-kettle in our little sitting-room, and we toasted the bread ourselves.

Of friends, who live within an easy walk,  
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight .  
And, for my chance-acquaintance, ladies bright,  
Sons, mothers, maidens withering on the stalk,  
These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk  
Painted on rich men's floors, for one feast-night  
Better than such discourse doth silence long,  
Long, barren silence, square with my desire ,  
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,  
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,  
And listen to the flapping of the flame,  
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong

"Yet life," you say, "is life , we have seen and see,  
And with a living pleasure we describe ,  
And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe  
The languid mind into activity  
Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and glee  
Are fostered by the comment and the gibe "  
Even be it so ; yet still among your tribe,  
Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank not me !  
Children are blest, and powerful ; then world lies  
More justly balanced , partly at their feet,  
And part far from them • sweetest melodies  
Are those that are by distance made more sweet ,  
Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes,  
He is a Slave , the meanest we can meet !

## III

Wings have we,—and as far as we can go,  
We may find pleasure . wilderness and wood,  
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood  
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low  
Dreams, books, are each a world ; and books, we know,  
Are a substantial world, both pure and good  
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,  
Our pastime and our happiness will grow  
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,—  
Matter wherein right voluble I am,  
To which I listen with a ready ear ,  
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear,—  
The gentle Lady married to the Moor ;  
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

## IV

Nor can I not believe but that hereby  
 Great gains are mine, for thus I live remote  
 From evil-speaking, rancour, never sought,  
 Comes to me not, malignant truth, or lie.  
 Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I  
 Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought  
 And thus from day to day my little boat  
 Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably  
 Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,  
 Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—  
 The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs  
 Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!  
 Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,  
 Then gladly would I end my mortal days  
 (1806)

ADMONITION<sup>1</sup>

WELL may'st thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye!  
 The lovely Cottage in the guardian nook  
 Hath stirred thee deeply, with its own dear brook,  
 Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!  
 But covet not the Abode,—forbear to sigh,  
 As many do, repining while they look,  
 Intruders—who would tear from Nature's book  
 This precious leaf, with harsh impiety  
 Think what the home must be if it were thine,  
 Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,  
 The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,  
 The roses to the porch which they entwine.  
 Yea, all, that now enchants thee, from the day  
 On which it should be touched, would melt away  
 (1806)

“BELOVED VALE! I SAID, WHEN I SHALL  
 CON”

“BELOVED Vale!” I said, “when I shall con  
 Those many records of my childish years,  
 Remembrance of myself and of my peers  
 Will press me down to think of what is gone

<sup>1</sup> Intended more particularly for the perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful Place of Retreat, in the Country of the Lakes.

Will be an awful thought, if life have one ”  
 But, when into the Vale I came, no fears  
 Distressed me, from mine eyes escaped no tears,  
 Deep thought, or dread remembrance, had I none  
 By doubts and thousand petty fancies crost  
 I stood, of simple shame the blushing Thrall,  
 So narrow seemed the brooks, the fields so small !  
 A Juggler’s balls old Time about him tossed,  
 I looked, I stared, I smiled, I laughed, and all  
 The weight of sadness was in wonder lost  
 (1806)

‘HOW SWEET IT IS, WHEN MOTHER FANCY  
 ROCKS ”

How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks  
 The wayward brain, to saunter through a wood !  
 An old place, full of many a lovely brood,  
 Tall trees, green arbours, and ground-flowers in flocks,  
 And wild rose tip-toe upon hawthorn stocks,  
 Like a bold Girl, who plays her agile pranks  
 At Wakes and Fairs with wandering Mountebanks,—  
 When she stands cresting the Clown’s head, and mocks  
 The crowd beneath her. Verily I think,  
 Such place to me is sometimes like a dream  
 Or map of the whole world · thoughts, link by link,  
 Enter through ears and eyesight, with such gleam  
 Of all things, that at last in fear I shrink,  
 And leap at once from the delicious stream.

“THOSE WORDS WERE UTTERED AS IN  
 PENSIVE MOOD ”

“ ————— they are of the sky,  
 And from our earthly memory fade away ”

THOSE words were uttered as in pensive mood  
 We turned, departing from that solemn sight  
 A contrast and reproach to gross delight,  
 And life’s unspiritual pleasures daily wooed !  
 But now upon this thought I cannot brood ;  
 It is unstable as a dream of night ;  
 Nor will I praise a cloud, however bright,  
 Disparaging Man’s gifts, and proper food  
 Grove, isle, with every shape of sky-built dome  
 Though clad in colours beautiful and pure,

## 216 'With how Sad Steps, O Moon'

Find in the heart of man no natural home,  
The immortal Mind craves objects that endure:  
These cleave to it, from these it cannot roam,  
Nor they from it. their friendship is secure  
(1806)

### COMPOSED BY THE SIDE OF GRASMERE LAKE

CLOUDS, lingering yet, extend in solid bars  
Through the grey west, and lo! these waters, steeled  
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield  
A vivid repetition of the stars,  
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars  
Amid his fellows beautifully revealed  
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,  
Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.  
Is it a mirror? or the nether Sphere  
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds  
Her own calm fires?—But list! a voice is near,  
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the reeds,  
"Be thankful, thou, for, if unholy deeds  
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!"  
(1806)

### "WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON, THOU CLIMB'ST THE SKY"

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky,  
"How silently, and with how wan a face!"  
Where art thou? Thou so often seen on high  
Running among the clouds a Wood-nymph's race!  
Unhappy Nuns, whose common breath's a sigh  
Which they would stifle, move at such a pace!  
The northern Wind, to call thee to the chase,  
Must blow to-night his bugle horn. Had I  
The power of Merlin, Goddess! this should be  
And all the stars, fast as the clouds were riven,  
Should sally forth, to keep thee company,  
Hurrying and sparkling through the clear blue heaven,  
But, Cynthia! should to thee the palm be given,  
Queen both for beauty and for majesty.  
(1806)

## ‘With Ships the Sea was Sprinkled’ 217

### “THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US, LATE AND SOON”

THE world is too much with us, late and soon,  
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers ·  
Little we see in Nature that is ours;  
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !  
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,  
The winds that will be howling at all hours,  
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;  
For this, for everything, we are out of tune,  
It moves us not —Great God ! I'd rather be  
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,  
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,  
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,  
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,  
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn

1861

### “WITH SHIPS THE SEA WAS SPRINKLED FAR AND NIGH”

WITH Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh,  
Like stars in heaven, and joyously it showed,  
Some lying fast at anchor in the road,  
Some veering up and down, one knew not why  
A goodly Vessel did I then espy  
Come like a giant from a haven broad,  
And lustily along the bay she strode,  
Her tackling rich, and of apparel high  
This Ship was nought to me, nor I to her  
Yet I pursued her with a Lover's look,  
This Ship to all the rest did I prefer  
When will she turn, and whither? She will brook  
No tarrying; where She comes the winds must stir.  
On went She, and due north her journey took.

1861

### “WHERE LIES THE LAND TO WHICH YON SHIP MUST GO?”

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?  
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,  
Festively she puts forth in trim array,  
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow?

What boots the inquiry?—Neither friend nor foe  
 She cares for, let her travel where she may,  
 She finds familiar names, a beaten way  
 Ever before her, and a wind to blow  
 Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark?  
 And, almost as it was when ships were rare,  
 (From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there  
 Crossing the waters) doubt, and something dark,  
 Of the old Sea some reverential fear,  
 Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark!  
 (1806)

## TO SLEEP

## I

“O GENTLE SLEEP! DO THEY BELONG TO THEE?”

O GENTLE SLEEP! do they belong to thee,  
 These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love  
 To sit in meekness, like the brooding Dove,  
 A captive never wishing to be free.  
 This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me  
 A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove  
 Upon a fretful rivulet, now above  
 Now on the water vexed with mockery  
 I have no pain that calls for patience, no,  
 Hence am I cross and peevish as a child.  
 Am pleased by fits to have thee for my foe,  
 Yet ever willing to be reconciled  
 O gentle Creature! do not use me so,  
 But once and deeply let me be beguiled  
 (1806)

## II

“A FLOCK OF SHEEP THAT LEISURELY PASS BY”

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky,  
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie  
 Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry  
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth.  
 So do not let me wear to-night away.  
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?

## From Italian of Michael Angelo 219

Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health !  
(1806)

### III

"FOND WORDS HAVE OFT BEEN SPOKEN TO THEE,  
SLEEP"

FOND words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep !  
And thou hast had thy store of tenderest names,  
The very sweetest, Fancy culls or frames,  
When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep !  
Dear Bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep  
In rich reward all suffering, Balm that tames<sup>1</sup>  
All anguish, Saint that evil thoughts and aims  
Takest away, and into souls dost creep,  
Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone,  
I surely not a man ungently made,  
Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost ?  
Perverse, self-willed to own and to disown,  
Mere slave of them who never for thee prayed,  
Still last to come where thou art wanted most !  
(1806)

## FROM THE ITALIAN OF MICHAEL ANGELO<sup>2</sup>

### I

"YES ! HOPE MAY WITH MY STRONG DESIRE KEEP  
PACE"

YES ! hope may with my strong desire keep pace,  
And I be undeluded, unbetrayed ;  
For if of our affections none finds grace  
In sight of Heaven, then, wherefore hath God made  
The world which we inhabit ? Better plea  
Love cannot have, than that in loving thee  
Glory to that eternal Peace is paid,  
Who such divinity to thee imparts  
As hallows and makes pure all gentle hearts.

<sup>1</sup> See Sidney's XXXIXth sonnet in "Astrophel and Stella "

"Come, Sleepe ! O Sleepe, the certaine knot of peace,  
The bairning-place of wit, the balme of woe,  
The poore man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
Th' indifferent judge betweene the high and low "

<sup>2</sup> Translations from Michael Angelo, done at the request of Mr Duppa, whose acquaintance I made through Mr. Southey Mr. Duppa was engaged in writing the life of Michael Angelo, and applied to Mr Southey and myself to furnish some specimens of his poetic genius



## 220 To Memory of Raisley Calvert

His hope is treacherous only whose love dies  
 With beauty, which is varying every hour ;  
 But, in chaste hearts uninfluenced by the power  
 Of outward change, there blooms a deathless flower,  
 That breathes on earth the air of paradise.  
 (1806)

### II

"NO MORTAL OBJECT DID THESE EYES BEHOLD"

No mortal object did these eyes behold  
 When first they met the placid light of thine,  
 And my Soul felt her destiny divine,  
 And hope of endless peace in me grew bold :  
 Heaven-born, the Soul a heavenward course must hold,  
 Beyond the visible world she soars to seek  
 (For what delights the sense is false and weak)  
 Ideal Form, the universal mould  
 The wise man, I affirm, can find no rest  
 In that which perishes . nor will he lend  
 His heart to aught which doth on time depend  
 'Tis sense, unbridled will, and not true love,  
 That kills the soul love betters what is best,  
 Even here below, but more in heaven above.  
 (1806)

### TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERT<sup>1</sup>

CALVERT<sup>1</sup> it must not be unheard by them  
 Who may respect my name, that I to thee  
 Owed many years of early liberty.  
 This care was thine when sickness did condemn  
 Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem—  
 That I, if frugal and severe, might stay  
 Where'er I liked , and finally array  
 My temples with the Muse's diadem.  
 Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth ;  
 If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
 In my past verse , or shall be, in the lays  
 Of higher mood, which now I meditate ,—  
 It gladdens me, O worthy, short-lived, Youth !  
 To think how much of this will be thy praise.  
 (1806)

<sup>1</sup> This young man, Raisley Calvert, to whom I was so much indebted, died at Penrith, 1795 [Wordsworth nursed him in his last illness with care and affection, and after his death it was found he had left the poet a legacy of £900 This was done, wrote Wordsworth, "entirely from a confidence on his part that I had powers and attainments which might be of use to mankind"—*Ed* ]

## Even so for me a Vision sanctified 221

### "METHOUGHT I SAW THE FOOTSTEPS OF A THRONE" <sup>1</sup>

#### I

METHOUGHT I saw the footsteps of a throne  
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud—  
Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed,  
But all the steps and ground about were strown  
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone  
Ever put on, a miserable crowd,  
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,  
"Thou art our king, O Death! to thee we groan"  
Those steps I clomb, the mists before me gave  
Smooth way, and I beheld the face of one  
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,  
With her face up to heaven, that seemed to have  
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone,  
A lovely Beauty in a summer grave!

*o-c)*

#### II

### "EVEN SO FOR ME A VISION SANCTIFIED"

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified  
The sway of Death, long ere mine eyes had seen  
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—  
When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's Bride.  
No trace of pain or languor could abide  
That change:—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold  
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold  
A loveliness to living youth denied  
Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,  
The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn;  
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,  
The bright assurance, visibly return:  
And let my spirit in that power divine  
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn.

*(Nov. 1836)*

#### LINES

Composed at Grasmere, during a walk one Evening, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a Newspaper that the dissolution of Mr Fox was hourly expected.

LOUD is the Vale! the Voice is up  
With which she speaks when storms are gone, -

<sup>1</sup> The latter part of this Sonnet was a great favourite with my sister S H. When I saw her lying in death, I could not resist the impulse to compose the Sonnet that follows it

A mighty unison of streams !  
Of all her Voices, One !

Loud is the Vale ,—this inland Depth  
In peace is roaring like the Sea ,  
Yon star upon the mountain-top  
*Is listening quietly.*

Sad was I, even to pain deprest,  
Importunate and heavy load !<sup>1</sup>  
The Comforter hath found me here,  
Upon this lonely road ,

And many thousands now are sad—  
Wait the fulfilment of their fear ,  
For he must die who is then stay,  
Their glory disappear

A Power is passing from the earth  
To breathless Nature's dark abyss  
But when the great and good depart  
What is it more than this—

That Man, who is from God sent forth,  
Doth yet again to God return ?—  
Such ebb and flow must ever be,  
Then wherefore should we mourn ?

(1806)

#### NOVEMBER 1806

ANOTHER year !—another deadly blow !  
Another mighty Empire overthrown !  
And We are left, or shall be left, alone ;  
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe,  
'Tis well ! from this day forward we shall know  
That in ourselves our safety must be sought ,  
That by our own right hands it must be wrought ;  
That we must stand unproped, or be laid low  
O dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer !  
We shall exult, if they who rule the land  
Be men who hold its many blessings dear,  
Wise, upright, valiant ; not a servile band,  
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,  
And honour which they do not understand

<sup>1</sup> Importuna e grave salma.—MICHAEL ANGELO.

## A PROPHECY. FEBRUARY 1807

HIGH deeds, O Germans, are to come from you !  
 Thus in your books the record shall be found,  
 " A watchword was pronounced, a potent sound—  
 ARMINIUS !—all the people quaked like dew  
 Stirred by the breeze , they rose, a Nation, true,  
 True to heiself—the mighty Germany,  
 She of the Danube and the Northern Sea,  
 She rose, and off at once the yoke she threw  
 All power was given her in the dreadful trance ,  
 Those new-born Kings she withered like a flame "   
 —Woe to them all ! but heaviest woe and shame  
 To that Bavarian who could first advance  
 His banner in accursed league with France,  
 First open traitor to the German name !

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND<sup>1</sup>

Two Voices are there ; one is of the sea,  
 One of the mountains , each a mighty Voice  
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,  
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !  
 There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee  
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven :  
 Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,  
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee  
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :  
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;  
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be  
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,  
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,  
 And neither awful Voice be heard by thee !

(1807)

## TO THOMAS CLARKSON

ON THE FINAL PASSING OF THE BILL FOR THE  
 ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE

CLARKSON ! it was an obstinate hill to climb :  
 How toilsome—nay, how dire—it was, by thee  
 Is known , by none, perhaps, so feelingly :  
 But thou, who, starting in thy fervent prime,

<sup>1</sup> This was composed while pacing to and fro between the Hall of Coleorton, then rebuilt by the Duke of Devonshire, and the Farm-house of the Estate, in which we lived for some years.

Didst first lead forth that enterprise sublime,  
 Hast heard the constant Voice its charge repeat,  
 Which, out of thy young heart's oracular seat,  
 First roused thee —O true yoke-fellow of Time,  
 Duty's intrepid liegeman, see, the palm  
 Is won, and by all Nations shall be worn !  
 The blood-stained Writing is for ever torn ;  
 And thou henceforth wilt have a good man's calm,  
 A great man's happiness , thy zeal shall find  
 Repose at length, firm friend of human kind !  
 (*March* 1807)

GIPSIES <sup>1</sup>

YET are they here the same unbroken knot  
 Of human Beings, in the self-same spot !  
     Men, women, children, yea the frame  
     Of the whole spectacle the same !  
 Only their fire seems bolder, yielding light,  
 Now deep and red, the colouring of night,  
     That on their Gipsy-faces falls,  
     Their bed of straw and blanket-walls.  
 —Twelve hours, twelve bounteous hours are gone, while I  
 Have been a traveller under open sky,  
     Much witnessing of change and cheer,  
     Yet as I left I find them here !  
 The weary Sun betook himself to rest, —  
 Then issued Vesper from the fulgent west,  
     Outshining like a visible God  
     The glorious path in which he trod  
 And now, ascending, after one dark hour  
 And one night's diminution of her power,  
     Behold the mighty Moon ! this way  
     She looks as if at them—but they  
 Regard not her —oh better wrong and strife  
 (By nature transient) than this torpid life ,  
     Life which the very stars reprove  
     As on their silent tasks they move !  
 Yet, witness all that stirs in heaven or earth !  
 In scorn I speak not, —they are what their birth  
     And breeding suffer them to be ,  
     Wild outcasts of society !  
 (1807)

<sup>1</sup> Composed at Coleorton. I had observed them, as here described,<sup>1</sup> near Castle Donnington, on my way to and from Derby.

"O NIGHTINGALE ! THOU SURELY ART " <sup>1</sup>

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art  
 A creature of a " fiery heart "—  
 These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce ,  
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce !  
 Thou sing'st as if the God of wine  
 Had helped thee to a Valentine ;  
 A song in mockery and despite  
 Of shades, and dews, and silent night ,  
 And steady bliss, and all the loves  
 Now sleeping in these peaceful groves  
 I heard a Stock-dove sing or say  
 His homely tale, this very day ,  
 His voice was buried among trees,  
 Yet to be come at by the breeze :  
 He did not cease , but cooed—and cooed ,  
 And somewhat pensively he wooed ,  
 He sang of love, with quiet blending,  
 Slow to begin, and never ending ,  
 Of serious faith, and inward glee ,  
 That was the song—the song for me !

(1807)

### TO LADY BEAUMONT <sup>2</sup>

LADY ! the songs of Spring were in the grove  
 While I was shaping beds for winter flowers ,  
 While I was planting green unfading bowers,  
 And shrubs—to hang upon the warm alcove,  
 And sheltering wall , and still, as Fancy wove  
 The dream, to time and nature's blended powers  
 I gave this paradise for winter hours,  
 A labyrinth, Lady ! which your feet shall rove.  
 Yes ! when the sun of life more feebly shines,  
 Becoming thoughts, I trust, of solemn gloom  
 Or of high gladness you shall hither bring ,  
 And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines  
 Be gracious as the music and the bloom  
 And all the mighty ravishment of spring

(1807)

<sup>1</sup> Written at Town-end, Grasmere. (*Mrs W. says in a note*—"AT COLEORTON")

<sup>2</sup> The winter garden of Coleorton, fashioned out of an old quarry under the superintendence and direction of Mrs Wordsworth and my sister Dorothy, during the winter and spring we resided there.

## 226 Song at Feast of Brougham Castle

### "THOUGH NARROW BE THAT OLD MAN'S CARES"<sup>1</sup>

"——gives to aury nothing  
A local habitation and a name "

THOUGH narrow be that old Man's cares, and near,  
The poor old Man is greater than he seems  
For he hath waking empire, wide as dreams,  
An ample sovereignty of eye and ear  
Rich are his walks with supernatural cheer,  
The region of his inner spirit teems  
With vital sounds and monitory gleams  
Of high astonishment and pleasing fear  
He the seven birds hath seen, that never part,  
Seen the SEVEN WHISTLERS in their nightly rounds,  
And counted them and oftentimes will start—  
For overhead are sweeping GABRIEL'S HOUNDS  
Doomed, with their impious Lord, the flying Hail  
To chase for ever, on aerial grounds!<sup>1</sup>  
(1807)

### SONG AT THE FEAST OF BROUGHAM CASTLE

UPON THE RESTORATION OF LORD CLIFFORD, THE SHEPHERD,  
TO THE ESTATES AND HONOURS OF HIS ANCESTORS<sup>2</sup>

HIGH in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate,  
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song —  
The words of ancient time I thus translate,  
A festal strain that hath been silent long —  
"From town to town, from tower to tower,  
The red rose is a gladsome flower  
Her thirty years of winter past,  
The red rose is revived at last,  
She lifts her head for endless spring,  
For everlasting blossoming

<sup>1</sup> Written at Coleorton This old man's name was Mitchell He was, in all his ways and conversation, a great curiosity, both individually and as a representative of past times His chief employment was keeping watch at night by pacing round the house, at that time building, to keep off depredators He has often told me gravely of having seen the Seven Whistlers and the Hounds as here described

<sup>2</sup> Composed at Coleorton while I was walking to and fro along the path that led from Sir George Beaumont's Farm-house, where we resided, to the Hall which was building at that time

## Song at Feast of Brougham Castle 227

Both roses flourish, red and white  
 In love and sisterly delight  
 The two that were at strife are blended,  
 And all old troubles now are ended.—  
 Joy ! joy to both ! but most to her  
 Who is the flower of Lancaster !  
 Behold her how She smiles to-day  
 On this great throng, this bright array !  
 Fair greeting doth she send to all  
 From every corner of the hall ,  
 But chiefly from above the board  
 Where sits in state our rightful Lord,  
 A Clifford to his own restored !

They came with banner, spear, and shield,  
 And it was proved in Bosworth-field  
 Not long the Avenger was withstood—  
 Earth helped him with the cry of blood .<sup>1</sup>  
 St George was for us, and the might  
 Of blessed Angels crowned the right.  
 Loud voice the Land has uttered forth,  
 We loudest in the faithful north  
 Our fields rejoice, our mountains ring,  
 Our streams proclaim a welcoming ;  
 Our strong-abodes and castles see  
 The glory of their loyalty

How glad is Skipton at this hour—  
 Though lonely, a deserted Tower ,  
 Knight, squire, and yeoman, page and groom .  
 We have them at the feast of Brough'm  
 How glad Pendragon—though the sleep  
 Of years be on her !—She shall reap  
 A taste of this great pleasure, viewing  
 As in a dream her own renewing.  
 Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem  
 Beside her little humble stream ;  
 And she that keepeth watch and ward  
 Her statelier Eden's course to guard ,  
 They both are happy at this hour,  
 Though each is but a lonely Tower —  
 But here is perfect joy and pride  
 For one fair House by Emont's side,  
 This day, distinguished without peer  
 To see her Master and to cheer—  
 Him, and his Lady-mother dear !

<sup>1</sup> This line is from Sir John Beaumont's " Battle of Bosworth Field."



## 228 Song at Feast of Brougham Castle

Oh ! it was a time forlorn  
 When the fatherless was born—  
 Give her wings that she may fly,  
 Or she sees her infant die !  
 Swords that are with slaughter wild  
 Hunt the Mother and the Child  
 Who will take them from the light ?  
 —Yonder is a man in sight—  
 Yonder is a house—but where ?  
 No, they must not enter there  
 To the caves, and to the brooks,  
 To the clouds of heaven she looks ,  
 She is speechless, but her eyes  
 Pray in ghostly agonies  
 Blissful Mary, Mother mild,  
 Maid and Mother undefiled,  
 Save a Mother and her Child !

Now Who is he that bounds with joy  
 On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-boy ?  
 No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass  
 Light as the wind along the grass.  
 Can this be He who hither came  
 In secret, like a smothered flame ?  
 O'er whom such thankful tears were shed  
 For shelter, and a poor man's bread !  
 God loves the Child , and God hath willed  
 That those dear words should be fulfilled,  
 The Lady's words, when forced away,  
 The last she to her Babe did say  
 ' My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest  
 I may not be , but rest thee, rest,  
 For lowly shepherd's life is best ! '

Alas ! when evil men are strong  
 No life is good, no pleasure long,  
 The Boy must part from Mosedale's groves,  
 And leave Blencathara's rugged coves,  
 And quit the flowers that summer brings  
 To Glenderamakin's lofty springs ,  
 Must vanish, and his careless cheer  
 Be turned to heaviness and fear.  
 —Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise !  
 Hear it, good man, old in days !  
 Thou tree of covert and of rest  
 For this young Bird that is distress ,  
 Among thy branches safe he lay,

## Song at Feast of Brougham Castle 229

And he was free to sport and play,  
When falcons were abroad for prey  
A recreant harp, that sings of fear  
And heaviness in Clifford's ear !  
I said, when evil men are strong,  
No life is good, no pleasure long,  
A weak and cowardly untruth !  
Our Clifford was a happy Youth,  
And thankful through a weary time,  
That brought him up to manhood's prime  
—Again he wanders forth at will,  
And tends a flock from hill to hill :  
His garb is humble , ne'er was seen  
Such garb with such a noble mien ,  
Among the shepherd grooms no mate  
Hath he, a Child of strength and state '   
Yet lacks not friends for simple glee,  
Nor yet for higher sympathy  
To his side the fallow-deer  
Came, and rested without fear ,  
The eagle, lord of land and sea,  
Stooped down to pay him fealty ,  
And both the undying fish that swim  
Through Bowscale-tarn did wait on him ,  
The pair were servants of his eye  
In their immortality ,  
And glancing, gleaming, dark or bright,  
Moved to and fro, for his delight  
He knew the rocks which Angels haunt  
Upon the mountains visitant ,  
He hath kenned them taking wing  
And into caves where Faeries sing  
He hath entered , and been told  
By Voices how men lived of old.  
Among the heavens his eye can see  
The face of thing that is to be ;  
And, if that men report him right,  
His tongue could whisper words of might.  
—Now another day is come,  
Fitter hope, and nobler doom , '   
He hath thrown aside his crook,  
And hath buried deep his book ,  
Armour rusting in his halls  
On the blood of Clifford calls ,—  
' Quell the Scot,' exclaims the Lance—

Bear me to the heart of France,  
 Is the longing of the Shield—  
 Tell thy name, thou trembling Field,  
 Field of death, where'er thou be,  
 Groan thou with our victory!  
 Happy day, and mighty hour,  
 When our Shepherd, in his power,  
 Mailed and horsed, with lance and sword,  
 To his ancestors restored  
 Like a re-appearing Star,  
 Like a glory from afar,  
 First shall head the flock of war!<sup>1</sup> ”

Alas! the impassioned minstrel did not know  
 How, by Heaven's grace, this Clifford's heart was framed,  
 How he, long forced in humble walks to go,  
 Was softened into feeling, soothed, and tamed

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie;  
 His daily teachers had been woods and rills,  
 The silence that is in the starry sky,  
 The sleep that is among the lonely hills

In him the savage virtue of the Race,  
 Revenge, and all ferocious thoughts were dead.  
 Nor did he change, but kept in lofty place  
 The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the vales, and every cottage hearth,  
 The Shepherd-lord was honoured more and more,  
 And, ages after he was laid in earth,  
 “The good Lord Clifford” was the name he bore  
 (1807)

## THE FORCE OF PRAYER

OR

### THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON PRIORY

A TRADITION<sup>1</sup>

“*What is good for a bootless bent?*”

With these dark words begins my Tale;  
 And their meaning is, whence can comfort spring  
 When Prayer is of no avail?

<sup>1</sup> The story is preserved in Dr. Whitaker's *History of Craven*—a topographical writer of first-rate merit in all that concerns the past.

"What is good for a bootless bene?"  
 The Falconer to the Lady said,  
 And she made answer "ENDLESS SORROW!"  
 For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words,  
 And from the look of the Falconer's eye,  
 And from the love which was in her soul  
 For her youthful Romilly.

—Young Romilly through Barden woods  
 Is ranging high and low,  
 And holds a greyhound in a leash,  
 To let slip upon buck or doe

The pair have reached that fearful chasm,  
 How tempting to bestride!  
 For lordly Wharf is there pent in  
 With rocks on either side

This striding-place is called THE STRID,  
 A name which it took of yore  
 A thousand years hath it borne that name,  
 And shall a thousand more

And hither is young Romilly come,  
 And what may now forbid  
 That he, perhaps for the hundredth time,  
 Shall bound across THE STRID?

He sprang in glee,—for what cared he  
 That the river was strong, and the rocks were steep?—  
 But the greyhound in the leash hung back,  
 And checked him in his leap

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,  
 And tangled by a merciless force;  
 For never more was young Romilly seen  
 Till he rose a lifeless corse.

Now there is stillness in the vale  
 And long, unspeaking sorrow  
 Wharf shall be to pitying hearts  
 A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a lover the Lady wept,  
 A solace she might borrow  
 From death, and from the passion of death;—  
 Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

## 232      The Convention of Cintra

She weeps not for the wedding-day  
Which was to be to-morrow  
Her hope was a further-looking hope,  
And hers is a mother's sorrow

He was a tree that stood alone,  
And proudly did its branches wave ,  
And the root of this delightful tree  
Was in her husband's grave !

Long, long in darkness did she sit,  
And her first words were, " Let there be  
In Bolton, on the field of Wharf,  
A stately Priory ! "

The stately Priory was reared ,  
And Wharf, as he moved along,  
To matins joined a mournful voice,  
Nor failed at evensong

And the Lady prayed in heaviness  
That looked not for relief !

But slowly did her succour come,  
And a patience to her grief

Oh ! there is never sorrow of heart  
That shall lack a timely end,  
If but to God we turn, and ask  
Of Him to be our friend !

(1807)

### COMPOSED WHILE THE AUTHOR WAS ENGAGED IN WRITING A TRACT OCCASIONED BY THE CONVENTION OF CINTRA

Nor 'mid the world's vain objects that enslave  
The free-born Soul—that World whose vaunted skill  
In selfish interest perverts the will,  
Whose factions lead astray the wise and brave—  
Not there , but in dark wood and rocky cave,  
And hollow vale which foaming torrents fill  
With omnipresent murmur as they rave  
Down their steep beds, that never shall be still  
Here, mighty Nature ! in this school sublime  
I weigh the hopes and fears of suffering Spain ,  
For her consult the auguries of time,  
And through the human heart explore my way ,  
And look and listen—gathering, whence I may,  
Triumph, and thoughts no bondage can restrain.

(1808)

COMPOSED AT THE SAME TIME AND ON THE  
SAME OCCASION

I DROPPED my pen , and listened to the Wind  
That sang of trees uptorn and vessels tost—  
A midnight harmony , and wholly lost  
To the general sense of men by chains confined  
Of business, care, or pleasure , or resigned  
To timely sleep    Thought I, the impassioned strain,  
Which, without aid of numbers, I sustain,  
Like acceptance from the World will find  
Yet some with apprehensive ear shall drink  
A dirge devoutly breathed o'er sorrows past ,  
And to the attendant promise will give heed—  
The prophecy,—like that of this wild blast,  
Which, while it makes the heart with sadness shrink,  
Tells also of bright calms that shall succeed.  
(1808)

GEORGE AND SARAH GREEN<sup>1</sup>

WHO weeps for strangers? Many wept  
For George and Sarah Green ,  
Wept for that pair's unhappy fate,  
Whose grave may here be seen.  
  
By night, upon these stormy fells,  
Did wife and husband roam ,  
Six little ones at home had left,  
And could not find that home.  
  
For *any* dwelling-place of man  
As vainly did they seek.  
He perish'd , and a voice was heard—  
The widow's lonely shriek  
  
Not many steps, and she was left  
A body without life—  
A few short steps were the chain that bound  
The husband to the wife  
  
Now do those sternly-featured hills  
Look gently on this grave ;  
And quiet now are the depths of air,  
As a sea without a wave.

<sup>1</sup> Wordsworth never included this poem in his works. The story is told impressively by De Quincey in his "Lake Reminiscences"

But deeper lies the heart of peace  
 In quiet more profound,  
 The heart of quietness is here  
 Within this churchyard bound  
 And from all agony of mind  
 It keeps them safe, and far  
 From fear and grief, and from all need  
 Of sun or guiding star.  
 O darkness of the grave ! how deep,  
 After that living night—  
 That last and dreary living one  
 Of sorrow and affright !  
 O sacred marriage-bed of death,  
 That keeps them side by side  
 In bond of peace, in bond of love,  
 That may not be untied !

(1808)

## HOFFER

Of mortal parents is the Hero born  
 By whom the undaunted Tyrolese are led ?  
 Or is it Tell's great Spirit, from the dead  
 Returned to animate an age forlorn ?  
 He comes like Phœbus through the gates of morn  
 When dreary darkness is discomfited,  
 Yet mark his modest state ! upon his head,  
 That simple crest, a heron's plume, is worn  
 O Liberty ! they stagger at the shock  
 From van to rear—and with one mind would flee,  
 But half their host is buried —rock on rock  
 Descends !—beneath this godlike Warrior, see !  
 Hills, torrents, woods, embodied to bemock  
 The Tyrant, and confound his cruelty

(1809)

“ADVANCE—COME FORTH FROM THY  
 TYROLEAN GROUND”

ADVANCE—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground,  
 Dear Liberty ! stern Nymph of soul untamed,  
 Sweet Nymph, O rightly of the mountains named !  
 Through the long chain of Alps from mound to mound  
 And o'er the eternal snows, like Echo, bound ;  
 Like Echo, when the hunter train at dawn  
 Have roused her from her sleep and forest-lawn,  
 Cliffs, woods and caves, her viewless steps resound

## Feelings of the Tyrolese 235

And babble of her pastime !—On, dread Power !  
 With such invisible motion speed thy flight,  
 Through hanging clouds, from craggy height to height,  
 Through the green vales and through the herdsman's bower—  
 That all the Alps may gladden in thy might,  
 Here, there, and in all places at one hour  
 (1809)

### FEELINGS OF THE TYROLESE

THE Land we from our fathers had in trust,  
 And to our children will transmit, or die .  
 This is our maxim, this our piety ,  
 And God and Nature say that it is just.  
 That which we *would* perform in arms—we must !  
 We read the dictate in the infant's eye ,  
 In the wife's smile ; and in the placid sky ;  
 And, at our feet, amid the silent dust  
 Of them that were before us —Sing aloud  
 Old songs, the precious music of the heart !  
 Give, herds and flocks, your voices to the wind !  
 While we go forth, a self-devoted crowd,  
 With weapons grasped in fearless hands, to assert  
 Our virtue, and to vindicate mankind.  
 (1809)

### "ALAS ! WHAT BOOTS THE LONG LABORIOUS QUEST"

ALAS ! what boots the long laborious quest  
 Of moral prudense, sought through good and ill ;  
 Or pains abstruse—to elevate the will,  
 And lead us on to that transcendent rest  
 Where every passion shall the sway attest  
 Of Reason, seated on her sovereign hill ;  
 What is it but a vain and curious skill,  
 If sapient Germany must lie deprest,  
 Beneath the brutal sword ?—Her haughty Schools  
 Shall blush , and may not we with sorrow say—  
 A few strong instincts and a few plain rules,  
 Among the herdsmen of the Alps, have wrought  
 More for mankind at this unhappy day  
 Than all the pride of intellect and thought ?  
 (1809)



"AND IS IT AMONG RUDE UNTUTORED  
DALES"

AND is it among rude untutored Dales,  
There, and there only, that the heart is true?  
And, rising to repel or to subdue,  
Is it by rocks and woods that man prevails?  
Ah no! though Nature's dread protection fails,  
There is a bulwark in the soul This knew  
Iberian Burghers when the sword they drew  
In Zaragoza, naked to the gales  
Of fiercely-breathing war The truth was felt  
By Palafox, and many a brave compeer,  
Like him of noble birth and noble mind,  
By ladies, meek-eyed women without fear;  
And wanderers of the street, to whom is dealt  
The bread which without industry they find  
(1809)

"O'ER THE WIDE EARTH, ON MOUNTAIN  
AND ON PLAIN"

O'ER the wide earth, on mountain and on plain,  
Dwells in the affections and the soul of man  
A Godhead, like the universal PAN,  
But more exalted, with a brighter train  
And shall his bounty be dispensed in vain,  
Showered equally on city and on field,  
And neither hope nor steadfast promise yield  
In these usurping times of fear and pain?  
Such doom awaits us. Nay, forbid it Heaven!  
We know the arduous strife, the eternal laws  
To which the triumph of all good is given,  
High sacrifice, and labour without pause,  
Even to the death—else wherefore should the eye  
Of man converse with immortality?  
(1809)

ON THE FINAL SUBMISSION OF THE  
TYROLESE

It was a *moral* end for which they fought;  
Else how, when mighty Thrones were put to shame,  
Could they, poor Shepherds, have preserved an aim,  
A resolution, or enlivening thought?

Nor hath that moral good been *vainly* sought ;  
 For in their magnanimity and fame  
 Powers have they left, an impulse, and a claim  
 Which neither can be overturned nor bought  
 Sleep, Warriors, sleep ! among your hills repose !  
 We know that ye, beneath the stern control  
 Of awful prudence, keep the unvanquished soul  
 And when, impatient of her guilt and woes,  
 Europe breaks forth , then, Shepherds ! shall ye rise  
 For perfect triumph o’er your Enemies

(1809)

“HAIL, ZARAGOZA ! IF WITH UNWET EYE”

HAIL, Zaragoza ! If with unwet eye  
 We can approach, thy sorrow to behold,  
 Yet is the heart not pitiless nor cold ,  
 Such spectacle demands not tear or sigh.  
 These desolate remains are trophies high  
 Of more than martial courage in the breast  
 Of peaceful civic virtue : they attest  
 Thy matchless worth to all posterity  
 Blood flowed before thy sight without remorse ,  
 Disease consumed thy vitals , War upheaved  
 The ground beneath thee with volcanic force  
 Dread trials ! yet encountered and sustained  
 Till not a wreck of help or hope remained,  
 And law was from necessity received

(1809)

“SAY, WHAT IS HONOUR?—’TIS THE FINEST  
 SENSE ”

SAY, what is Honour ?—’Tis the finest sense  
 Of *justice* which the human mind can frame,  
 Intent each lurking frailty to disclaim,  
 And guard the way of life from all offence  
 Suffered or done When lawless violence  
 Invades a Realm, so pressed that in the scale  
 Of perilous war her weightiest armies fail,  
 Honour is hopeful elevation,—whence  
 Glory, and triumph Yet with politic skill  
 Endangered States may yield to terms unjust ;  
 Stoop their proud heads, but not unto the dust—  
 A Foe’s most favourite purpose to fulfil .  
 Happy occasions oft by self-mistrust  
 Are forfeited , but infamy doth kill.

(1809)

## 238 'Brave Schill ! by Death delivered'

### "THE MARTIAL COURAGE OF A DAY IS VAIN"

THE martial courage of a day is vain,  
 An empty noise of death the battle's roar,  
 If vital hope be wanting to restore,  
 Or fortitude be wanting to sustain,  
 Armies or kingdoms We have heard a strain  
 Of triumph, how the labouring Danube bore  
 A weight of hostile corpses ; drenched with gore  
 Were the wide fields, the hamlets heaped with slain  
 Yet see (the mighty tumult overpast)  
 Austria a daughter of her Throne hath sold !  
 And her Tyrolean Champion we behold  
 Murdered, like one ashore by shipwreck cast,  
 Murdered without relief Oh ! blind as bold,  
 To think that such assurance can stand fast !  
 (1809)

### "BRAVE SCHILL ! BY DEATH DELIVERED"

BRAVE Schill ! by death delivered, take thy flight  
 From Prussia's timid region Go, and rest  
 With heroes, 'mid the islands of the Blest,  
 Or in the fields of empyrean light  
 A meteor wert thou crossing a dark night  
 Yet shall thy name, conspicuous and sublime,  
 Stand in the spacious firmament of time,  
 Fixed as a star . such glory is thy right  
 Alas ! it may not be . for earthly fame  
 Is Fortune's frail dependant , yet there lives  
 A Judge, who, as man claims by merit, gives ,  
 To whose all-pondering mind a noble aim,  
 Faithfully kept, is as a noble deed ,  
 In whose pure sight all virtue doth succeed  
 (1809)

### "CALL NOT THE ROYAL SWEDE UNFORTUNATE"

CALL not the royal Swede unfortunate,  
 Who never did to Fortune bend the knee ,  
 Who slighted fear , rejected steadfastly  
 Temptation , and whose kingly name and state  
 Have "perished by his choice, and not his fate !"  
 Hence lives He, to his inner self endeared ;

‘Look now on that Adventurer’ 239

And hence, wherever virtue is revered,  
He sits a more exalted Potentate,  
Throned in the hearts of men Should Heaven ordain  
That this great Servant of a righteous cause  
Must still have sad or vexing thoughts to endure,  
Yet may a sympathising spirit pause,  
Admonished by these truths, and quench all pain  
In thankful joy and gratulation puie.

(1809)

“LOOK NOW ON THAT ADVENTURER WHO  
HATH PAID ”

Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid  
His vows to Fortune , who, in cruel slight  
Of virtuous hope, of liberty, and right,  
Hath followed wheresoe’er a way was made  
By the blind Goddess,—ruthless, undismayed ,  
And so hath gained at length a prosperous height,  
Round which the elements of worldly might  
Beneath his haughty feet, like clouds, are laid.  
O joyless power that stands by lawless force !  
Curses are *his* due portion, scorn, and hate,  
Internal darkness and unquiet breath ,  
And, if old judgments keep their sacred course,  
Him from that height shall Heaven precipitate  
By violent and ignominious death.

(1809)

“IS THERE A POWER THAT CAN SUSTAIN  
AND CHEER ”

Is there a power that can sustain and cheer  
The captive chieftain, by a tyrant’s doom,  
Forced to descend into his destined tomb—  
A dungeon dark ! where he must waste the year,  
And lie cut off from all his heart holds dear  
What time his injured country is a stage  
Whereon deliberate Valour and the rage  
Of righteous Vengeance side by side appear,  
Filling from morn to night the heroic scene  
With deeds of hope and everlasting praise —  
Say can he think of this with mind serene  
And silent fetters ? Yes, if visions bright  
Shine on his soul, reflected from the days  
When he himself was tried in open light.

## 240 'In due Observance of Ancient Rite'

"AH! WHERE IS PALAFOX? NOR TONGUE  
NOR PEN"

AH! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen  
Reports of him, his dwelling or his grave!<sup>1</sup>  
Does yet the unheard-of vessel ride the wave?  
Or is she swallowed up, remote from ken  
Of pitying human nature? Once again  
Methinks that we shall hail thee, Champion brave,  
Redeemed to baffle that imperial Slave,  
And through all Europe cheer desponding men  
With new-born hope Unbounded is the might  
Of martyrdom, and fortitude, and right  
Hark, how thy Country triumphs!—Smilingly  
The Eternal looks upon her sword that gleams,  
Like his own lightning, over mountains high,  
On rampart, and the banks of all her streams  
(1810)

"IN DUE OBSERVANCE OF AN ANCIENT  
RITE"

IN due observance of an ancient rite,  
The rude Biscayans, when their children lie  
Dead in the sinless time of infancy,  
Attire the peaceful corse in vestments white,  
And, in like sign of cloudless triumph bright,  
They bind the unoffending creature's brows  
With happy garlands of the pure white rose  
Then do a festal company unite  
In choral song, and, while the uplifted cross  
Of Jesus goes before, the child is borne  
Uncovered to his grave · 'tis closed,—her loss  
The Mother *then* mourns, as she needs must mourn,  
But soon, through Christian faith, is grief subdued,  
And joy returns, to brighten fortitude  
(1810)

FEELINGS OF A NOBLE BISCAYAN AT ONE  
OF THOSE FUNERALS

YET, yet, Biscayans! we must meet our Foes  
With firmer soul, yet labour to regain  
Our ancient freedom, else 'twere worse than vain  
To gather round the bier these festal shows

A garland fashioned of the pure white rose  
Becomes not one whose father is a slave .  
Oh, bear the infant covered to his grave !  
These venerable mountains now enclose  
A people sunk in apathy and fear  
If this endure, farewell, for us, all good !  
The awful light of heavenly innocence  
Will fail to illuminate the infant's bier ,  
And guilt and shame, from which is no defence,  
Descend on all that issues from our blood  
(1810)

ON A CELEBRATED EVENT IN ANCIENT  
HISTORY

## I

A ROMAN Master stands on Grecian ground,  
And to the people at the Isthmian Games  
Assembled, He, by a herald's voice, proclaims  
THE LIBERTY OF GREECE —the words rebound  
Until all voices in one voice are drowned ,  
Glad acclamation by which air was rent !  
And birds, high-flying in the element,  
Dropped to the earth, astonished at the sound !  
Yet were the thoughtful grieved , and still that voice  
Haunts, with sad echoes, musing Fancy's ear .  
Ah ! that a *Conqueror's* words should be so dear :  
Ah ! that a *boon* could shed such rapturous joys !  
A gift of that which is not to be given  
By all the blended powers of Earth and Heaven.

## II

WHEN, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn  
The tidings past of servitude repealed,  
And of that joy which shook the Isthmian Field,  
The rough Ætolians smiled with bitter scorn  
"Tis known," cried they, "that he, who would adorn  
His envied temples with the Isthmian crown,  
Must either win, through effort of his own,  
The prize, or be content to see it worn  
By more deserving brows —Yet so ye prop,  
Sons of the brave who fought at Marathon,  
Your feeble spirits ! Greece her head hath bowed,  
As if the wreath of liberty thereon  
Would fix itself as smoothly as a cloud,  
Which, at Jove's will, descends on Pelion's top."  
(1810)

## 242 Indignation of a Spaniard

### THE OAK OF GUERNICA<sup>1</sup>

OAK of Guernica! Tree of holier power  
Than that which in Dodona did enshrine  
(So faith too fondly deemed) a voice divine  
Heard from the depths of its aerial bower—  
How canst thou flourish at this blighting hour?  
What hope, what joy can sunshine bring to thee,  
Or the soft breezes from the Atlantic sea,  
The dews of morn, or April's tender shower?  
Stroke merciful and welcome would that be  
Which should extend thy branches on the ground,  
If never more within their shady round  
Those lofty-minded Lawgivers shall meet,  
Peasant and lord, in their appointed seat,  
Guardians of Biscay's ancient liberty  
(1810)

### INDIGNATION OF A HIGH-MINDED SPANIARD

WE can endure that He should waste our lands,  
Despoil our temples, and by sword and flame  
Return us to the dust from which we came,  
Such food a Tyrant's appetite demands  
And we can brook the thought that by his hands  
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess,  
For his delight, a solemn wilderness  
Where all the brave lie dead But, when of bands  
Which he will break for us he dares to speak,  
Of benefits, and of a future day  
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway,  
*Then*, the strained heart of fortitude proves weak,  
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare  
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear  
(1810)

### "AVAUNT ALL SPECIOUS PLIANCY OF MIND"

AVAUNT all specious pliancy of mind  
In men of low degree, all smooth pretence!  
I better like a blunt indifference,

<sup>1</sup> The ancient oak of Guernica, says Laborde in his account of Biscay, is a most venerable natural monument Ferdinand and Isabella, in the year 1476, after hearing mass in the church of Santa Maria de la Antigua, repaired to this tree, under which they swore to the Biscayans to maintain their *fueros* (privileges)

And self-respecting slowness, disinclined  
 To win me at first sight, and be there joined  
 Patience and temperance with this high reserve,  
 Honour that knows the path and will not swerve,  
 Affections, which, if put to proof, are kind,  
 And piety towards God—Such men of old  
 Were England’s native growth, and, throughout Spain  
 (Thanks to high God) forests of such remain  
 Then for that Country let our hopes be bold,  
 For matched with these shall policy prove vain,  
 Her arts, her strength, her iron, and her gold  
 (1810)

“O’ERWEENING STATESMEN HAVE FULL  
 LONG RELIED”

O’ERWEENING Statesmen have full long relied  
 On fleets and armies, and external wealth  
 But from *within* proceeds a Nation’s health,  
 Which shall not fail, though poor men cleave with pride  
 To the paternal floor, or turn aside,  
 In the thronged city, from the walks of gain,  
 As being all unworthy to detain  
 A Soul by contemplation sanctified.  
 There are who cannot languish in this strife,  
 Spaniards of every rank, by whom the good  
 Of such high course was felt and understood,  
 Who to their Country’s cause have bound a life  
 Erewhile, by solemn consecration, given  
 To labour and to prayer, to nature, and to heaven<sup>1</sup>  
 (1810)

THE FRENCH AND THE SPANISH GUERRILLAS

HUNGER, and sultry heat, and nipping blast  
 From bleak hill-top, and length of march by night  
 Through heavy swamp, or over snow-clad height—  
 These hardships ill-sustained, these dangers past,  
 The roving Spanish Bands are reached at last,  
 Charged, and dispersed like foam—but as a flight  
 Of scattered quails by signs do reunite,  
 So these,—and, heard of once again, are chased  
 With combinations of long-practised art  
 And newly-kindled hope, but they are fled—  
 Gone are they, viewless as the buried dead

<sup>1</sup> See Laboide’s character of the Spanish people, from him the sentiment of these last two lines is taken



244      'The Power of Armies'

Where now?—Their sword is at the Foeman's heart;  
And thus from year to year his walk they thwart,  
And hang like dreams around his guilty bed  
(1810)

SPANISH GUERILLAS

THEY seek, are sought, to daily battle led,  
Shrink not, though far outnumbered by their Foes,  
For they have learnt to open and to close  
The ridges of grim war, and at their head  
Are captains such as erst their country bred  
Or fostered, self-supported chiefs,—like those  
Whom hardy Rome was fearful to oppose,  
Whose desperate shock the Carthaginian fled.  
In One who lived unknown a shepherd's life  
Redoubted Viriatus breathes again,  
And Mina, nourished in the studious shade,  
With that great Leader<sup>1</sup> vies, who, sick of strife  
And bloodshed, longed in quiet to be laid  
In some green island of the western main.  
(1811)

"THE POWER OF ARMIES IS A VISIBLE  
THING"

THE power of Armies is a visible thing,  
Formal, and circumscribed in time and space,  
But who the limits of that power shall trace  
Which a brave People into light can bring  
Or hide, at will,—for freedom combating  
By just revenge inflamed? No foot may chase,  
No eye can follow, to a fatal place  
That power, that spirit, whether on the wing  
Like the strong wind, or sleeping like the wind  
Within its awful caves—From year to year  
Springs this indigenous produce far and near,  
No craft this subtle element can bind,  
Rising like water from the soil, to find  
In every nook a lip that it may cheer.  
(1811)

"HERE PAUSE THE POET CLAIMS AT  
LEAST THIS PRAISE"

HERE pause. the poet claims at least this praise,  
That virtuous Liberty hath been the scope

<sup>1</sup> Sertorius.

Of his pure song, which did not shrink from hope  
 In the worst moment of these evil days,  
 From hope, the paramount *duty* that Heaven lays,  
 For its own honour, on man's suffering heart  
 Never may from our souls one truth depart—  
 That an accursed thing it is to gaze  
 On prosperous tyrants with a dazzled eye;  
 Nor—touched with due abhorrence of *their* guilt  
 For whose due ends tears flow, and blood is spilt,  
 And justice labours in extremity—  
 Forget thy weakness, upon which is built,  
 O wretched man, the throne of tyranny!  
 (1811)

## EPITAPHS

1810

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA<sup>1</sup>

## I

WEEP not, beloved Friends! nor let the air  
 For me with sighs be troubled. Not from life  
 Have I been taken, this is genuine life  
 And this alone—the life which now I live  
 In peace eternal, where desire and joy  
 Together move in fellowship without end.—  
 Francesco Ceni willed that, after death,  
 His tombstone thus should speak for him And surely  
 Small cause there is for that fond wish of ours  
 Long to continue in this world; a world  
 That keeps not faith, nor yet can point a hope  
 To good, whereof itself is destitute

## II

PERHAPS some needful service of the State  
 Drew TITUS from the depth of studious bowers,  
 And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,  
 Where gold determines between right and wrong.  
 Yet did at length his loyalty of heart,  
 And his pure native genius, lead him back  
 To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses,  
 Whom he had early loved And not in vain  
 Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools

<sup>1</sup> Chiefly translated when Mr. Coleridge was writing his "*Friend*," in which periodical my "Essay on Epitaphs," written about that time, was first published. For further notice of Chiabrera, in connection with his Epitaphs, see "*Musings at Aquapendente*."

Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung  
 With fondness on those sweet Nestorian strains.  
 There pleasure crowned his days, and all his thoughts  
 A roseate fragrance breathed <sup>1</sup>—O human life,  
 That never art secure from dolorous change!  
 Behold a high injunction suddenly  
 To Arno's side hath brought him, and he charmed  
 A Tuscan audience but full soon was called  
 To the perpetual silence of the grave  
 Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood  
 A Champion stedfast and invincible,  
 To quell the rage of literary War!

## III

O THOU who movest onward with a mind  
 Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste!  
 'Twill be no fruitless moment I was born  
 Within Savona's walls, of gentle blood  
 On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate  
 To sacred studies, and the Roman Shepherd  
 Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous flock  
 Well did I witch, much laboured, nor had power  
 To escape from many and strange indignities;  
 Was smitten by the great ones of the world,  
 But did not fall, for Virtue braves all shocks,  
 Upon herself resting immoveably.  
 Me did a kindlier fortune then invite  
 To serve the glorious Henry, King of France,  
 And in his hands I saw a high reward  
 Stretched out for my acceptance,—but Death came.  
 Now, Reader, learn from this my fate, how false,  
 How treacherous to her promise, is the world,  
 And trust in God—to whose eternal doom  
 Must bend the sceptred Potentates of earth

## IV

THERE never breathed a man who, when his life  
 Was closing, might not of that life relate  
 Toils long and hard—The warrior will report  
 Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field,  
 And blast of trumpets He who hath been doomed  
 To bow his forehead in the courts of kings,  
 Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate,

<sup>1</sup> *Ivi vivea giocondo ei suoi pensieri  
 Eiano tutti rose*

The Translator had not skill to come nearer to his original

Envy and heart-inquietude, derived  
 From intricate cabals of treacherous friends  
 I, who on shipboard lived from earliest youth,  
 Could represent the countenance horrible  
 Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage  
 Of Austere and Bootes    Fifty years  
 Over the well-steered galleys did I rule —  
 From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars,  
 Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown,  
 And the broad gulfs I traversed oft and oft  
 Of every cloud which in the heavens might stir  
 I knew the force, and hence the rough sea's pride  
 Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow  
 What noble pomp and frequent have not I  
 On regal decks beheld ! yet in the end  
 I learned that one poor moment can suffice  
 To equalise the lofty and the low  
 We sail the sea of life—a *Calm* One finds,  
 And One a *Tempest*—and, the voyage o'er,  
 Death is the quiet haven of us all  
 If more of my condition ye would know,  
 Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang  
 Of noble parents, seventy years and three  
 Lived I—then yielded to a slow disease,

## v

TRUE is it that Ambrosio Salneio  
 With an untoward fate was long involved  
 In odious litigation, and full long,  
 Fate harder still ! had he to endure assaults  
 Of racking malady    And true it is  
 That not the less a frank courageous heart  
 And buoyant spirit triumphed over pain ;  
 And he was strong to follow in the steps  
 Of the fair Muses    Not a covert path  
 Leads to the dear Parnassian forest's shade,  
 That might from him be hidden, not a track  
 Mounts to pellucid Hippocrene, but he  
 Had traced its windings — This Savona knows,  
 Yet no sepulchral honours to her Son  
 She paid, for in our age the heart is ruled  
 Only by gold    And now a simple stone  
 Inscribed with this memorial here is raised  
 By his bereft, his lonely, Chiabrera  
 Think not, O Passenger ! who read'st the lines,

That an exceeding love hath dazzled me ;  
 No—he was One whose memory ought to spread  
 Where'er Permessus bears an honoured name,  
 And live as long as its pure stream shall flow

## VI

DESTINED to war from vey infancy  
 Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took  
 In Malta the white symbol of the Cross :  
 Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun  
 Hazard or toil , among the sands was seen  
 Of Libya , and not seldom, on the banks  
 Of wide Hungarian Danube, 'twas my lot  
 To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded  
 So lived I, and repined not at such fate  
 This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong,  
 That stripped of arms I to my end am brough  
 On the soft down of my paternal home  
 Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause  
 To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt  
 In thy appointed way, and bear in mind  
 How fleeting and how frail is human life !

## VII

O FLOWER of all that springs from gentle blood,  
 And all that generous nurture breeds to make  
 Youth amiable , O friend so true of soul  
 To fair Aglaia , by what envy moved,  
 Lelius ! has death cut short thy brilliant day  
 In its sweet opening ? and what dire mishap  
 Has from Savona torn her best delight ?  
 For thee she mourns, nor e'er will cease to mourn ;  
 And, should the out-pourings of her eyes suffice not  
 For her heart's grief, she will entreat Sebeto  
 Not to withhold his bounteous aid, Sebeto  
 Who saw thee, on his margin, yield to death,  
 In the chaste arms of thy beloved Love !  
 What profit riches ? what does youth avail !  
 Dust are our hopes,—I, weeping bitterly,  
 Penned these sad lines, nor can forbear to pray  
 That every gentle Spirit hither led  
 May read them, not without some bitter tears.

## VIII

NOT without heavy grief of heart did He  
 On whom the duty fell (for at that time

The father sojourned in a distant land)  
 Deposit in the hollow of this tomb  
 A brother's Child, most tenderly beloved !  
 FRANCESCO was the name the Youth had borne,  
 POZZOBONNELLI his illustrious house ,  
 And, when beneath this stone the Corse was laid,  
 The eyes of all Savona streamed with tears  
 Alas ! the twentieth April of his life  
 Had scarcely flowered and at this early time,  
 By genuine virtue he inspired a hope  
 That greatly cheered his country . to his kin  
 He promised comfort , and the flattering thoughts  
 His friends had in their fondness entertained,<sup>1</sup>  
 He suffered not to languish or decay.  
 Now is there not good reason to break forth  
 Into a passionate lament ?— O Soul !  
 Short while a Pilgrim in our nether world,  
 Do thou enjoy the calm empyreal air ,  
 And round this earthly tomb let roses rise,  
 An everlasting spring<sup>1</sup> in memory  
 Of that delightful fragrance which was once  
 From thy mild manners quietly exhaled.

## IX

PAUSE, courteous Spirit !—Balbi supplicates  
 That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him  
 Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer  
 A prayer to the Redeemer of the world.  
 This to the dead by sacred right belongs ,  
 All else is nothing —Did occasion suit  
 To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb  
 Would ill suffice for Plato's lore sublime,  
 And all the wisdom of the Stagyrte,  
 Enriched and beautified his studious mind  
 With Archimedes also he conversed  
 As with a chosen friend , nor did he leave  
 Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs  
 Twine near their loved Permessus —Finally,  
 Himself above each lower thought uplifting,  
 His ears he closed to listen to the songs  
 Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old ,  
 And his Permessus found on Lebanon.

<sup>1</sup> In justice to the Author, I subjoin the original —

———— e degli amici  
 Non lasciava languire i bei pensieri.

A blessèd Man ! who of protracted days  
 Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep ,  
 But truly did *He* live his life Urbino,  
 Take pride in him !—O Passenger, farewell !

### MATERNAL GRIEF<sup>1</sup>

DEPARTED Child ! I could forget thee once  
 Though at my bosom nuised , this woeful gain  
 Thy dissolution brings, that in my soul  
 Is present and perpetually abides  
 A shadow, never, never to be displaced  
 By the returning substance, seen or touched,  
 Seen by mine eyes, or clasped in my embrace  
 Absence and death how differ they ! and how  
 Shall I admit that nothing can restore  
 What one short sigh so easily removed ?—  
 Death, life, and sleep, reality and thought,  
 Assist me, God, their boundaries to know,  
 O teach me calm submission to thy Will !

The Child she mourned had overstepped the pale  
 Of Infancy, but still did breathe the air  
 That sanctifies its confines, and partook  
 Reflected beams of that celestial light  
 To all the Little-ones on sinful earth  
 Not unvouchsafed—a light that warmed and cheered  
 Those several qualities of heart and mind  
 Which, in her own blest nature, rooted deep,  
 Daily before the Mother's watchful eye,  
 And not hers only, their peculiar charms  
 Unfolded,—beauty, for its present self,  
 And for its promises to future years,  
 With not unfrequent rapture fondly hailed.

Have you espied upon a dewy lawn  
 A pair of Leverets each provoking each  
 To a continuance of their fearless sport,  
 Two separate Creatures in their several gifts  
 Abounding, but so fashioned that, in all  
 That Nature prompts them to display, their looks,  
 Their starts of motion and their fits of rest,  
 An *à l'anglois* style appears  
 An *à l'anglois* grace, as if Spring  
 Lodged in their innocent bosoms, and the spirit

<sup>1</sup> This was in part an overflow from the Solitary's description of his own and his wife's feelings upon the decease of their children. (See "Excursion," book III)

Of the rejoicing morning were their own ?

Such union, in the lovely Girl maintained  
And her twin Brother, had the parent seen  
Ere, pouncing like a ravenous bird of prey,  
Death in a moment parted them, and left  
The Mother, in her turns of anguish, worse  
Than desolate, for oft-times from the sound  
Of the survivor's sweetest voice (dear child,  
He knew it not) and from his happiest looks,  
Did she extract the food of self-reproach,  
As one that lived ungrateful for the stay  
By Heaven afforded to uphold her maimed  
And tottering spirit And full oft the Boy,  
Now first acquainted with distress and grief,  
Shrunk from his Mother's presence, shunned with fear  
Her sad approach, and stole away to find,  
In his known haunts of joy where'er he might,  
A more congenial object But, as time  
Softened her pangs and reconciled the child  
To what he saw, he gradually returned,  
Like a scared Bird encouraged to renew  
A broken intercourse, and, while his eyes  
Were yet with pensive fear and gentle awe  
Turned upon her who bore him, she would stoop  
To imprint a kiss that lacked not power to spread  
Faint colour over both their pallid cheeks,  
And stilled his tremulous lip Thus they were calmed  
And cheered, and now together breathe fresh air  
In open fields, and when the glare of day  
Is gone, and twilight to the Mother's wish  
Befriends the observance, readily they join  
In walks whose boundary is the lost One's grave,  
Which he with flowers hath planted, finding there  
Amusement, where the Mother does not miss  
Dear consolation, kneeling on the turf  
In prayer, yet blending with that solemn rite  
Of pious faith the vanities of grief,  
For such, by pitying Angels and by Spirits  
Transferred to regions upon which the clouds  
Of our weak nature rest not, must be deemed  
Those willing tears, and unforbidden sighs,  
And all those tokens of a cherished sorrow.  
Which, soothed and sweetened by the grace of Heaven  
As now it is, seems to her own fond heart,  
Immortal as the love that gave it being.



CHARACTERISTICS OF A CHILD THREE  
YEARS OLD <sup>1</sup>

LOVING she is, and tractable, though wild ,  
 And Innocence hath privilege in her  
 To dignify arch looks and laughing eyes ,  
 And feats of cunning , and the pretty round  
 Of trespasses, affected to provoke  
 Mock-chastisement and partnership in play  
 And, as a faggot sparkles on the hearth,  
 Not less if unattended and alone  
 Than when both young and old sit gathered round  
 And take delight in its activity ,  
 Even so this happy Creature of herself  
 Is all-sufficient, solitude to her  
 Is blithe society, who fills the air -  
 With gladness and involuntary songs  
 Light are her sallies as the tripping fawn's  
 Forth-startled from the fern where she lay couched ,  
 Unthought-of, unexpected, as the stir  
 Of the soft breeze ruffling the meadow-flowers,  
 Or from before it chasing wantonly  
 The many-coloured images imprest  
 Upon the bosom of a placid lake  
 (1811)

EPISTLE

TO SIR GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT, BART.  
 FROM THE SOUTH-WEST COAST OF CUMBERLAND<sup>2</sup>  
 1811

FAR from our home by Grasmere's quiet Lake,  
 From the Vale's peace which all her fields partake,  
 Here on the bleakest point of Cumbria's shore  
 We sojourn stunned by Ocean's ceaseless roar ,  
 While, day by day, grim neighbour ! huge Black Comb  
 Frowns deepening visibly his native gloom,  
 Unless, perchance rejecting in despite  
 What on the Plain *we* have of warmth and light,  
 In his own storms he hides himself from sight.

<sup>1</sup> Written at Allanbank, Grasmere. Picture of my Daughter Catharine, who died the year after

<sup>2</sup> This poem opened, when first written, with a paragraph that has been transferred as an introduction to the first series of my Scotch Memorials The journey, of which the first part is here described, was from Grasmere to Bootle on the south-west coast of Cumberland, the whole among mountain roads through a beautiful country , and we had fine weather.

Rough is the time, and thoughts, that would be free  
 From heaviness, oft fly, dear Friend, to thee;  
 Turn from a spot where neither sheltered road  
 Nor hedge-row screen invites my steps abroad,  
 Where one poor Plane-tree, having as it might  
 Attained a stature twice a tall man's height,  
 Hopeless of further growth, and brown and sere  
 Through half the summer, stands with top cut sheer,  
 Like an unshifting weathercock which proves  
 How cold the quarter that the wind best loves,  
 Or like a Centinel that, evermore  
 Darkening the window, ill defends the door  
 Of this unfinished house—a Fortress bare,  
 Where strength has been the Builder's only care;  
 Whose rugged walls may still for years demand  
 The final polish of the Plasterer's hand.  
 —This Dwelling's Inmate more than three weeks space  
 And oft a Prisoner in the cheerless place,  
 I—of whose touch the fiddle would complain,  
 Whose breath would labour at the flute in vain,  
 In music all unversed, nor blessed with skill  
 A bridge to copy, or to paint a mill,  
 Tired of my books, a scanty company!  
 And tired of listening to the boisterous sea—  
 Pace between door and window muttering rhyme,  
 An old resource to cheat a froward time!  
 Though these dull hours (mine is it, or their shame?)  
 Would tempt me to renounce that humble aim  
 —But if there be a Muse who, free to take  
 Her seat upon Olympus, doth forsake  
 Those heights (like Phœbus when his golden locks  
 He veiled, attendant on Thessalian flocks)  
 And, in disguise, a Milkmaid with her pail  
 Trips down the pathways of some winding dale,  
 Or, like a Mermaid, warbles on the shores  
 To fishers mending nets beside their doors;  
 Or, Pilgrim-like, on forest moss reclined,  
 Gives plaintive ditties to the heedless wind,  
 Or listens to its play among the boughs  
 Above her head and so forgets her vows—  
 If such a Visitant of Earth there be  
 And she would deign this day to smile on me  
 And aid my verse, content with local bounds  
 Of natural beauty and life's daily rounds,  
 Thoughts, chances, sights, or doings, which we tell

Without reserve to those whom we love well—  
 Then haply, Beaumont<sup>1</sup> words in current clear  
 Will flow, and on a welcome page appear  
 Duly before thy sight, unless they perish here

What shall I treat of? News from Mona's Isle?  
 Such have we, but unvaried in its style,  
 No tales of Runagates fresh landed, whence  
 And wherefore fugitive or on what pretence;  
 Of feasts, or scandal, eddying like the wind  
 Most restlessly alive when most confined  
 Ask not of me, whose tongue can best appease  
 The mighty tumults of the HOUSE OF KEYS,  
 The last year's cup whose Ram or Heifer gained,  
 What slopes are planted, or what mosses drained.  
 An eye of fancy only can I cast  
 On that proud pageant now at hand or past,  
 When full five hundred boats in trim array,  
 With nets and sails outspread and streamers gay,  
 And chanted hymns and stiller voice of prayer,  
 For the old Manx-harvest to the Deep repair,  
 Soon as the herring-shoals at distance shine  
 Like beds of moonlight shifting on the brine.

Mona from our Abode is daily seen,  
 But with a wilderness of waves between;  
 And by conjecture only can we speak  
 Of aught transacted there in bay or creek;  
 No tidings reach us thence from town or field,  
 Only faint news her mountain sunbeams yield,  
 And some we gather from the misty air,  
 And some the hovering clouds, our telegraph, declare.  
 But these poetic mysteries I withhold,  
 For Fancy hath her fits both hot and cold,  
 And should the colder fit with You be on  
 When You might read, my credit would be gone.

Let more substantial themes the pen engage,  
 And nearer interests culled from the opening stage  
 Of our migration—Ere the welcome dawn  
 Had from the east her silver star withdrawn,  
 The Wain stood ready, at our Cottage-door,  
 Thoughtfully freighted with a various store,  
 And long or ere the uprising of the Sun  
 O'er dew-damp'd dust our journey was begun,  
 A needful journey, under favouring skies,  
 Through peopled Vales, yet something in the guise  
 Of those old Patriarchs when from well to well

They roamed through Wastes where now the tented Arabs  
dwell

Say first, to whom did we the charge confide,  
Who promptly undertook the Wain to guide  
Up many a sharply-twining road and down,  
And over many a wide hill's craggy crown,  
Through the quick turns of many a hollow nook,  
And the rough bed of many an unbridged brook?  
A blooming Lass—who in her better hand  
Bore a light switch, her sceptre of command  
When, yet a slender Girl, she often led,  
Skilful and bold, the horse and burthened *sled*<sup>1</sup>  
From the peat-yielding Moss on Gowdar's head  
What could go wrong with such a Charioteer  
For goods and chattels, or those Infants dear,  
A Pair who smilingly sate side by side,  
Our hope confirming that the salt-sea tide  
Whose free embraces we were bound to seek,  
Would their lost strength restore and freshen the pale cheek?  
Such hope did either Parent entertain  
Pacing behind along the silent lane

Blithe hopes and happy musings soon took flight,  
For lo! an uncouth melancholy sight—  
On a green bank a creature stood forlorn  
Just half protruded to the light of morn,  
Its hinder part concealed by hedge-row thorn  
The Figure called to mind a beast of prey  
Stript of its frightful powers by slow decay,  
And, though no longer upon rapine bent,  
Dim memory keeping of its old intent  
We started, looked again with anxious eyes,  
And in that griesly object recognise  
The Curate's Dog—his long-tried friend, for they,  
As well we knew, together had grown grey.  
The Master died, his drooping servant's grief  
Found at the Widow's feet some sad relief,  
Yet still he lived in pining discontent,  
Sadness which no indulgence could prevent,  
Hence whole day wanderings, broken nightly sleeps  
And lonesome watch that out of doors he keeps;  
Not oftentimes, I trust, as we, poor brute!  
Espied him on his legs sustained, blank, mute,  
And of all visible motion destitute,  
So that the very heaving of his breath

<sup>1</sup> A local word for Sledge

Seemed stopt, though by some other power than death  
 Long as we gazed upon the form and face,  
 A mild domestic pity kept its place,  
 Unscared by thronging fancies of strange hue  
 That haunted us in spite of what we knew  
 Even now I sometimes think of him as lost  
 In second-sight appearances, or crost  
 By spectral shapes of guilt, or to the ground,  
 On which he stood, by spells unnatural bound,  
 Like a gaunt shaggy Porter forced to wait  
 In days of old romance at Archimago's gate

Advancing Summer, Nature's law fulfilled,  
 The choristers in every grove had stilled ;  
 But we, we lacked not music of our own,  
 For lightsome Fanny had thus early thrown,  
 Mid the gay prattle of those infant tongues,  
 Some notes prelusive, from the round of songs  
 With which, more zealous than the liveliest bird  
 That in wild Arden's brakes was ever heard,  
 Her work and her work's partners she can cheer,  
 The whole day long, and all days of the year.

Thus gladdened from our own dear Vale we pass  
 And soon approach Diana's Looking-glass !  
 To Loughrigg tarn,<sup>1</sup> round clear and bright as heaven,  
 Such name Italian fancy would have given,  
 Ere on its banks the few grey cabins rose  
 That yet disturb not its concealed repose  
 More than the feeblest wind that idly blows.

Ah, Beaumont ! when an opening in the road  
 Stopped me at once by charm of what it showed,  
 The encircling region vividly exprest  
 Within the mirror's depth, a world at rest—  
 Sky streaked with purple, grove and craggy *field*,<sup>2</sup>  
 And the smooth green of many a pendent field,  
 And, quieted and soothed, a torrent small,  
 A little daring would-be waterfall,  
 One chimney smoking and its azure wreath,  
 Associate all in the calm Pool beneath,  
 With here and there a faint imperfect gleam  
 Of water-lilies veiled in misty steam—

LOUGHRIGG TARN resembles, though much smaller in compass, the Lake Nemi, or *Speculum Dianæ* as it is often called, not only in its clear waters and circular form, and the beauty immediately surrounding it, but also as being overlooked by the eminence of Langdale Pikes as Lake Nemi is by that of Monte Calvo.

<sup>2</sup> A word common in the country, signifying shelter, as in Scotland.

What wonder at this hour of stillness deep,  
A shadowy link 'tween wakefulness and sleep,  
When Nature's self, amid such blending, seems  
To render visible her own soft dreams,  
If, mixed with what appeared of rock, lawn, wood,  
Fondly embosomed in the tranquil flood,  
A glimpse I caught of that Abode, by Thee  
Designed to rise in humble privacy,  
A lowly Dwelling, here to be outspread,  
Like a small Hamlet, with its bashful head  
Half hid in native trees. Alas 'tis not,  
Nor ever was ; I sighed, and left the spot  
Unconscious of its own untoward lot,  
And thought in silence, with regret too keen,  
Of unexperienced joys that might have been ;  
Of neighbourhood and intermingling arts,  
And golden summer days uniting cheerful hearts.  
But time, irrevocable time, is flown  
And let us utter thanks for blessings sown  
And reaped—what hath been, and what is, our own.

Not far we travelled ere a shout of glee,  
Startling us all, dispersed my reverie ,  
Such shout as many a sportive echo meeting  
Of times from Alpine *chalets* sends a greeting.  
Whence the blithe hail ? behold a Peasant stand  
On high, a kerchief waving in her hand !  
Not unexpectant that by early day  
Our little Band would thrud this mountain way,  
Before her cottage on the bright hill side  
She hath advanced with hope to be descried  
Right gladly answering signals we displayed,  
Moving along a tract of morning shade,  
And vocal wishes sent of like good will  
To our kind Friend high on the sunny hill—  
Luminous region, fair as if the prime  
Were tempting all astir to look aloft or climb ;  
Only the centre of the shining cot  
With door left open makes a gloomy spot,  
Emblem of those dark corners sometimes found  
Within the happiest breast on earthly ground.  
Rich prospect left behind of stream and vale,  
And mountain-tops, a barren ridge we scale ,  
Descend, and reach, in Yewdale's depths, a plain  
With haycocks studded, striped with yellowing grain—  
An area level as a Lake and spread

Under a rock too steep for man to tread,  
Where sheltered from the north and bleak northwest  
Aloft the Raven hangs a visible nest,  
Fearless of all assaults that would her brood molest  
Hot sunbeams fill the steaming vale, but hark,  
At our approach, a jealous watch-dog's bark,  
Noise that brings forth no liveried Page of state,  
But the whole household, that our coming wait  
With Young and Old warm greetings we exchange,  
And jocund smiles, and toward the lowly Grange  
Press forward by the teasing dogs unscared  
Entering, we find the morning meal prepared :  
So down we sit, though not till each had cast  
Pleased looks around the delicate repast—  
Rich cream, and snow-white eggs fresh from the nest,  
With amber honey from the mountain's breast,  
Strawberries from lane or woodland, offering wild  
Of children's industry, in hillocks piled,  
Cakes for the nonce, and butter fit to lie  
Upon a lordly dish, frank hospitality  
Where simple art with bounteous nature vied,  
And cottage comfort shunned not seemly pride.

Kind Hostess ! Handmaid also of the feast,  
If thou be lovelier than the kindling East,  
Words by thy presence unrestrained may speak  
Of a perpetual dawn from brow and cheek  
Instinct with light whose sweetest promise lies,  
Never retiring, in thy large dark eyes,  
Dark but to every gentle feeling true,  
As if their lustre flowed from ether's purest blue.

Let me not ask what tears may have been wept  
By those bright eyes, what weary vigils kept,  
Beside that hearth what sighs may have been heaved  
For wounds inflicted, nor what toil relieved  
By fortitude and patience, and the grace  
Of heaven in pity visiting the place  
Not unadvisedly those secret springs  
I leave unsearched. enough that memory clings,  
Here as elsewhere, to notices that make  
Their own significance for hearts awake,  
To rural incidents, whose genial powers  
Filled with delight three summer morning hours

More could my pen report of grave or gay  
That through our gipsy travel cheered the way ;  
But, bursting forth above the waves, the Sun

‘The Sight of a Beautiful Picture’ 259

Laughs at my pains, and seems to say “Be done”  
Yet, Beaumont, thou wilt not, I trust, reprove  
This humble offering made by Truth to Love,  
Nor chide the Muse that stooped to break a spell  
Which might have else been on me yet —FAREWELL.  
(1811)

UPON PERUSING THE FOREGOING EPISTLE THIRTY  
YEARS AFTER ITS COMPOSITION

Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest  
Take those dear young Ones to a fearless nest,  
And in Death’s arms has long reposed the Friend  
For whom this simple Register was penned  
Thanks to the moth that spared it for our eyes,  
And Strangers even the slighted Scroll may prize,  
Moved by the touch of kindred sympathies  
For—save the calm, repentance sheds o’er strife  
Raised by remembrances of misused life,  
The light from past endeavours purely willed  
And by Heaven’s favour happily fulfilled,  
Save hope that we, yet bound to Earth, may share  
The joys of the Departed—what so fair  
As blameless pleasure, not without some tears,  
Reviewed through Love’s transparent veil of years?

UPON THE SIGHT OF A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE<sup>1</sup>

PAINTED BY SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART.

PRAISED be the Art whose subtle power could stay  
Yon cloud, and fix it in that glorious shape,  
Nor would permit the thin smoke to escape,  
Nor those bright sunbeams to forsake the day;  
Which stopped that band of travellers on their way,  
Ere they were lost within the shady wood,  
And showed the Bark upon the grassy flood  
For ever anchored in her sheltering bay  
Soul-soothing Art! whom Morning, Noontide, Even,  
Do serve with all their changeful pageantry,  
Thou, with ambition modest yet sublime,  
Here, for the sight of mortal man, hast given  
To one brief moment caught from fleeting time  
The appropriate calm of blest eternity

(1811)

<sup>1</sup> This was written when we dwelt in the Parsonage at Grasmere. The principal features of the picture are Bredon Hill and Cloud Hill near Coleorton. I shall never forget the happy feeling with which my heart was filled when I was impelled to compose this Sonnet.



## INSCRIPTIONS

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON, THE SEAT OF SIR  
GEORGE BEAUMONT, BART., LEICESTERSHIRE

## I

THE embowering rose, the acacia, and the pine,  
Will not unwillingly their place resign,  
If but the Cedar thrive that near them stands,  
Planted by Beaumont's and by Wordsworth's hands.  
One wooed the silent Art with studious pains  
These groves have heard the Other's pensive strains,  
Devoted thus, their spirits did unite  
By interchange of knowledge and delight.  
May Nature's kindest powers sustain the Tree,  
And Love protect it from all injury<sup>1</sup>  
And when its potent branches, wide out-thrown,  
Darken the brow of this memorial Stone,  
Here may some Painter sit in future days,  
Some future Poet meditate his lays;  
Not mindless of that distant age renowned  
When Inspiration hovered o'er this ground,  
The haunt of him who sang how spear and shield  
In civil conflict met on Bosworth-field;  
And of that famous Youth, full soon removed  
From earth, perhaps by Shakspeare's self approved,  
Fletcher's Associate, Jonson's Friend beloved.

(1808)

II<sup>1</sup>

OFt is the medal faithful to its trust  
When temples, columns, towers, are laid in dust;  
And 'tis a common ordinance of fate  
That things obscure and small outlive the great.  
Hence, when yon mansion and the flowery trim  
Of this fair garden, and its alleys dim,  
And all its stately trees, are passed away,  
This little Niche, unconscious of decay,  
Perchance may still survive. And be it known  
That it was scooped within the living stone,—

<sup>1</sup> This Niche is in the sandstone-rock in the winter-garden at Coleorton, which garden, as has been elsewhere said, was made under our direction out of an old unsightly quarry. While the labourers were at work, Mrs Wordsworth, my Sister, and I used to amuse ourselves occasionally in scooping this seat out of the soft stone. It is of the size, with something of the appearance, of a Stall in a Cathedral. This inscription is not engraven, as the former and the two following are, in the grounds.

Not by the sluggish and ungrateful pains  
Of labourer plodding for his daily gains,  
But by an industry that wrought in love ;  
With help from female hands, that proudly strove  
To aid the work, what time these walks and bowers  
Were shaped to cheer dark winter's lonely hours.

(1811)

III<sup>1</sup>

YE Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn,  
Shoot forth with lively power at Spring's return ,  
And be not slow a stately growth to rear  
Of pillars, branching off from year to year,  
Till they have learned to frame a darksome aisle ;—  
That may recall to mind that awful Pile  
Where Reynolds, 'mid our country's noblest dead,  
In the last sanctity of fame is laid.

—There, though by right the excelling Painter sleep  
Where Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep,  
Yet not the less his Spirit would hold dear  
Self-hidden praise, and Friendship's private tear :  
Hence, on my patrimonial grounds, have I  
Raised this frail tribute to his memory ,  
From youth a zealous follower of the Art  
That he professed , attached to him in heart ;  
Admiring, loving, and with grief and pride  
Feeling what England lost when Reynolds died.

(1808)

IV<sup>2</sup>

BENEATH yon eastern ridge, the craggy bound,  
Rugged and high, of Charnwood's forest ground  
Stand yet, but, Stranger ! hidden from thy view,  
The ivied Ruins of forlorn GRACE DIEU ,  
Erst a religious House, which day and night  
With hymns resounded, and the chanted rite  
And when those rites had ceased, the Spot gave birth  
To honourable Men of various worth .  
There, on the margin of a streamlet wild,  
Did Francis Beaumont sport, an eager child ,  
There, under shadow of the neighbouring rocks,  
Sang youthful tales of shepherds and their flocks ;

<sup>1</sup> Written at the request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and in his name, for an urn, placed by him at the termination of a newly-planted avenue, in the same grounds.

<sup>2</sup> For a seat in the groves on Coleorton

<sup>3</sup> K 203

## 262 Song for the Spinning-Wheel

Unconscious prelude to heroic themes,  
Heart-breaking tears, and melancholy dreams  
Of slighted love, and scorn, and jealous rage,  
With which his genius shook the buskined stage  
Communities are lost, and Empires die,  
And things of holy use unhallowed lie,  
They perish,—but the Intellect can raise,  
From airy words alone, a Pile that ne'er decays  
(1811)

### SONG FOR THE SPINNING-WHEEL<sup>1</sup>

SWIFTLY turn the murmuring wheel !  
Night has brought the welcome hour,  
When the weary fingers feel  
Help, as if from faery power ;  
Dewy night o'ershades the ground ;  
Turn the swift wheel round and round !  
Now, beneath the starry sky,  
Couch the widely-scattered sheep ;—  
Ply the pleasant labour, ply !  
For the spindle, while they sleep,  
Runs with speed more smooth and fine,  
Gathering up a trustier line.  
Short-lived likings may be bred  
By a glance from fickle eyes,  
But true love is like the thread  
Which the kindly wool supplies,  
When the flocks are all at rest  
Sleeping on the mountain's breast  
(1812)

### COMPOSED ON THE EVE OF THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND IN THE VALE OF GRASMERE

WHAT need of clamorous bells, or ribands gay,  
These humble nuptials to proclaim or grace ?  
Angels of love, look down upon the place ;  
Shed on the chosen vale a sun-bright day !  
Yet no proud gladness would the Bride display  
Even for such promise —serious is her face,  
Modest her mien, and she, whose thoughts keep pace  
With gentleness, in that becoming way

<sup>1</sup> Founded upon a belief prevalent among the pastoral vales of West moreland. The belief on which this is founded I have often heard expressed by an old neighbour of Grasmere.

Will thank you. Faultless does the Maid appear,  
 No disproportion in her soul, no strife  
 But, when the closer view of wedded life  
 Hath shown that nothing human can be clear  
 From frailty, for that insight may the Wife  
 To her indulgent Lord become more dear  
 (1812)

## WATER-FOWL

OBSERVED FREQUENTLY OVER THE LAKES OF RYDAL  
 AND GRASMERE<sup>1</sup>

MARK how the feathered tenants of the flood,  
 With grace of motion that might scarcely seem  
 Inferior to angelical, prolong  
 Their curious pastime<sup>1</sup> shaping in mid air  
 (And sometimes with ambitious wing that soars  
 High as the level of the mountain-tops)  
 A circuit ampler than the lake beneath—  
 Their own domain, but ever, while intent  
 On tracing and retracing that large round,  
 Their jubilant activity evolves  
 Hundreds of curves and circlets, to and fro,  
 Upward and downward, progress intricate  
 Yet unperplexed, as if one spirit swayed  
 Their indefatigable flight. 'Tis done—  
 Ten times, or more, I fancied it had ceased;  
 But lo! the vanished company again  
 Ascending, they approach—I hear their wings,  
 Faint, faint at first, and then an eager sound,  
 Past in a moment—and as faint again!  
 They tempt the sun to sport amid their plumes;  
 They tempt the water, or the gleaming ice,  
 To show them a fair image; 'tis themselves,  
 Their own fair forms, upon the glimmering plain,  
 Painted more soft and fair as they descend  
 Almost to touch,—then up again aloft,  
 Up with a sally and a flash of speed,  
 As if they scorned both resting-place and rest!  
 (1812)

<sup>1</sup> "Let me be allowed the aid of verse to describe the evolutions which these visitants sometimes perform, on a fine day towards the close of winter"—*Extract from the Author's Book on the Lakes.*

## 264 View from the Top of Black Comb

### VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK COMB<sup>1</sup>

THIS Height a ministering Angel might select :  
 For from the summit of BLACK COMB (dread name  
 Derived from clouds and storms <sup>1</sup>) the amplest range  
 Of unobstructed prospect may be seen  
 That British ground commands —low dusky tracts,  
 Where Trent is nursed, far southward <sup>1</sup> Cambrian hills  
 To the south-west, a multitudinous show ,  
 And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these,  
 The hoary peaks of Scotland that give birth  
 To Tiviot's stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde —  
 Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth  
 Gigantic mountains rough with crags ; beneath,  
 Right at the imperial station's western base  
 Main ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched  
 Far into silent regions blue and pale ,—  
 And visibly engirding Mona's Isle  
 That, as we left the plain, before our sight  
 Stood like a lofty mount, uplifting slowly  
 (Above the convex of the watery globe)  
 Into clear view the cultured fields that streak  
 Her habitable shores, but now appears  
 A dwindled object, and submits to lie  
 At the spectator's feet —Yon azure ridge,  
 Is it a perishable cloud ? Or there  
 Do we behold the line of Erin's coast ?  
 Land sometimes by the roving shepherd-swain  
 (Like the bright confines of another world)  
 Not doubtfully perceived.—Look homeward now .  
 In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene  
 The spectacle, how pure <sup>1</sup>—Of Nature's works,  
 In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea,  
 A revelation infinite it seems ,  
 Display august of man's inheritance,  
 Of Britain's calm felicity and power <sup>1</sup>  
 (1813)

<sup>1</sup> Black Comb stands at the southern extremity of Cumberland its base covers a much greater extent of ground than any other mountain in those parts ; and, from its situation, the summit commands a more extensive view than any other point in Britain Mrs. Wordsworth and I, as mentioned in the "Epistle to Sir G. H. Beaumont," lived some time under its shadow

WRITTEN WITH A SLATE PENCIL ON A  
STONE, ON THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN  
OF BLACK COMB<sup>1</sup>

STAY, bold Adventurer, rest awhile thy limbs  
On this commodious Seat<sup>1</sup> for much remains  
Of hard ascent before thou reach the top  
Of this huge Eminence,—from blackness named,  
And, to far-travelled storms of sea and land,  
A favourite spot of tournament and war!  
But thee may no such boisterous visitants  
Molest; may gentle breezes fan thy brow,  
And neither cloud conceal, nor misty air  
Bedim, the grand terraqueous spectacle,  
From centre to circumference, unveiled!  
Know, if thou grudge not to prolong thy rest,  
That on the summit whither thou art bound,  
A geographic Labourer pitched his tent,  
With books supplied and instruments of art,  
To measure height and distance; lonely task,  
Week after week pursued!—To him was given  
Full many a glimpse (but sparingly bestowed  
On timid man) of Nature's processes  
Upon the exalted hills He made report  
That once, while there he plied his studious work  
Within that canvas Dwelling, colours, lines,  
And the whole surface of the out-spread map,  
Became invisible. for all around  
Had darkness fallen—unthreatened, unproclaimed—  
As if the golden day itself had been  
Extinguished in a moment; total gloom,  
In which he sate alone, with unclosed eyes,  
Upon the blinded mountain's silent top!

(1813)

NOVEMBER 1813

Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright,  
Our aged Sovereign sits, to the ebb and flow  
Of states and kingdoms, to their joy or woe,  
Insensible. He sits deprived of sight,

<sup>1</sup> The circumstance alluded to at the conclusion of these verses was told me by Dr. Satterthwaite, who was Incumbent of Bootle, a small town at the foot of Black Comb. He had the particulars from one of the engineers who was employed in making trigonometrical surveys of that region.

And lamentably wrapt in twofold night,  
 Whom no weak hopes deceived, whose mind ensued,  
 Through perilous war, with regal fortitude,  
 Peace that should claim respect from lawless Might.  
 Dread King of kings, vouchsafe a ray divine  
 To his forlorn condition ! let thy grace  
 Upon his inner soul in mercy shine,  
 Permit his heart to kindle, and to embrace  
 (Though it were only for a moment's space)  
 The triumphs of this hour, for they are THINE

LAODAMIA<sup>1</sup>

"WITH sacrifice before the rising morn  
 Vows have I made by fruitless hope inspired,  
 And from the infernal Gods, 'mid shades forlorn  
 Of night, my slaughtered Lord have I required.  
 Celestial pity I again implore,—  
 Restore him to my sight—great Jove, restore !"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed  
 With faith, the Suppliant heavenward lifts her hands,  
 While, like the sun emerging from a cloud,  
 Her countenance brightens—and her eye expands;  
 Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows,  
 And she expects the issue in repose

O terror ! what hath she perceived ?—O joy !  
 What doth she look on ?—whom doth she behold ?  
 Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy ?  
 His vital presence ? his corporeal mould ?  
 It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He !  
 And a God leads him, wingèd Mercury !

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand  
 That calms all fear, "Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,  
 Laodamia ! that at Jove's command  
 Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air  
 He comes to tarry with thee three hours' space,  
 Accept the gift, behold him face to face !"

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp;  
 Again that consummation she essayed,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount. The incident of the trees growing and withering put the subject into my thoughts, and I wrote with the hope of giving it a loftier tone than, so far as I know, has been given to it by any of the Ancients who have treated of it. It cost me more trouble than almost anything of equal length I have ever written.

But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp  
As often as that eager grasp was made  
The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,  
And re-assume his place before her sight

“Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !  
Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice .  
This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne ,  
Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.  
Not to appal me have the gods bestowed  
This precious boon , and blest a sad abode ”

“Great Jove, Laodamía ! doth not leave  
His gifts imperfect —Spectre though I be,  
I am not sent to scare thee or deceive ,  
But in reward of thy fidelity  
And something also did my worth obtain ,  
For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

“Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold  
That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand  
Should die , but me the threat could not withhold .  
A generous cause a victim did demand ,  
And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ,  
A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain ”

“Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best !  
Thy matchless courage I bewail no more,  
Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest  
By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore ,  
Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—  
A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

“But thou, though capable of sternest deed,  
Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave ,  
And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed  
Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave .  
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair  
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

“No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this ;  
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side !  
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss  
To me, this day, a second time thy bride ! ”  
Jove frowned in heaven . the conscious Parcæ threw  
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

“This visage tells thee that my doom is past .  
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys



Of sense were able to return as fast  
 And surely as they vanish Earth destroys  
 Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains .  
 Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

“Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control  
 Rebellious passion : for the Gods approve  
 The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;  
 A fervent, not ungovernable, love.  
 Thy transports moderate , and meekly mourn  
 When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—”

“Ah, wherefore ?—Did not Hercules by force  
 Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb  
 Alcestis, a reanimated corse,  
 Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?  
 Medea’s spells dispersed the weight of years,  
 And Æson stood a youth ’mid youthful peers.

“The Gods to us are merciful—and they  
 Yet further may relent . for mightier far  
 Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway  
 Of magic potent over sun and star,  
 Is love, though oft to agony distrest,  
 And though his favourite seat be feeble woman’s breast

“But if thou goest, I follow—” “Peace !” he said,—  
 She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered,  
 The ghastly colour from his lips had fled ;  
 In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared  
 Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,  
 Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel  
 In worlds whose course is equable and pure ,  
 No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—  
 The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;  
 Spake of heroic arts in graver mood  
 Revived, with finer harmony pursued ;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there  
 In happier beauty , more pellucid streams,  
 An ampler ether, a diviner air,  
 And fields invested with purpureal gleams ,  
 Chimes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day  
 Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned  
 That privilege by virtue.—“Ill,” said he,

"The end of man's existence I discerned,  
Who from ignoble games and revelry  
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,  
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night ;

"And while my youthful peers before my eyes  
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)  
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise  
By martial sports,—or, seated in the tent,  
Chieftains and kings in council were detained ;  
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

"The wished-for wind was given.—I then revolved  
The oracle, upon the silent sea,  
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved  
That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be  
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—  
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

"Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang  
When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife !  
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,  
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,—  
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers,  
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

"But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,  
'Behold they tremble !—haughty their array,  
Yet of their number no one dares to die ?'

In soul I swept the indignity away · · ·  
Old frailties then recurred—but lofty thought,  
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought

"And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak  
In reason, in self-government too slow,  
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek  
Our blest re-union in the shades below.  
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised ;  
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

"Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—  
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,  
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end ;  
For this the passion to excess was driven—  
That self might be annulled · her bondage prove  
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love"—

Aloud she shrieked ! for Hermes re-appears !  
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis vain.  
The hours are past—too brief had they been years,  
And him no mortal effort can detain :

Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,  
He through the portal takes his silent way,  
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,  
She perished ; and, as for a wilful crime,  
By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved,  
Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,  
Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers  
Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due ;  
And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown  
Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,  
As fondly he believes —Upon the side  
Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)  
A knot of spiry trees for ages grew  
From out the tomb of him for whom she died ;  
And ever, when such stature they had gained  
That Ilhum's walls were subject to their view,  
The trees' tall summits withered at the sight ,  
A constant interchange of growth and blight.<sup>1</sup>

## DION

(SEE PLUTARCH)

## I

FAIR is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing  
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,  
Bears him on while proudly sailing  
He leaves behind a moon-illuminated wake .  
Behold ! the mantling spirit of reserve  
Fashions his neck into a goodly curve ,  
An arch thrown back between luxuriant wings  
Of whitest garniture, like fir-tree boughs  
To which, on some unuffled morning, clings  
A flaky weight of winter's purest snows !  
—Behold !—as with a gushing impulse heaves  
That downy prow, and softly cleaves  
The mirror of the crystal flood,  
Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,

<sup>1</sup> For the account of these long-lived trees, see Pliny's *Natural History*, lib xvi cap 44, and for the features in the character of Protesilaus see the *Iphigenia in Aulis* of Euripides. Virgil places the Shade of Laodamia in a mournful region, among unhappy Lovers,

“—His Laodamia,  
It comes——”

And pendant rocks, where'er in glo'ring state,  
 Winds the mute Creature with his Mate  
 Or rival, save the Queen of night  
 Showering down a silver light,  
 From heaven, upon her chosen favourite !

## II

So pure, so bright, so fitted to embrace,  
 Where'er he turned, a natural grace  
 Of haughtiness without pretence,  
 And to unfold a still magnificence,  
 Was princely Dion, in the power  
 And beauty of his happier hour.  
 Nor less the homage that was seen to wait  
 On Dion's virtues, when the lunar beam  
 Of Plato's genius, from its lofty sphere,  
 Fell round him in the grove of Academe,  
 Softening their inbred dignity austere, —  
     That he, not too elate  
     With self-sufficing solitude,  
 But with majestic lowliness endued,  
     Might in the universal bosom reign,  
 And from affectionate observance gain  
 Help, under every change of adverse fate.

## III

Five thousand warriors—O the rapturous day !  
 Each crowned with flowers, and armed with spear and shield,  
 Or ruder weapon which their course might yield,  
 To Syracuse advance in bight array.  
 Who leads them on ?—The anxious People see  
 Long-exiled Dion marching at their head,  
 He also crowned with flowers of Sicily,  
 And in a white, far-beaming, corselet clad !  
 Pure transport undisturbed by doubt or fear  
 The Gazers feel ; and, rushing to the plain,  
 Salute those Strangers as a holy train  
 Or blest procession (to the Immortals dear)  
 That brought their precious liberty again.  
 Lo ! when the gates are entered, on each hand,  
 Down the long street, rich goblets filled with wine  
     In seemly order stand,  
 On tables set, as if for rites divine ;—  
 And, as the great Deliverer marches by,

He looks on festal ground with fruits bestrown ;  
 And flowers are on his person thrown  
     In boundless prodigality ,  
 Nor doth the general voice abstain from prayer,  
     Invoking Dion's tutelary care,  
     As if a very Deity he were !

## IV

Mourn, hills and groves of Attica ! and mourn  
 Illyssus, bending o'er thy classic urn !  
 Mourn, and lament for him whose spirit dreads  
 Your once-sweet memory, studious walks and shades !  
 For him who to divinity aspired,  
 Not on the breath of popular applause,  
 But through dependence on the sacred laws  
 Framed in the schools where Wisdom dwelt retired,  
 Intent to trace the ideal path of right  
 (More fair than heaven's broad causeway paved with stars)  
 Which Dion learned to measure with delight ,  
 But he hath overleaped the eternal bars ,  
 And, following guides whose craft holds no consent  
 With aught that breathes the ethereal element,  
 Hath stained the robes of civil power with blood,  
 Unjustly shed, though for the public good.  
 Whence doubts that came too late, and wishes vain,  
 Hollow excuses, and triumphant pain ,  
 And oft his cogitations sink as low  
 As, through the abysses of a joyless heart,  
 The heaviest plummet of despair can go ,  
 But whence that sudden check ? that fearful start !  
     He hears an uncouth sound—  
     Anon his lifted eyes  
 Saw at a long-drawn gallery's dusky bound,  
 A Shape of more than mortal size  
 And hideous aspect, stalking round and round !  
     A woman's garb the Phantom wore,  
     And fiercely swept the marble floor,—  
     Like Auster whirling to and fro,  
     His force on Caspian foam to try ,  
 Or Boreas when he scours the snow  
 That skins the plains of Thessaly,  
 Or when aloft on Mænalus he stops  
 His flight, 'mid eddying pine-tree tops !

## V

So, but from toil less sign of profit reaping,  
 The sullen Spectre to her purpose bowed,  
     Sweeping—vehemently sweeping—  
 No pause admitted, no design avowed !  
 “Avaunt, inexplicable Guest !—avaunt,”  
 Exclaimed the Chieftain—“Let me rather see  
 The coronal that coiling vipers make ,  
 The torch that flames with many a lurid flake,  
 And the long train of doleful pageantry  
 Which they behold, whom vengeful Furies haunt ,  
 Who, while they struggle from the scourge to flee,  
 Move where the blasted soil is not unworn,  
 And, in their anguish, bear what other minds have borne !”

## VI

But Shapes that come not at an earthly call,  
 Will not depart when mortal voices bid ,  
 Lords of the visionary Eye whose lid  
 Once raised, remains aghast and will not fall !  
 Ye Gods, thought He, that servile Implement  
 Obeys a mystical intent !  
 Your Minister would brush away  
 The spots that to my soul adhere ,  
 But should she labour night and day,  
 They will not, cannot disappear ;  
 Whence angry perturbations,—and that look  
 Which no Philosophy can brook !

## VII

Ill fated Chief ! there are whose hopes are built  
 Upon the ruins of thy glorious name ,  
 Who, through the portal of one moment's guilt,  
 Pursue thee with their deadly aim !  
 O matchless perfidy ! portentous lust  
 Of monstrous crime !—that horror-striking blade,  
 Drawn in defiance of the Gods, hath laid  
 The noble Syracusan low in dust !  
 Shudder the walls—the marble city wept—  
 And sylvan places heaved a pensive sigh ,  
 But in calm peace the appointed Victim slept,  
 As he had fallen in magnanimity .  
 Of spirit too capacious to require  
 That Destiny her course should change , too just  
 To his own native greatness to desire  
 That wretched boon, days lengthened by mistrust.

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So were the hopeless troubles, that involved  
The soul of Dion, instantly dissolved  
Released from life and cares of princely state,  
He left this moral grafted on his Fate,  
“ Him only pleasure leads, and peace attends,  
Him, only him, the shield of Jove defends,  
Whose means are fair and spotless as his ends ”  
(1814)

### MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN SCOTLAND

1814

#### I

SUGGESTED BY A BEAUTIFUL RUIN UPON ONE OF THE  
ISLANDS OF LOCH LOMOND, A PLACE CHOSEN FOR THE  
RETREAT OF A SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL, FROM WHOM THIS  
HABITATION ACQUIRED THE NAME OF

#### THE BROWNIE'S CELL

#### I

To barren heath, bleak moor, and quaking fen,  
Or depth of labyrinthine glen ;  
Or into trackless forest set  
With trees, whose lofty umbrage met ,  
World-wearied Men withdrew of yore ,  
(Penance their trust, and prayer their store  
And in the wilderness were bound  
To such apartments as they found,  
Or with a new ambition raised ,  
That God might suitably be praised.

#### II

High lodged the *Warrior*, like a bird of prey ,  
Or where broad waters round him lay :  
But this wild Ruin is no ghost  
Of his devices—buried, lost !  
Within this little lonely isle  
There stood a consecrated Pile,  
Where tapers burned, and mass was sung,  
For them whose timid Spirits clung  
To mortal succour, though the tomb  
Had fixed, for ever fixed, their doom !

<sup>1</sup> The account of the “ Brownie's Cell ” and the Brownies was given me by a man we met with on the banks of Loch Lomond, a little above Tarbert, and in front of a huge mass of rock, by the side of which, we were told, preachings were often held in the open air. The place is quite a solitude, and the surrounding scenery very striking.

III

Upon those servants of another world  
When madding Power her bolts had hurled,  
Their habitation shook,—it fell,  
And perished, save one narrow cell ;  
Whither, at length, a Wretch retired  
Who neither grovelled nor aspired .  
He, struggling in the net of pride,  
The future scorned, the past defied ,  
Still tempering, from the unguilty forge  
Of vain conceit, an iron scourge !

IV

Proud Remnant was he of a fearless Race,  
Who stood and flourished face to face  
With their perennial hills,—but Crime,  
Hastening the stern decrees of Time,  
Brought low a Power, which from its home  
Burst, when repose grew wearisome ,  
And, taking impulse from the sword,  
And, mocking its own plighted word,  
Had found, in ravage widely dealt,  
Its warfare's bourn, its travel's belt !

V

All, all were dispossessed, save him whose smile  
Shot lightning through this lonely Isle !  
No right had he but what he made  
To this small spot, his leafy shade ;  
But the ground lay within that ring  
To which he only dared to cling ;  
Renouncing here, as worse than dead,  
The craven few who bowed the head  
Beneath the change , who heard a claim  
How loud ! yet lived in peace with shame.

VI

From year to year this shaggy Mortal went  
(So seemed it) down a strange descent :  
Till they, who saw his outward frame,  
Fixed on him an unhallowed name ,  
Him, free from all malicious taint,  
And guiding, like the Patmos Saint,  
A pen unwearied—to indite,  
In his lone Isle, the dreams of night ,  
Impassioned dreams, that strove to span  
The faded glories of his Clan !



## 276 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

### VII

Suns that through blood their western harbour sought,  
And stars that in their courses fought,  
Towers rent, winds combating with woods,  
Lands deluged by unbridled floods,  
And beast and bird that from the spell  
Of sleep took import terrible ;—  
These types mysterious (if the show  
Of battle and the routed foe  
Had failed) would furnish an array  
Of matter for the dawning day !

### VIII

How disappeared He?—ask the newt and toad,  
Inheritors of his abode ;  
The otter crouching undisturbed,  
In her dank cleft,—but be thou curbed,  
O froward Fancy ! 'mid a scene  
Of aspect winning and serene ;  
For those offensive creatures shun  
The inquisition of the sun !  
And in this region flowers delight,  
And all is lovely to the sight

### IX

Spring finds not here a melancholy breast,  
When she applies her annual test  
To dead and living, when her breath  
Quickens, as now, the withered heath,—  
Nor flaunting Summer—when he throws  
His soul into the briar-rose .  
Or calls the lily from her sleep  
Prolonged beneath the bordering deep ;  
Nor Autumn, when the viewless wren  
Is warbling near the BROWNIE'S Den.

### X

Wild Relique ! beauteous as the chosen spot  
In Nysa's isle, the embellished grot,  
Whither, by care of Libyan Jove,  
(High Servant of paternal Love)  
Young Bacchus was conveyed—to lie  
Safe from his step-dame Rhea's eye,  
Where bud, and bloom, and fruitage, glowed,  
Close-crowding round the infant-god ;  
All colours,—and the liveliest streak  
A foil to his celestial cheek !

II

COMPOSED AT CORA LINN,  
IN SIGHT OF WALLACE'S TOWER

LORD of the vale ! astounding Flood ;  
The dullest leaf in this thick wood  
Quakes—conscious of thy power ,  
The caves reply with hollow moan ;  
And vibrates, to its central stone,  
Yon time-cemented Tower !

And yet how fair the rural scene !  
For thou, O Clyde, hast ever been  
Beneficent as strong ;  
Pleased in refreshing dews to steep  
The little trembling flowers that peep  
Thy shelving rocks among.

Hence all who love their country, love  
To look on thee—delight to rove  
Where they thy voice can hear ,  
And, to the patriot-warrior's Shade,  
Lord of the vale ! to Heroes laid  
In dust, that voice is dear !

Along thy banks, at dead of night  
Sweeps visibly the Wallace Wight ;  
Or stands, in warlike vest,  
Aloft, beneath the moon's pale beam,  
A Champion worthy of the stream,  
Yon grey tower's living crest !

But clouds and envious darkness hide  
A Form not doubtfully descried :—  
Their transient mission o'er,  
O say to what blind region flee  
These Shapes of awful phantasy ?  
To what untrodden shore ?

Less than divine command they spurn  
But this we from the mountains learn,  
And this the valleys show ,  
That never will they deign to hold  
Communion where the heart is cold  
To human weal and woe.

The man of abject soul in vain  
Shall walk the Marathonian plain  
Or thrid the shadowy gloom,

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That still invests the guardian Pass,  
Where stood, sublime, Leonidas  
Devoted to the tomb.

And let no Slave his head incline,  
Or kneel before the votive shrine  
By Uri's lake, where Tell  
Leapt, from his storm-vest boat, to land,  
Heaven's Instrument, for by his hand  
That day the Tyrant fell

### III

#### EFFUSION

IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND ON THE BANKS OF THE BRAN,  
NEAR DUNKELD<sup>1</sup>

WHAT He—who, 'mid the kindred throng  
Of Heroes that inspired his song,  
Doth yet frequent the hill of storms,  
The stars dim-twinkling through their forms  
What ! Ossian here—a painted Thrall,  
Mute fixture on a stuccoed wall ;  
To serve—an unsuspected screen  
For show that must not yet be seen ,  
And, when the moment comes, to part  
And vanish by mysterious art ,  
Head, harp, and body, split asunder,  
For ingress to a world of wonder ,  
A gay saloon, with waters dancing  
Upon the sight wherever glancing ;  
One loud cascade in front, and lo !  
A thousand like it, white as snow—  
Streams on the walls, and torrent-foam  
As active round the hollow dome,  
Illusive cataracts ! of their terrors  
Not stripped, nor voiceless in the mirrors,  
That catch the pageant from the flood  
Thundering adown a rocky wood.

<sup>1</sup> "The waterfall, by a loud roaring, warned us when we must expect it. We were first, however, conducted into a small apartment, where the Gardener desired us to look at a picture of Ossian, which, while he was telling the history of the young Artist who executed the work, disappeared, parting in the middle—flying asunder as by the touch of magic—and lo ! we are at the entrance of a splendid apartment, which was almost dizzy and alive with waterfalls, that tumbled in all directions, the great cascade, opposite the window, which faced us, being reflected in innumerable mirrors upon the ceiling and against the walls"—  
*Extract from the Journal of my Fellow-traveller.*

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 279

What pains to dazzle and confound !  
 What strife of colour, shape and sound  
 In this quaint medley, that might seem  
 Devised out of a sick man's dream !  
 Strange scene, fantastic and uneasy  
 As ever made a maniac dizzy,  
 When disenchanted from the mood  
 That loves on sullen thoughts to brood !

O Nature—in thy changeful visions,  
 Through all thy most abrupt transitions  
 Smooth, graceful, tender, or sublime—  
 Ever averse to pantomime,  
 Thee neither do they know nor us  
 Thy servants, who can trifle thus ;  
 Else verily the sober powers  
 Of rock that frowns, and stream that roars,  
 Exalted by congenial sway  
 Of Spirits, and the undying Lay,  
 And Names that moulder not away,  
 Had wakened some redeeming thought  
 More worthy of this favoured Spot,  
 Recalled some feeling—to set free  
 The Bard from such indignity !

<sup>1</sup> The Effigies of a Valiant Wight  
 I once beheld, a Templar Knight,  
 Not prostrate, not like those that rest  
 On tombs, with palms together priest,  
 But sculptured out of living stone,  
 And standing upright and alone,  
 Both hands with rival energy  
 Employed in setting his sword free  
 From its dull sheath—stern sentinel  
 Intent to guard St. Robert's cell,  
 As if with memory of the affray  
 Far distant, when, as legends say,  
 The Monks of Fountain's thronged to force  
 From its dear home the Hermit's corse,  
 That in their keeping it might lie,  
 To crown their abbey's sanctity  
 So had they rushed into the grot  
 Of sense despised, a world forgot,  
 And torn him from his loved retreat,  
 Where altar-stone and rock-hewn seat  
 Still hint that quiet best is found,

<sup>1</sup> On the banks of the River Nid, near Knaresborough.

## 280 Memorials of a Tour in Scotland

Even by the *Living*, under ground ,  
 But a bold Knight, the selfish aim  
 Defeating, put the monks to shame,  
 There where you see his image stand  
 Bare to the sky, with threatening brand  
 Which lingering NID is proud to show  
 Reflected in the pool below

Thus, like the men of earliest days,  
 Our sires set forth their grateful praise .  
 Uncouth the workmanship, and rude !  
 But, nursed in mountain solitude,  
 Might some aspiring artist dare  
 To seize whate'er, through misty air,  
 A ghost, by glimpses, may present  
 Of imitable lineament,  
 And give the phantom an array  
 That less should scorn the abandoned clay ;  
 Then let him hew with patient stroke  
 An Ossian out of mural rock,  
 And leave the figurative Man—  
 Upon thy margin, roaring Bran !—  
 Fixed, like the Templar of the steep,  
 An everlasting watch to keep .  
 With local sanctities in trust,  
 More precious than a hermit's dust ;  
 And virtues through the mass infused,  
 Which old idolatry abused

What though the Granite would deny  
 All fervour to the sightless eye ,  
 And touch from rising suns in vain  
 Solicit a Memnonian strain ;  
 Yet, in some fit of anger sharp,  
 The wind might force the deep-grooved harp  
 To utter melancholy moans  
 Not unconnected with the tones  
 Of soul-sick flesh and weary bones ;  
 While grove and river notes would lend,  
 Less deeply sad, with these to blend !

Vain pleasures of luxurious life,  
 For ever with yourselves at strife ,  
 Through town and country both deranged  
 By affectations interchanged,  
 And all the perishable gauds  
 That heaven-deserted man applauds ;  
 When will your hapless patrons learn

## Memorials of a Tour in Scotland 281

To watch and ponder—to discern  
The freshness, the everlasting youth,  
Of admiration sprung from truth,  
From beauty infinitely growing  
Upon a mind with love o'erflowing—  
To sound the depths of every Art  
That seeks its wisdom through the heart ?

Thus (where the intrusive Pile, ill-graced  
With baubles of theatric taste,  
O'erlooks the torrent breathing showers  
On motley bands of alien flowers  
In stiff confusion set or sown,  
Till Nature cannot find her own,  
Or keep a remnant of the sod  
Which Caledonian Heroes trod)  
I mused, and, thirsting for redress,  
Recoiled into the wilderness

### IV

#### YARROW VISITED<sup>1</sup>

SEPTEMBER 1814

AND is this—Yarrow?—*Thus* the Stream  
Of which my fancy cherished,  
So faithfully, a waking dream?  
An image that hath perished !  
O that some Minstrel's harp were near,  
To utter notes of gladness,  
And chase this silence from the air,  
That fills my heart with sadness !

Yet why?—a silvery current flows  
With uncontrolled meanderings ;  
Nor have these eyes by greener hills  
Been soothed, in all my wanderings  
And, through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake  
Is visibly delighted ;  
For not a feature of those hills  
Is in the mirror slighted

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow vale,  
Save where that pearly whiteness  
Is round the rising sun diffused,  
A tender hazy brightness ,

<sup>1</sup> As mentioned in my verses on the death of the Ettrick Shepherd,  
my first visit to Yarrow was in his company

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Mild dawn of promise<sup>1</sup> that excludes  
 All profitless dejection ;  
 Though not unwilling here to admit  
 A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower  
 Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding ?  
 His bed perchance was yon smooth mound  
 On which the herd is feeding .  
 And haply from this crystal pool,  
 Now peaceful as the morning,  
 The Water-wraith ascended thence—  
 And gave his doleful warning

Delicious is the Lay that sings  
 The haunts of happy Lovers,  
 The path that leads them to the grove,  
 The leafy grove that covers .  
 And Pity sanctifies the Verse  
 That paints, by strength of sorrow,  
 The unconquerable strength of love ;  
 Bear witness, rueful Yarrow<sup>1</sup>

But thou, that didst appear so fair  
 To fond imagination,  
 Dost rival in the light of day  
 Her delicate creation .  
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
 A softness still and holy ,  
 The grace of forest charms decayed,  
 And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds  
 Rich groves of lofty stature,  
 With Yarrow winding through the pomp  
 Of cultivated nature ,  
 And, rising from those lofty groves,  
 Behold a Ruin hoary<sup>1</sup>  
 The shattered front of Newark's Towers,  
 Renowned in Border story

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,  
 For sportive youth to stray in ,  
 For manhood to enjoy his strength ;  
 And age to wear away in<sup>1</sup>  
 Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,  
 A covert for protection

Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—  
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet, on this autumnal day,  
The wild-wood fruits to gather,  
And on my True-love's forehead plant  
A crest of blooming heather !  
And what if I enwreathed my own !  
'Twere no offence to reason ,  
The sober Hills thus deck their brows  
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,  
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee ,  
A ray of fancy still survives—  
Her sunshine plays upon thee !  
Thy ever-youthful waters keep  
A course of lively pleasure ,  
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,  
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights,  
They melt, and soon must vanish ,  
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—  
Sad thought, which I would banish,  
But that I know, where'er I go,  
Thy genuine image, Yarrow !  
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,  
And cheer my mind in sorrow

“FROM THE DARK CHAMBERS OF  
DEJECTION FREED”<sup>1</sup>

FROM the dark chambers of dejection freed,  
Spurning the unprofitable yoke of care,  
Rise, GILLIES, rise, the gales of youth shall bear  
Thy genius forward like a wingèd steed  
Though bold Bellerophon (so Jove decreed

<sup>1</sup> Composed in 1814, during my Scotch tour with Mrs Wordsworth and my sister in the year 1814. Poor Gillies never rose above that course of extravagance in which he was at that time living, and which soon reduced him to poverty and all its degrading shifts, mendicity being far from the worst. I grieve whenever I think of him, for he was far from being without genius, and had a generous heart, not always to be found in men given up to profusion. He was nephew of Lord Gillies, the Scotch judge, and also of the historian of Greece. He was cousin to Miss Margaret Gillies, who painted so many portraits with success in our house.



In wrath) fell headlong from the fields of air,  
 Yet a rich guerdon waits on minds that dare,  
 If aught be in them of immortal seed,  
 And reason govern that audacious flight  
 Which heavenward they direct —Then droop not thou,  
 Erroneously renewing a sad vow  
 In the low dell 'mid Roslin's faded grove .  
 A cheerful life is what the Muses love,  
 A soaring spirit is their prime delight.  
 (1814)

## LINES

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN A COPY OF THE AUTHOR'S  
 POEM "THE EXCURSION," UPON HEARING OF THE  
 DEATH OF THE LATE VICAR OF KENDAL

To public notice, with reluctance strong,  
 Did I deliver this unfinished Song ,  
 Yet for one happy issue ;—and I look  
 With self-congratulation on the Book  
 Which pious, learned, MURFITT saw and read ;—  
 Upon my thoughts his saintly Spirit fed ,  
 He conned the new-born Lay with grateful heart—  
 Foreboding not how soon he must depart ;  
 Unweeting that to him the joy was given  
 Which good men take with them from earth to heaven  
 (1814)

## TO B. R. HAYDON

HIGH is our calling, Friend !—Creative Art  
 (Whether the instrument of words she use,  
 Or pencil pregnant with ethereal hues,)  
 Demands the service of a mind and heart,  
 Though sensitive, yet, in their weakest part,  
 Heroically fashioned—to infuse  
 Faith in the whispers of the lonely Muse,  
 While the whole world seems adverse to desert  
 And, oh ! when Nature sinks, as oft she may,  
 Through long lived pressure of obscure distress,  
 Still to be strenuous for the bright reward,  
 And in the soul admit of no decay,  
 Brook no continuance of weakmindedness—  
 Great is the glory, for the strife is hard !

(1815)

ARTEGAL AND ELIDURE<sup>1</sup>

(SEE THE CHRONICLE OF GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH AND  
MILTON'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND)

WHERE be the temples which, in Britain's Isle,  
For his paternal Gods, the Trojan raised ?  
Gone like a morning dream, or like a pile  
Of clouds that in cerulean ether blazed !  
Ere Julius landed on her white-cliffed shore,

They sank, delivered o'er  
To fatal dissolution ; and, I ween,  
No vestige then was left that such had ever been.

Nathless, a British record (long concealed  
In old Armorica, whose secret springs  
No Gothic conqueror ever drank) revealed  
The marvellous current of forgotten things ;  
How Brutus came, by oracles impelled,

And Albion's giants quelled,  
A brood whom no civility could melt,  
"Who never tasted grace, and goodness ne'er had felt."

By brave Corneus aided, he subdued,  
And rooted out the intolerable kind ;  
And this too-long-polluted land imbued  
With goodly arts and usages refined ,  
Whence golden harvests, cities, warlike towers,  
And pleasure's sumptuous bowers ;  
Whence all the fixed delights of house and home,  
Friendships that will not break, and love that cannot roam.

O, happy Britain ! region all too fair  
For self-delighting fancy to endure  
That silence only should inhabit there,  
Wild beasts, or uncouth savages impure !  
But, intermingled with the generous seed,  
Grew many a poisonous weed ,  
Thus fares it still with all that takes its birth  
From human care, or grows upon the breast of earth  
Hence, and how soon ! that war of vengeance waged  
By Guendolen against her faithless lord ,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount, as a token of affectionate respect for the memory of Milton. "I have determined," says he, in his preface to his History of England, "to bestow the telling over even of these reputed tales, be it for nothing else but in favour of our English Poets and Rhetoricians, who by their wit will know how to use them judiciously."

Till she, in jealous fury unassuaged  
 Had slain his paramour with ruthless sword,  
 Then, into Severn hideously defiled,  
     She flung her blameless child,  
 Sabrina,—vowing that the stream should bear  
 That name through every age, her hatred to declare.

So speaks the Chronicle, and tells of Lear  
 By his ungrateful daughters turned adrift  
 Ye lightnings, hear his voice!—they cannot hear,  
 Nor can the winds restore his simple gift  
 But One there is, a Child of nature meek,  
     Who comes her Sire to seek,

And he, recovering sense, upon her breast  
 Leans smilingly, and sinks into a perfect rest

There too we read of Spenser's fairy themes,  
 And those that Milton loved in youthful years;  
 The sage enchanter Merlin's subtle schemes,  
 The feats of Arthur and his knightly peers,  
 Of Arthur,—who, to upper light restored,

    With that terrific sword

Which yet he brandishes for future war,  
 Shall lift his country's fame above the polar star!

What wonder, then, if in such ample field  
 Of old tradition, one particular flower  
 Doth seemingly in vain its fragrance yield,  
 And bloom unnoticed even to this late hour?  
 Now, gentle Muses, your assistance grant,

    While I this flower transplant

Into a garden stored with Poesy,  
 Where flowers and herbs unite, and haply some weeds be,  
 That, wanting not wild grace, are from all mischief free!

A KING more worthy of respect and love  
 Than wise Gorboduc ruled not in his day,  
 And grateful Britain prospered far above  
 All neighbouring countries through his righteous sway;  
 He poured rewards and honours on the good;

    The oppressor he withstood,  
 And while he served the Gods with reverence due  
 Fields smiled, and temples rose, and towns and cities grew.

He died, whom Artegal succeeds—his son,  
 But how unworthy of that sire was he!  
 A hopeful reign, auspiciously begun,  
 Was darkened soon by foul iniquity.

From crime to crime he mounted, till at length  
 The nobles leagued their strength  
 With a vexed people, and the tyrant chased,  
 And, on the vacant throne, his worthier Brother placed  
 From realm to realm the humbled Exile went,  
 Suppliant for aid his kingdom to regain,  
 In many a court, and many a warrior's tent,  
 He urged his persevering suit in vain.  
 Him, in whose wretched heart ambition failed,  
 Dire poverty assailed,  
 And, tired with slights his pride no more could brook,  
 He towards his native country cast a longing look.  
 Fair blew the wished-for wind—the voyage sped,  
 He landed; and, by many dangers scared,  
 "Poorly provided, poorly followed,"  
 To Calaturnus's forest he repaired.  
 How changed from him who, born to highest place,  
 Had swayed the royal mace,  
 Flattered and feared, despised yet deified,  
 In Troynovant, his seat by silver Thames's side!  
 From that wild region where the crownless King  
 Lay in concealment with his scanty train,  
 Supporting life by water from the spring,  
 And such chance food as outlaws can obtain,  
 Unto the few whom he esteems his friends  
 A messenger he sends;  
 And from their secret loyalty requires  
 Shelter and daily bread,—the sum of his desires.  
 While he the issue waits, at early morn  
 Wandering by stealth abroad, he chanced to hear  
 A startling outcry made by hound and horn,  
 From which the tusky wild boar flies in fear,  
 And, scouring toward him o'er the grassy plain,  
 Behold the hunter train!  
 He bids his little company advance  
 With seeming unconcern and steady countenance.  
 The royal Elidure, who leads the chase,  
 Hath checked his foaming courser:—can it be!  
 Methinks that I should recognise that face,  
 Though much disguised by long adversity!  
 He gazed rejoicing, and again he gazed,  
 Confounded and amazed—  
 "It is the king, my brother!" and, by sound  
 Of his own voice confirmed, he leaps upon the ground.

Long, strict, and tender was the embrace he gave,  
 Feebly returned by daunted Artegal,  
 Whose natural affection doubts enslave,  
 And apprehensions dark and criminal  
 Loth to restrain the moving interview,

The attendant lords withdrew,

And, while they stood upon the plain apart,  
 Thus Elidure, by words, relieved his struggling heart.

“By heavenly Powers conducted, we have met,  
 —O Brother! to my knowledge lost so long,  
 But neither lost to love, nor to regret,  
 Nor to my wishes lost,—forgive the wrong,  
 (Such it may seem) if I thy crown have borne,

Thy royal mantle worn

I was their natural guardian; and 'tis just  
 That now I should restore what hath been held in trust”

A while the astonished Artegal stood mute,  
 Then thus exclaimed “To me, of titles shorn,  
 And stripped of power! me, feeble, destitute,  
 To me a kingdom! spare the bitter scorn.  
 If justice ruled the breast of foreign kings,

Then, on the wide-spread wings

Of war, had I returned to claim my right,  
 This will I here avow, not dreading thy despite.”

“I do not blame thee,” Elidure replied,  
 “But, if my looks did with my words agree,  
 I should at once be trusted, not defied,  
 And thou from all disquietude be free.

May the unsullied Goddess of the chase,  
 Who to this blessed place  
 At this blest moment led me, if I speak  
 With insincere intent, on me her vengeance wreak!

“Were this same spear, which in my hand I grasp,  
 The British sceptre, here would I to thee  
 The symbol yield, and would undo this clasp,  
 If it confined the robe of sovereignty.  
 Odious to me the pomp of regal court,

And joyless sylvan sport,

While thou art roving, wretched and forlorn,  
 Thy couch the dewy earth, thy roof the forest thorn!”

Then Artegal thus spake: “I only sought  
 Within this realm a place of safe retreat,

Beware of rousing an ambitious thought ,  
 Beware of kindling hopes, for me unmeet !  
 Thou art reputed wise, but in my mind  
 Art pitiaibly blind .

Full soon this generous purpose thou may'st rue,  
 When that which has been done no wishes can undo

"Who, when a crown is fixed upon his head,  
 Would balance claim with claim, and right with right ?  
 But thou—I know not how inspired, how led—  
 Wouldst change the course of things in all men's sight !  
 And this for one who cannot imitate

Thy virtue, who may hate .

For, if, by such strange sacrifice restored,  
 He reign, thou still must be his king, and sovereign lord ;

"Lifted in magnanimity above  
 Aught that my feeble nature could perform,  
 Or even conceive , surpassing me in love  
 Far as in power the eagle doth the worm.  
 I, Brother ! only should be king in name,  
 And govern to my shame ,  
 A shadow in a hated land, while all  
 Of glad or willing service to thy share would fall."

"Believe it not," said Elidure , "respect  
 Awaits on virtuous life, and ever most  
 Attends on goodness with dominion decked,  
 Which stands the universal empire's boast ,  
 This can thy own experience testify .

Nor shall thy foes deny  
 That, in the gracious opening of thy reign,  
 Our father's spirit seemed in thee to breathe again.

"And what if o'er thy bright unbosoming  
 Clouds of disgrace and envious fortune past !  
 Have we not seen the glories of the spring  
 By veil of noontide darkness overcast ?  
 The frith that glittered like a warrior's shield,  
 The sky, the gay green field,  
 Are vanished , gladness ceases in the groves,  
 And trepidation strikes the blackened mountain-coves.

"But is that gloom dissolved ? how passing clear  
 Seems the wide world, far brighter than before !  
 Even so thy latent worth will re-appear,  
 Gladdening the people's heart from shore to shore ;

For youthful faults ripe virtues shall atone ,  
 Re-seated on thy throne,  
 Proof shalt thou furnish that misfortune, pain,  
 And sorrow, have confirmed thy native right to reign.

"But, not to overlook what thou may st know,  
 Thy enemies are neither weak nor few ,  
 And circumspect must be our course, and slow,  
 Or from my purpose ruin may ensue  
 Dismiss thy followers,—let them calmly wait  
 Such change in thy estate  
 As I already have in thought devised ;  
 And which, with caution due, may soon be realised "

The Story tells what courses were pursued,  
 Until king Elidure, with full consent  
 Of all his peers, before the multitude,  
 Rose,—and, to consummate this just intent,  
 Did place upon his Brother's head the crown,  
 Relinquished by his own ,  
 Then to his people cried, "Receive your lord,  
 Gorbonian's first-born son, your rightful king restored!"

The people answered with a loud acclaim :  
 Yet more,—heart-smitten by the heroic deed,  
 The reinstated Artegal became  
 Earth's noblest penitent , from bondage freed  
 Of vice—thenceforth unable to subvert

Or shake his high desert.  
 Long did he reign , and, when he died, the tear  
 Of universal grief bedewed his honoured bier.

Thus was a Brother by a Brother saved ;  
 With whom a crown (temptation that hath set  
 Discord in hearts of men till they have braved  
 Their nearest kin with deadly purpose met)  
 'Gainst duty weighed, and faithful love, did seem

A thing of no esteem ,  
 And, from this triumph of affection pure,  
 He bore the lasting name of "pious Elidure "  
 (1815)

#### SEPTEMBER 1815

WHILE not a leaf seems faded , while the fields,  
 With ripening harvest prodigally fair,  
 In brightest sunshine bask , this nipping air,  
 Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields

His icy scimitar, a foretaste yields  
 Of bitter change, and bids the flowers beware ;  
 And whispers to the silent birds, " Prepare  
 Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields. '  
 For me, who under kindlier laws belong  
 To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry  
 Through leaves yet green, and yon crystalline sky,  
 Announce a season potent to renew,  
 'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of song,  
 And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

NOVEMBER I<sup>1</sup>

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright  
 The effluence from yon distant mountain's head,  
 Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,  
 Shines like another sun—on mortal sight  
 Uprisen, as if to check approaching Night,  
 And all her twinkling stars Who now would tread  
 If so he might, yon mountain's glittering head—  
 Terrestrial, but a surface, by the flight  
 Of sad mortality's earth-sullyng wing,  
 Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers  
 Dissolve that beauty, destined to endure,  
 White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,  
 Through all vicissitudes, till genial Spring  
 Has filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

(1815)

"THE FAIREST HUES OF ETHER FADE"<sup>2</sup>

THE fairest, brightest, hues of ether fade ;  
 The sweetest notes must terminate and die ;  
 O Friend ! thy flute has breathed a harmony  
 Softly resounded through this rocky glade ,  
 Such strains of rapture as<sup>3</sup> the Genius played  
 In his still haunt on Bagdad's summit high ,  
 He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,  
 Never before to human sight betrayed.  
 Lo, in the vale, the mists of evening spread !

<sup>1</sup> Suggested on the banks of the Brathay by the sight of Langdale Pikes It is delightful to remember these moments of far-distant days, which probably would have been forgotten if the impression had not been transferred to verse

<sup>2</sup> Suggested at Hacket, which is on the craggy ridge that rises between the two Langdales and looks towards Windermere.

<sup>3</sup> See the Vision of Mirza in the *Spectator*



## ‘ Hail, Twilight ’

The visionary Arches are not there,  
 Nor the green Islands, nor the shining Seas •  
 Yet sacred is to me this Mountain's head,  
 Whence I have risen, uplifted, on the breeze  
 Of harmony, above all earthly care.

## “WEAK IS THE WILL OF MAN”

‘WEAK is the will of Man, his judgment blind,  
 Remembrance persecutes, and Hope betrays,  
 Heavy is woe,—and joy, for human-kind,  
 A mournful thing, so transient is the blaze !’  
 Thus might *he* paint our lot of mortal days  
 Who wants the glorious faculty assigned  
 To elevate the more-than-reasoning Mind,  
 And colour life's dark cloud with orient rays.  
 Imagination is that sacred power,  
 Imagination lofty and refined ;  
 'Tis hers to pluck the amaranthine flower  
 Of Faith, and round the Sufferer's temples bind  
 Wreaths that endure affliction's heaviest shower,  
 And do not shrink from sorrow's keenest wind

## “HAIL, TWILIGHT”

HAIL, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour !  
 Not dull art Thou as undiscerning Night ;  
 But studious only to remove from sight  
 Day's mutable distinctions.—Ancient Power !  
 Thus did the waters gleam, the mountains lower,  
 To the rude Briton, when, in wolf-skin vest  
 Here roving wild, he laid him down to rest  
 On the bare rock, or through a leafy bower  
 Looked ere his eyes were closed By him was seen  
 The self-same Vision which we now behold,  
 At thy meek bidding, shadowy Power ! brought forth  
 These mighty barriers, and the gulf between,  
 The flood, the stars,—a spectacle as old  
 As the beginning of the heavens and earth !

## “THE SHEPHERD, LOOKING EASTWARD”

THE Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,  
 “Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright  
 Forthwith, that little cloud, in ether spread  
 And penetrated all with tender light,  
 She cast away, and showed her fulgent head  
 Uncovered ; dazzling the Beholder's sight

‘Mark the Concentred Hazels’ 293

As if to vindicate her beauty's right  
Her beauty thoughtlessly disparagèd  
Meanwhile that veil, removed or thrown aside,  
Went floating from her, darkening as it went ;  
And a huge mass, to bury or to hide,  
Approached this glory of the firmament ,  
Who meekly yields, and is obscured—content  
With one calm triumph of a modest pride

“EVEN AS A DRAGON'S EYE”

EVEN as a dragon's eye that feels the stress  
Of a bedimmed sleep, or as a lamp  
Suddenly glaring through sepulchral damp,  
So burns yon Taper 'mid a black recess  
Of mountains, silent, dreary, motionless  
The lake below reflects it not , the sky,  
Muffled in clouds, affords no company  
To mitigate and cheer its loneliness  
Yet, round the body of that joyless Thing  
Which sends so far its melancholy light,  
Perhaps are seated in domestic ring  
A gay society with faces bright,  
Conversing, reading, laughing,—or they sing,  
While hearts and voices in the song unite

‘MARK THE CONCENTRED HAZELS THAT  
ENCLOSE”<sup>1</sup>

MARK the concentred hazels that enclose  
Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray  
Of noontide suns —and even the beams that play  
And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,  
Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows  
Upon that roof, amid embowering gloom,  
The very image framing of a Tomb,  
In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose  
Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye trees !  
And thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep  
Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep  
For more than Fancy to the influence bends  
When solitary Nature condescends  
To mimic Time's forlorn humanities.

<sup>1</sup> Suggested in the wild hazel wood at the foot of Helm-crag, where the stone still lies, with others of like form and character, though much of the wood that veiled it from the glare of day has been felled



Even for the least division of an hour,  
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind  
 To my most grievous loss ?—That thought's return  
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,  
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,  
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;  
 That neither present time, nor years unborn  
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

## ODE

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL  
 THANKSGIVING, JANUARY 18, 1816<sup>1</sup>

## I

HAIL, orient Conqueror of gloomy Night !  
 Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude  
 On hearts howe'er insensible or rude ,  
 Whether thy punctual visitations smite  
 The haughty towers where monarchs dwell ;  
 Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright  
 Cheer'st the low threshold of the peasant's cell !  
 Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky  
 In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze,  
 Or cloud approaching to divert the rays,  
 Which even in deepest winter testify  
     Thy power and majesty,  
 Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze  
 —Well does thine aspect usher in this Day ,  
 As aptly suits therewith that modest pace  
     Submitted to the chains  
 That bind thee to the path which God ordains  
     That thou shalt trace,  
 Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass away !  
 Nor less, the stillness of these frosty plains,  
 Their utter stillness, and the silent grace  
 Of yon ethereal summits white with snow,  
 (Whose tranquil pomp and spotless purity  
     Report of storms gone by  
     To us who tread below)  
 Do with the service of this Day accord.  
 —Divinest Object which the uplifted eye  
 Of mortal man is suffered to behold ;

<sup>1</sup> The first stanza of this Ode was composed almost extempore, in front of Rydal Mount, before church-time, and on such a morning and precisely with such objects before my eyes as are here described.

Thou, who upon those snow-clad Heights has poured  
 Meek lustre, nor forget'st the humble Vale;  
 Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,  
 And for thy bounty wert not unadored  
 By pious men of old,  
 Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee hail!  
 Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

## II

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning hour,  
 All nature seems to hear me while I speak,  
 By feelings urged that do not vainly seek  
 Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes  
 That stream in blithe succession from the throats  
 Of birds, in leafy bower,  
 Warbling a farewell to a vernal shower  
 —There is a radiant though a short-lived flame,  
 That burns for Poets in the dawning east,  
 And oft my soul hath kindled at the same,  
 When the captivity of sleep had ceased,  
 But He who fixed immoveably the frame  
 Of the round world, and built, by laws as strong,  
 A solid refuge for distress—  
 The towers of righteousness,  
 He knows that from a holier altar came  
 The quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;  
 Knows that the source is nobler whence doth rise  
 The current of this matin song,  
 That deeper far it lies  
 Than aught dependent on the fickle skies

## III

Have we not conquered?—by the vengeful sword?  
 Ah no, by dint of Magnanimity,  
 That curbed the baser passions, and left free  
 A loyal band to follow their liege Lord  
 Clear-sighted Honour, and his staid Compeers,  
 Along a track of most unnatural years,  
 In execution of heroic deeds  
 Whose memory, spotless as the crystal beads  
 Of morning dew upon the untrodden meads,  
 Shall live enrolled above the starry spheres.  
 He, who in concert with an earthly string  
 Of Britain's acts would sing,  
 He with enraptured voice will tell  
 Of One whose spirit no reverse could quell;

Of One that 'mid the failing never failed—  
 Who paints how Britain struggled and prevailed  
 Shall represent her labouring with an eye  
 Of circumspect humanity ;  
 Shall show her clothed with strength and skill,  
 All martial duties to fulfil ;  
 Firm as a rock in stationary fight ,  
 In motion rapid as the lightning's gleam ;  
 Fierce as a flood-gate bursting at midnight  
 To rouse the wicked from their giddy dream—  
 Woe, woe to all that face her in the field !  
 Appalled she may not be, and cannot yield

## IV

And thus is *missed* the sole true glory  
 That can belong to human story !  
 At which they only shall arrive  
 Who through the abyss of weakness dive  
 The very humblest are too proud of heart ,  
 And one brief day is rightly set apart  
 For Him who lifteth up and layeth low ;  
 For that Almighty God to whom we owe,  
 Say not that we have vanquished—but that we survive.

## V

How dreadful the dominion of the impure !  
 Why should the Song be tardy to proclaim  
 That less than power unbounded could not tame  
 That soul of Evil—which, from hell let loose,  
 Had filled the astonished world with such abuse  
 As boundless patience only could endure ?  
 —Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapt in flame—  
 Who sees, may lift a streaming eye  
 To Heaven,—who never saw, may heave a sigh ,  
 But the foundation of our nature shakes,  
 And with an infinite pain the spuit aches,  
 When desolated countries, towns on fire,  
 Are but the avowed attire  
 Of warfare waged with desperate mind  
 Against the life of virtue in mankind ,  
 Assaulting without ruth  
 The citadels of truth ;  
 While the fair gardens of civility,  
 By ignorance defaced,  
 By violence laid waste,  
 Perish without reprieve for flower or tree !

## VI

A crouching purpose—a distracted will—  
 Opposed to hopes that battered upon scorn,  
 And to desires whose ever-waxing hoim  
 Not all the light of earthly power could fill,  
 Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill,  
 And to celerities of lawless force,  
 Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—  
 What could they gain but shadows of redress?  
 —So bad proceeded propagating worse,  
 And discipline was passion's dire excess  
 Widens the fatal web, its lines extend,  
 And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend  
 When will your trials teach you to be wise?  
 —O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

## VII

No more—the guilt is banished,  
 And, with the guilt, the shame is fled;  
 And, with the guilt and shame, the Woe hath vanished,  
 Shaking the dust and ashes from her head!  
 —No more—these lingerings of distress  
 Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.  
 What robe can Gratitude employ  
 So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?  
 What steps so suitable as those that move  
 In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures  
 Of glory, and felicity, and love,  
 Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

## VIII

O Britain! dearer far than life is dear,  
 If one there be  
 Of all thy progeny  
 Who can forget thy prowess, never more  
 Be that ungrateful Son allowed to hear  
 Thy green leaves rustle or thy torrents roar.  
 As springs the lion from his den,  
 As from a forest-brake  
 Upstarts a glistening snake,  
 The bold Arch-despot re-appeared;—again  
 Wide Europe heaves, impatient to be cast,  
 With all her armed Powers,  
 On that offensive soil, like waves upon a thousand shores

The trumpet blew a universal blast !  
 But Thou art foremost in the field —there stand :  
 Receive the triumph destined to thy hand !  
 All States have glorified themselves ;—their claims  
 Are weighed by Providence, in balance even ,  
 And now, in preference to the mightiest names,  
 To Thee the exterminating sword is given.  
 Dread mark of approbation, justly gained !  
 Exalted office, worthily sustained !

## IX

Preserve, O Lord ! within our hearts  
 The memory of thy favour,  
 That else insensibly departs,  
 And loses its sweet savour !  
 Lodge it within us !—as the power of light  
 Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems,  
 Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems,  
 So shine our thankfulness for ever bright !  
 What offering, what transcendent monument  
 Shall our sincerity to Thee present ?  
 —Not work of hands , but trophies that may reach  
 To highest Heaven—the labour of the Soul ;  
 That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach,  
 Upon the internal conquests made by each,  
 Her hope of lasting glory for the whole  
 Yet will not heaven disown nor earth gainsay  
 The outward service of this day ,  
 Whether the worshippers entreat  
 Forgiveness from God's mercy-seat ;  
 Or thanks and praises to His throne ascend  
 That He has brought our warfare to an end,  
 And that we need no second victory !——  
 Ha ! what a ghastly sight for man to see ;  
 And to the heavenly saints in peace who dwell,  
 For a brief moment, terrible ;  
 But, to thy sovereign penetration, fair,  
 Before whom all things are, that were,  
 All judgments that have been, or e'er shall be,  
 Links in the chain of thy tranquillity !  
 Along the bosom of this favoured Nation,  
 Breathe Thou, this day, a vital undulation !  
 Let all who do this land inherit  
 Be conscious of thy moving spirit !  
 Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,



Though sprung from bleeding war, is one of pure delight;  
 Bless Thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive,  
 When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,  
 And, at one moment, in one rapture, strive  
 With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For thy protecting care,  
 Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord  
 For tyranny subdued,  
 And for the sway of equity renewed,  
 For liberty confirmed, and peace restored !

## x

But hark—the summons !—down the placid lake  
 Floats the soft cadence of the church-tower bells ,  
 Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams would wake  
 The tender insects sleeping in their cells ;  
 Bright shines the Sun—and not a breeze to shake  
 The drops that tip the melting icicles.

*O, enter 'now his temple gate !*

Inviting words—perchance already flung  
 (As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle  
 Of some old Minster's venerable pile)  
 From voices into zealous passion stung,  
 While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blast,  
 And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast

Forth towards empyreal Heaven,

As if the fretted roof were riven.

Us, humbler ceremonies now await ,  
 But in the bosom, with devout respect  
 The banner of our joy we will erect,  
 And strength of love our souls shall elevate :  
 For to a few collected in his name,  
 Their heavenly Father will incline an ear  
 Gracious to service hallowed by its aim ,—  
 Awake ! the majesty of God revere !

Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed  
 Present your prayers—go—and rejoice aloud—

The Holy One will hear !

And what, 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,  
 Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate,  
 Shall simply feel and purely meditate—  
 Of warnings—from the unprecedented might,  
 Which, in our time, the impious have disclosed ;  
 And of more arduous duties thence imposed  
 Upon the future advocates of right ;

## Invocation to the Earth 301

Of mysteries revealed,  
And judgments unrepealed,  
Of earthly revolution,  
And final retribution,—  
To his omniscience will appear  
An offering not unworthy to find place,  
On this high DAY of THANKS, before the Throne of Grace !

### INVOCATION TO THE EARTH

FEBRUARY 1816<sup>1</sup>

#### I

“REST, rest, perturbed Earth !  
O rest, thou doleful Mother of Mankind !”  
A Spirit sang in tones more plaintive than the wind :  
“From regions where no evil thing has birth  
I come—thy stains to wash away,  
Thy cherished fetters to unbind,  
And open thy sad eyes upon a milder day.  
The Heavens are thronged with martyrs that have risen  
From out thy noisome prison,  
The penal caverns groan  
With tens of thousands rent from off the tree  
Of hopeful life,—by battle’s whirlwind blown  
Into the deserts of Eternity  
Unpitied havoc ! Victims unlamented !  
But not on high, where madness is resented,  
And murder causes some sad tears to flow,  
Though, from the widely-sweeping blow,  
The choirs of Angels spread, triumphantly augmented

#### II

“False Parent of Mankind !  
Obdurate, proud, and blind,  
I sprinkle thee with soft celestial dews,  
Thy lost, maternal heart to re-infuse !  
Scattering this far-fetched moisture from my wings,  
Upon the act a blessing I implore,  
Of which the rivers in their secret springs,  
The rivers stained so oft with human gore,  
Are conscious ;—may the like return no more !  
May Discord—for a Seraph’s care  
Shall be attended with a bolder prayer—

<sup>1</sup> Composed immediately after the “Thanksgiving Ode,” to which it may be considered as a second part.

May she, who once disturbed the seats of bliss  
 These mortal spheres above,  
 Be chained for ever to the black abyss  
 And thou, O rescued Earth, by peace and love,  
 And merciful desires, thy sanctity approve ! ”  
 The Spirit ended his mysterious rite,  
 And the pure vision closed in darkness infinite.

## ODE

## I

IMAGINATION—ne'er before content,  
 But aye ascending, restless in her pride  
 From all that martial feats could yield  
 To her desires, or to her hopes present—  
 Stooped to the Victory, on that Belgic field,  
 Achieved, this closing deed magnificent,  
 And with the embrace was satisfied.  
 —Fly, ministers of Fame,  
 With every help that ye from earth and heaven may claim !  
 Bear through the world these tidings of delight !  
 —Hours, Days, and Months, *have* borne them in the sight  
 Of mortals, hurrying like a sudden shower  
 That landward stretches from the sea,  
 The morning's splendours to devour ;  
 But this swift travel scorns the company  
 Of irksome change, or threats from saddening power  
 —*The shock is given—the Adversaries bleed—*  
*Lo, Justice triumphs ! Earth is freed !*  
 Joyful annunciation !—it went forth—  
 It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North—  
 It found no barrier on the ridge  
 Of Andes—frozen gulphs became its bridge—  
 The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight—  
 Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed—  
 The Arabian desert shapes a willing road  
 Across her burning breast,  
 For this refreshing incense from the West !—  
 —Where snakes and lions breed,  
 Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,  
 Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er  
 The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed—  
 While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night—  
 The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight !  
 The eyes of good men thankfully give heed,

And in its sparkling progress read  
 Of virtue crowned with glory's deathless meed :  
 Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won,  
 And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done ,  
 Even the proud Realm, from whose distracted borders  
 This messenger of good was launched in air,  
 France, humbled France, amid her wild disorders,  
 Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare,  
 That she too lacks not reason to rejoice,  
 And utter England's name with sadly-plausive voice

## II

O genuine glory, pure renown !  
 And well might it beseem that mighty Town  
 Into whose bosom earth's best treasures flow,  
 To whom all persecuted men retreat ;  
 If a new Temple lift her votive brow  
 High on the shore of silver Thames—to greet  
 The peaceful guest advancing from afar  
 Bright be the Fabric, as a star  
 Fresh risen, and beautiful within !—there meet  
 Dependence infinite, proportion just ,  
 A Pile that Grace approves, and Time can trust  
 With his most sacred wealth, heroic dust.

## III

But if the valiant of this land  
 In reverential modesty demand,  
 That all observance, due to them, be paid  
 Where their serene progenitors are laid ,  
 Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saintlike sages,  
 England's illustrious sons of long, long ages ;  
 Be it not unordained that solemn rites,  
 Within the circuit of those Gothic walls,  
 Shall be performed at pregnant intervals ;  
 Commemoration holy that unites  
 The living generations with the dead ;  
     By the deep soul-moving sense  
     Of religious eloquence,—  
     By visual pomp, and by the tie  
     Of sweet and threatening harmony .  
     Soft notes, awful as the omen  
     Of destructive tempests coming,  
     And escaping from that sadness  
     Into elevated gladness ;

While the white-robed choir attendant,  
 Under mouldering banners pendant,  
 Provoke all potent symphonies to raise  
     Songs of victory and praise,  
 For them who bravely stood unhurt, or bled  
 With medicable wounds, or found their graves  
 Upon the battle field, or under ocean's waves,  
 Or were conducted home in single state,  
 And long procession—there to lie,  
 Where their sons' sons, and all posterity,  
 Unheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate !

## IV

Nor will the God of peace and love  
 Such martial service disapprove  
 He guides the Pestilence—the cloud  
 Of locusts travels on his breath,  
 The region that in hope was ploughed  
 His drouth consumes, his mildew taints with death,  
 He springs the hushed Volcano's mine,  
 He puts the Earthquake on her still design,  
 Darkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink,  
 And, drinking towns and cities, still can drink  
 Cities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is Thine !—  
 The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts—  
 He hears the word—he flies—  
 And navies perish in their ports,  
 For Thou art angry with thine enemies !  
 For these, and mourning for our errors,  
 And sins, that point their terrors,  
 We bow our heads before Thee, and we laud  
 And magnify thy name, Almighty God !  
 But Man is thy most awful instrument,  
 In working out a pure intent,  
 Thou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling mail,  
 And for thy righteous purpose they prevail,  
 Thine arm from peril guards the coasts  
 Of them who in thy laws delight.  
 Thy presence turns the scale of doubtful fight,  
 Tremendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts !

## V

Forbear —to Thee—  
 Father and Judge of all, with fervent tongue  
 But in a gentler strain

Of contemplation, by no sense of wrong,  
 (Too quick and keen) incited to disdain  
 Of pity pleading from the heart in vain—  
 To THEE—To THEE—

Just God of christianised Humanity  
 Shall praises be poured forth, and thanks ascend  
 That Thou hast brought our warfare to an end,  
 And that we need no second victory !  
 Blest, above measure blest,  
 If on thy love our Land her hopes shall rest,  
 And all the Nations labour to fulfil  
 Thy law, and live henceforth in peace, in pure good will.

(1816)

## ODE

————— Carmina possumus  
 Donare, et pietum dicere muneri.  
 Non incisa notis marmora publicis,  
 Per quæ spiritus et vita redit bonis  
 Post mortem ducibus

————— clarius indicant  
 Laudes, quam ————— Pierides ; neque,  
 Si chartæ sileant quod bene feceris,  
 Mercedem tuleris ———— HOR. Car 8, lib 4.

## I

WHEN the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch  
 On the tired household of corporeal sense,  
 And Fancy, keeping unreluctant watch,  
 Was free her choicest favours to dispense ;  
 I saw, in wondrous perspective displayed,  
 A landscape more august than happiest skill  
 Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade ,  
 An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,  
 City, and naval stream, suburban grove,  
 And stately forest where the wild deer rove ;  
 Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,  
 And scattered rural farms of aspect bright ;  
 And, here and there, between the pastoral downs,  
 The azure sea upswelled upon the sight.  
 Fair prospect, such as Britain only shows !  
 But not a living creature could be seen  
 Through its wide circuit, that, in deep repose,  
 And, even to sadness, lonely and serene,  
 Lay hushed , till—through a portal in the sky  
 Brighter than brightest loop-hole, in a storm,  
 Opening before the sun's ————  
 Issued, to sudden view, a ————

Earthward it glided with a swift descent ·  
 Saint George himself this Visitant must be ,  
 And, ere a thought could ask on what intent  
 He sought the regions of Humanity,  
 A thrilling voice was heard, that vivified  
 City and field and flood,—aloud it cried—

“ Though from my celestial home,  
 Like a Champion, armed I come ;  
 On my helm the dragon crest,  
 And the red cross on my breast ;  
 I, the Guardian of this Land,  
 Speak not now of toilsome duty ;  
 Well obeyed was that command—  
 Whence bright days of festive beauty ,  
 Haste, Virgins, haste !—the flowers which summer gave  
 Have perished in the field ,  
 But the green thickets plenteously shall yield  
 Fit garlands for the brave,  
 That will be welcome, if by you entwined ,  
 Haste, Virgins, haste , and you, ye Matrons grave,  
 Go forth with rival youthfulness of mind,  
 And gather what ye find  
 Of hardy laurel and wild holly boughs—  
 To deck your stern Defenders’ modest brows !  
 Such simple gifts prepare,  
 Though they have gained a worthier meed ,  
 And in due time shall share  
 Those palms and amaranthine wreaths  
 Unto their martyred Countrymen decreed,  
 In realms where everlasting freshness breathes ! ”

## II

And lo ! with crimson banners proudly streaming,  
 And upright weapons innocently gleaming,  
 Along the surface of a spacious plain  
 Advance in order the redoubted Bands,  
 And there receive green chaplets from the hands  
 Of a fair female train—  
 Maids and Matrons, dight  
 In robes of dazzling white ;  
 While from the crowd bursts forth a rapturous noise  
 By the cloud-capt hills retorted ,  
 And a throng of rosy boys  
 In loose fashion tell their joys ;  
 And grey-haired sires, on staffs supported,

Look round, and by their smiling seem to say,  
Thus strives a grateful Country to display  
The mighty debt which nothing can repay !

## III

Anon before my sight a palace rose  
Built of all precious substances,—so pure  
And exquisite, that sleep alone bestows  
Ability like splendour to endure :  
Entered, with streaming thousands, through the gate,  
I saw the banquet spread beneath a Dome of state,  
A lofty Dome, that dared to emulate  
The heaven of sable night  
With starry lustre ; yet had power to throw  
Solemn effulgence, clear as solar light,  
Upon a princely company below,  
While the vault rang with choial harmony,  
Like some Nymph-haunted grot beneath the roaring sea.  
—No sooner ceased that peal, than on the verge  
Of exultation hung a dirge  
Breathed from a soft and lonely instrument,  
That kindled recollections  
Of agonised affections ;  
And, though some tears the strain attended,  
The mournful passion ended  
In peace of spirit, and sublime content !

## IV

But garlands wither , festal shows depart,  
Like dreams themselves , and sweetest sound—  
(Albeit of effect profound)  
It was—and it is gone !  
Victorious England ! bid the silent Art  
Reflect, in glowing hues that shall not fade,  
Those high achievements ; even as she arrayed  
With second life the deed of Marathon  
Upon Athenian walls ,  
So may she labour for thy civic halls  
And be the guardian spaces  
Of consecrated places,  
As nobly graced by Sculpture's patient toil ,  
And let imperishable Columns rise  
Fixed in the depths of this courageous soil  
Expressive signals of a glorious strife,  
And competent to shed a spark divine  
Into the torpid breast of daily life ;—



Records on which, for pleasure of all eyes,  
 The morning sun may shine  
 With gratulation thoroughly benign !

## v

And ye, Pierian Sisters, sprung from Jove  
 And sage Mnemosyne,—full long debarred  
 From your first mansions, exiled all too long  
 From many a hallowed stream and grove,  
 Dear native regions where ye wont to rove,  
 Chanting for patriot heroes the reward

Of never-dying song !

Now (for, though Truth descending from above  
 The Olympian summit hath destroyed for aye  
 Your kindred Deities, Ye live and move,  
 Spared for obeisance from perpetual love  
 For privilege redeemed of godlike sway)  
 Now, on the margin of some spotless fountain,  
 Or top serene of unmolested mountain,  
 Strike audibly the noblest of your lyres,  
 And for a moment meet the soul's desires !  
 That I, or some more favoured Bard, may hear  
 What ye, celestial Maids ! have often sung  
 Of Britain's acts,—may catch it with rapt ear,  
 And give the treasure to our British tongue !  
 So shall the characters of that proud page  
 Support their mighty theme from age to age ;  
 And, in the desert places of the earth,  
 When they to future empires have given birth,  
 So shall the people gather and believe  
 The bold report, transferred to every clime,  
 And the whole world, not envious but admiring,

And to the like aspiring,

Own—that the progeny of this fair Isle  
 Had power as lofty actions to achieve  
 As were performed in man's heroic prime,  
 Nor wanted, when their fortitude had held  
 Its even tenor, and the foe was quelled,  
 A corresponding virtue to beguile  
 The hostile purpose of wide-wasting Time—  
 That not in vain they laboured to secure,  
 For their great deeds, perpetual memory,  
 And fame as largely spread as land and sea,  
 By Works of spirit high and passion pure !

## ODE

## I

WHO rises on the banks of Seine,  
 And binds her temples with the civic wreath?  
 What joy to read the promise of her mien!  
 How sweet to rest her wide-spread wings beneath!  
     But they are ever playing,  
     And twinkling in the light,  
     And, if a breeze be staying,  
     That breeze she will invite,  
 And stands on tiptoe, conscious she is fair,  
 And calls a look of love into her face,  
 And spreads her arms, as if the general air  
 Alone could satisfy her wide embrace.  
 —Melt, Principalities, before her melt!  
 Her love ye hailed—her wrath have felt!  
 But She through many a change of form hath gone,  
 And stands amidst you now an armed creature,  
 Whose panoply is not a thing put on,  
 But the live scales of a portentous nature,  
 That, having forced its way from birth to birth,  
 Stalks round—abhorred by Heaven, a terror to the Earth!

## II

I marked the breathings of her dragon crest,  
 My Soul, a sorrowful interpreter,  
 In many a midnight vision bowed  
 Before the ominous aspect of her spear;  
 Whether the mighty beam, in scorn upheld,  
 Threatened her foes,—or, pompously at rest,  
 Seemed to bisect her orbèd shield,  
 As stretches a blue bar of solid cloud  
 Across the setting sun and all the fiery west.

## III

So did she daunt the Earth, and God defy!  
 And, wheresoe'er she spread her sovereignty,  
 Pollution tainted all that was most pure  
 —Have we not known—and live we not to tell—  
 That Justice seemed to hear her final knell?  
 Faith buried deeper in her own deep breast  
 Her stores, and sighed to find them insecure!  
 And Hope was maddened by the drops that fell  
 From shades, her chosen place of short-lived rest.

## 310 The French Army in Russia

Shame followed shame, and woe supplanted woe—  
Is this the only change that time can show?  
How long shall vengeance sleep? Ye patient Heavens, how  
long?

—Infirm ejaculation! from the tongue  
Of Nations wanting virtue to be strong  
Up to the measure of accorded might,  
And daring not to feel the majesty of right!

### IV

Weak Spirits are there—who would ask,  
Upon the pressure of a painful thing,  
The lion's sinews, or the eagle's wing;  
Or let their wishes loose, in forest-glade,  
Among the lurking powers  
Of herbs and lowly flowers,  
Or seek, from saints above, miraculous aid—  
That Man may be accomplished for a task  
Which his own nature hath enjoined;—and why?  
If, when that interference hath relieved him,  
He must sink down to languish  
In worse than former helplessness—and lie  
Till the caves roar,—and, imbecility  
Again engendering anguish,  
The same weak wish returns, that had before deceived him.

### V

But Thou, supreme Disposer! may'st not speed  
The course of things, and change the creed  
Which hath been held aloft before men's sight  
Since the first framing of societies,  
Whether, as bards have told in ancient song,  
Built up by soft seducing harmonies;  
Or prest together by the appetite,  
And by the power, of wrong  
(1816)

## THE FRENCH ARMY IN RUSSIA, 1812-13

### I

HUMANITY, delighting to behold  
A fond reflection of her own decay,  
Hath painted Winter like a traveller old,  
Propped on a staff, and, through the sullen day,  
In hooded mantle, limping o'er the plain,  
As though his weakness were disturbed by pain.

## The French Army in Russia 311

Or, if a juster fancy should allow  
An undisputed symbol of command,  
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,  
Infirmly grasped within a palsied hand  
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn,  
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.

For he it was—dread Winter ! who beset,  
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net,  
That host, when from the regions of the Pole  
They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal—  
That host, as huge and strong as e'er defied  
Their God, and placed their trust in human pride !  
As fathers persecute rebellious sons,  
He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth ;  
He called on Frost's inexorable tooth  
Life to consume in Manhood's firmest hold ;  
Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly runs ;  
For why—unless for liberty enrolled  
And sacred home—ah ! why should hoary Age be bold ?

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,  
But fleetier far the pinions of the Wind,  
Which from Siberian caves the Monarch freed,  
And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,  
And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride,  
And to the battle ride.

No pitying voice commands a halt,  
No courage can repel the dire assault ;  
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed, and blind,  
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find  
Burial and death look for them—and descry,  
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue sky,  
A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy !

### II

YE Storms, resound the praises of your King !  
And ye mild Seasons—in a sunny clime,  
Midway on some high hill, while father Time  
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,  
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing !  
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits, and flowers,  
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety showers,  
And the dire flapping of his hoary wing !  
Knt the blithe dance upon the soft green grass,  
With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gam ,

## 312 The Heights of Hochheim

Whisper it to the billows of the main,  
And to the aerial zephyrs as they pass,  
That old decrepit Winter—*He* hath slain  
That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain !

### III

By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze  
Of dreadful sacrifice, by Russian blood  
Lavished in fight with desperate hardihood ;  
The unfeeling Elements no claim shall raise  
To rob our Human-nature of just praise  
For what she did and suffered. Pledges sure  
Of a deliverance absolute and pure  
She gave, if Faith might tread the beaten ways  
Of Providence But now did the Most High  
Exalt his still small voice,—to quell that Host  
Gathered his power, a manifest ally,  
He, whose heaped waves confounded the proud boast  
Of Pharaoh, said to Famine, Snow, and Frost,  
“Finish the strife by deadliest victory !”  
(1816)

### THE GERMANS ON THE HEIGHTS OF HOCHHEIM

ABRUPTLY paused the strife,—the field throughout  
Resting upon his arms each warrior stood,  
Checked in the very act and deed of blood,  
With breath suspended, like a listening scout.  
O Silence ! thou wert mother of a shout  
That through the texture of yon azure dome  
Cleaves its glad way, a cry of harvest home  
Uttered to Heaven in ecstasy devout !  
The banner Rhine hath flashed, through battle-smoke,  
On men who gaze heart-smitten by the view,  
As if all Germany had felt the shock !  
—Fly, wretched Gauls ! ere they the charge renew  
Who have seen—themselves now casting off the yoke—  
The unconquerable Stream his course pursue.  
(1816)

### SIEGE OF VIENNA RAISED BY JOHN SOBIESKI

FEBRUARY 1816

Oh, for a kindling touch from that pure flame  
Which ministered, erewhile, to a sacrifice

# The Battle of Waterloo 313

Of gratitude, beneath Italian skies,  
 In words like these 'Up, Voice of song' proclaim  
 Thy saintly rapture with celestial aim  
 For lo! the Imperial City stands released  
 From bondage threatened by the embattled East,  
 And Christendom respire, from guilt and shame  
 Redeemed, from miserable fear set free  
 By one day's feat, one mighty victory.  
 —Chant the Deliverer's praise in every tongue!  
 The cross shall spread, the crescent hath waxed dim,  
 He conquering, as in joyful Heaven is sung,  
 HE CONQUERING THROUGH GOD, AND GOD BY HIM'<sup>1</sup>

## OCCASIONED BY THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

FEBRUARY 1816

### I

INTREPID sons of Albion! not by you  
 Is life despised, ah no, the spacious earth  
 Ne'er saw a race who held, by right of birth,  
 So many objects to which love is due  
 Ye slight not life—to God and Nature true,  
 But death, becoming death, is dearer far,  
 When duty bids you bleed in open war  
 Hence hath your prowess quelled that impious crew.  
 Heroes!—for instant sacrifice prepared,  
 Yet filled with ardour and on triumph bent  
 'Mid direst shocks of mortal accident—  
 To you who fell, and you whom slaughter spared  
 To guard the fallen, and consummate the event,  
 Your Country rears this sacred Monument!<sup>2</sup>

### II

THU BARD—whose soul's meek as dawning day,  
 Yet red to judgments righteously severe  
 Fervid, yet conversant with holy fear,  
 As recognising one Almighty sway—  
 He—whose experienced eye can pierce the array  
 Of past events; to whom, in vision clear,  
 The aspiring heads of future things appear,  
 Like mountain-tops whose mists have rolled away—  
 Assailed from all encumbrance of our time,<sup>3</sup>  
 He only, if such breathe, in strains devout

<sup>1</sup> See Filicaja's ode

<sup>2</sup> The last six lines intended for an Inscription.

<sup>3</sup> "From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil"—*Spenser*.

# 314 'Emperors and Kings'

Shall comprehend this victory sublime ,  
 Shall worthily rehearse the hideous rout,  
 The triumph hail, which from their peaceful clime  
 Angels might welcome with a choral shout !

## "EMPERORS AND KINGS, HOW OFT HAVE TEMPLES RUNG "

EMPERORS and Kings, how oft have temples rung  
 With impious thanksgiving, the Almighty's scorn !  
 How oft above their altars have been hung  
 Trophies that led the good and wise to mourn  
 Triumphant wrong, battle of battle born,  
 And sorrow that to fruitless sorrow clung !  
 Now, from Heaven-sanctioned victory, Peace is sprung ;  
 In this firm hour Salvation lifts her horn  
 Glory to arms ! But, conscious that the nerve  
 Of popular reason, long mistrusted, freed  
 Your thrones, ye Powers, from duty fear to swerve !  
 Be just, be grateful , nor, the oppressor's creed  
 Reviving, heavier chastisement deserve  
 Than ever forced unpitied hearts to bleed.  
 (1816)

## FEELINGS OF A FRENCH ROYALIST, ON THE DISINTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF THE DUKE D'ENGHIEN

DEAR Reliques ! from a pit of vilest mould  
 Uprisen—to lodge among ancestral kings ,  
 And to inflict shame's salutary stings  
 On the remorseless hearts of men grown old  
 In a blind worship ; men perversely bold  
 Even to this hour,—yet, some shall now forsake  
 Their monstrous Idol if the dead e'er spake,  
 To warn the living , if truth were ever told  
 By aught redeemed out of the hollow grave  
 O murdered Prince ! meek, loyal, pious, brave !  
 The power of retribution once was given :  
 But 'tis a rueful thought that willow bands  
 So often tie the thunder-wielding hands  
 Of Justice sent to earth from highest Heaven !  
 (1816)

TRANSLATION OF PART OF THE FIRST  
BOOK OF THE *ÆNEID*<sup>1</sup>

BUT Cytherea, studious to invent  
Arts yet untried, upon new counsels bent,  
Resolves that Cupid, changed in form and face  
To young Ascanius, should assume his place,  
Present the maddening gifts, and kindle heat  
Of passion at the bosom's inmost seat.  
She dreads the treacherous house, the double tongue,  
She burns, she frets—by Juno's rancour stung,  
The calm of night is powerless to remove  
These cares, and thus she speaks to winged Love.  
“O son, my strength, my power! who dost despise  
(What, save thyself, none dares through earth and skies)  
The giant-quelling bolts of Jove, I flee,  
O son, a suppliant to thy deity!  
What perils meet *Æneas* in his course,  
How Juno's hate with unrelenting force  
Pursues thy brother—this to thee is known;  
And oft-times hast thou made my griefs thine own.  
Him now the generous *Dido* by soft chains  
Of bland entreaty at her court detains,  
Junonian hospitalities prepare  
Such apt occasion that I dread a snare.  
Hence, ere some hostile God can intervene,  
Would I, by previous wiles, inflame the queen  
With passion for *Æneas*, such strong love  
That at my beck, mine only, she shall move.  
Hear, and assist,—the father's mandate calls  
His young Ascanius to the Tyrian walls,  
He comes, my dear delight,—and costliest things  
Preserved from fire and flood for presents brings.  
Him will I take, and in close covert keep,  
Mid groves *Idalian*, lulled to gentle sleep,  
Or on *Cythera's* far-sequestered steep,  
That he may neither know what hope is mine,  
Nor by his presence traverse the design.  
Do thou, but for a single night's brief space,  
Dissemble; be that boy in form and face!

<sup>1</sup> Having been displeased in modern translations with the additions of incongruous matter, I began to translate with a resolve to keep clear of that fault, by adding nothing, but I became convinced that a spirited translation can scarcely be accomplished in the English language without admitting a principle of compensation.



# 316 First Book of the Æneid

And when enraptured Dido shall receive  
Thee to her arms, and kisses interweave  
With many a fond embrace, while joy runs high,  
And goblets crown the proud festivity,  
Instil thy subtle poison, and inspire,  
At every touch, an unsuspected fire "

Love, at the word, before his mother's sight  
Puts off his wings, and walks, with proud delight,  
Like young Iulus , but the gentlest dew  
Of slumber Venus sheds, to circumfuse  
The true Ascanius steeped in placid rest ,  
Then wafts him, cherished on her careful breast,  
Through upper air to an Idalian glade,  
Where he on soft *amaracus* is laid,  
With breathing flowers embraced, and fragrant shade.  
But Cupid, following cheerily his guide  
Achates, with the gifts to Carthage hied ,  
And, as the hall he entered, there, between  
The sharers of her golden couch, was seen  
Reclined in festal pomp the Tyrian queen.  
The Trojans, too (*Æneas* at their head),  
On couches lie, with purple overspread .  
Meantime in canisters is heaped the bread,  
Pellucid water for the hands is borne,  
And napkins of smooth texture, finely shorn  
Within are fifty handmaids, who prepare,  
As they in order stand, the dainty fare ,  
And fume the household deities with store  
Of odorous incense , while a hundred more  
Matched with an equal number of like age,  
But each of manly sex, a docile page,  
Marshal the banquet, giving with due grace  
To cup or viand its appointed place.  
The Tyrians rushing in, an eager band,  
Their painted couches seek, obedient to command.  
They look with wonder on the gifts—they gaze  
Upon Iulus, dazzled with the rays  
That from his ardent countenance are flung,  
And charmed to hear his voice  
Nor pass unpraised the rc  
Round which the yellow flowers and wandering foliage twine.

But chiefly Dido, to the coming ill  
Devoted, strives in vain her vast desires to fill ,

She views the gifts , upon the child then turns  
 Insatiable looks, and gazing burns.  
 To ease a father's cheated love he hung  
 Upon *Æneas*, and around him clung ,  
 Then seeks the queen , with her his arts he tries ,  
 She fastens on the boy enamoured eyes,  
 Clasps in her arms, nor weens (O lot unblest !)  
 How great a God, incumbent o'er her breast,  
 Would fill it with his spirit    He, to please  
 His *Acidalian* mother, by degrees  
 Blots out *Sichæus*, studious to remove  
 The dead, by influx of a living love,  
 By stealthy entrance of a perilous guest,  
 Troubling a heart that had been long at rest

Now when the viands were withdrawn, and ceased  
 The first division of the splendid feast,  
 While round a vacant board the chiefs recline,  
 Huge goblets are brought forth , they crown the wine ;  
 Voices of gladness roll the walls around ,  
 Those gladsome voices from the courts rebound ;  
 From gilded rafters many a blazing light  
 Depends, and torches overcome the night.  
 The minutes fly—till, at the queen's command,  
 A bowl of state is offered to her hand .  
 Then she, as *Belus* wont, and all the line  
 From *Belus*, filled it to the brim with wine ,  
 Silence ensued    “ O *Jupiter*, whose care  
 Is hospitable dealing, grant my prayer !  
 Productive day be this of lasting joy  
 To *Tyrians*, and these exiles driven from *Troy* ;  
 A day to future generations dear !  
 Let *Bacchus*, donor of soul-quick'ning cheer,  
 Be present , kindly *Juno*, be thou near !  
 And, *Tyrians*, may your choicest favours wait  
 Upon this hour, the bond to celebrate ! ”  
 She spake and shed an offering on the board ,  
 Then sipped the bowl whence she the wine had poured  
 And gave to *Bitias*, urging the prompt lord ,  
 He raised the bowl, and took a long deep draught ;  
 Then every chief in turn the beverage quaffed.

Graced with redundant hair, *Iopas* sings  
 The lore of *Atlas*, to resounding strings,  
 The labours of the Sun, the lunar wanderings ,  
 When human kind, and brute , what natural powers

## 318 A Fact, and an Imagination

Engender lightning, whence are falling showers  
 He haunts Arcturus,—that fraternal twain  
 The glittering Bears,—the Pleiads fraught with rain,  
 —Why suns in winter, shunning heaven's steep heights,  
 Post seaward,—what impedes the tardy nights  
 The learned song from Tyrian hearers draws  
 Loud shouts,—the Trojans echo the applause.  
 —But, lengthening out the night with converse new,  
 Large draughts of love unhappy Dido drew,  
 Of Priam asked, of Hector—o'er and o'er—  
 What arms the son of bright Aurora wore,—  
 What steeds the car of Diomed could boast,  
 Among the leaders of the Grecian host  
 How looked Achilles, their dread paramour—  
 "But nay—the fatal wiles, O guest, recount,  
 Retrace the Grecian cunning from its source,  
 Your own grief and your friends?—your wandering course;  
 For now, till this seventh summer have ye ranged  
 The sea, or trod the earth, to peace estranged."  
 (1816)

### A FACT, AND AN IMAGINATION

OR, CANUTE AND ALFRED, ON THE SEASHORE<sup>1</sup>

#### I

THE Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair,  
 Mustering a face of haughty sovereignty,  
 To aid a covert purpose, cried—"O ye  
 Approaching Waters of the deep, that share  
 With this green isle my fortunes, come not where  
 Your Master's throne is set"—Deaf was the Sea;  
 Her waves rolled on, respecting his decree  
 Less than they heed a breath of wanton air.  
 —Then Canute, rising from the invaded throne,  
 Said to his servile Courtiers,—“Poor the reach,  
 The undisguised extent, of mortal sway!  
 He only is a King, and he alone  
 Deserves the name (this truth the billows preach)  
 Whose everlasting laws, sea, earth, and heaven, obey”

#### II

This just reproof the prosperous Dane  
 Drew, from the influx of the main,

<sup>1</sup> The first and last fourteen lines of this poem each make a sonnet, and were composed as such; but I thought that by intermediate lines they might be connected so as to make a whole. One or two expressions are taken from Milton's *History of England*

For some whose rugged northern mouths would strain  
 At oriental flattery,  
 And Canute (fact more worthy to be known)  
 From that time forth did for his brows disown  
 The ostentatious symbol of a crown,  
 Esteeming earthly royalty  
 Contemptible as vain

Now hear what one of elder days,  
 Rich theme of England's fondest praise,  
 Her dailings Alfred, *might* have spoken,  
 To cheer the remnant of his host  
 When he was driven from coast to coast,  
 Distressed and harassed, but with mind unbroken:

## III

"My faithful followers, lo! the tide is spent  
 That rose, and steadily advanced to fill  
 The shores and channels, working Nature's will  
 Among the mazy streams that backward went,  
 And in the sluggish pools where ships are pent.  
 And now, his task performed, the flood stands still,  
 At the green base of many an inland hill,  
 In placid beauty and sublime content!  
 Such the repose that sage and hero find,  
 Such measured rest the sedulous and good  
 Of humbler name, whose souls do, like the flood  
 Of Ocean, press right on, or gently wind,  
 Neither to be diverted nor withstood,  
 Until they reach the bounds by Heaven assigned"

(1816)

## TO DORA

*"A little onward lend thy guiding hand  
 To these dark steps, a little further on!"*  
 —What trick of memory to my voice hath brought  
 This mournful iteration? For though Time,  
 The Conqueror, crowns the Conquered, on this brow  
 Planting his favourite silver diadem,  
 Nor he, nor minister of his—intent  
 To run before him—hath enrolled me yet,  
 Though not unmenaced, among those who lean  
 Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight  
 —O my own Dora, my beloved child!  
 Should that day come—but hark! the birds salute  
 The cheerful dawn, brightening for me the east,

For me, thy natural leader, once again  
Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst  
A tottering infant, with compliant stoop  
From flower to flower supported, but to curb  
Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,  
Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge  
Of foaming torrents —From thy orisons  
Come forth, and, while the morning air is yet  
Transparent as the soul of innocent youth,  
Let me, thy happy guide, now point thy way,  
And now precede thee, winding to and fro,  
Till we by perseverance gain the top  
Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous  
Kindles intense desire for powers withheld  
From this corporeal frame, whereon who stands,  
Is seized with strong incitement to push forth  
His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge—dread thought,  
For pastime plunge—into the “abrupt abyss,”—  
Where ravens spread their plummy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct  
Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold  
There, how the Original of human art,  
Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects  
Her temples, fearless for the stately work,  
Though waves, to every breeze, its high-arched roof,  
And storms the pillars rock But we such schools  
Of reverential awe will chiefly seek

In the still summer noon, while beams of light,  
Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond  
Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall  
To mind the living presences of nuns,  
A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood,  
Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom  
Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve,  
To Christ, the Sun of righteousness, espoused

Now also shall the page of classic lore,  
To these glad eyes from bondage freed, again  
Lie open, and the book of Holy Writ,  
Again unfolded, passage clear shall yield  
To heights more glorious still, and into shades  
More awful, where, advancing hand in hand,  
We may be taught, O Darling of my care!  
To calm the affections, elevate the soul,  
And consecrate our lives to truth and love.

‘Inmate of a Mountain-dwelling’ 321

TO ———

ON HER FIRST ASCENT TO THE SUMMIT OF HEIVELLYN <sup>1</sup>

INMATE of a mountain-dwelling,  
Thou hast clomb aloft, and gazed  
From the watch-towers of Helvellyn,  
Awed, delighted, and amazed !

Potent was the spell that bound thee  
Not unwilling to obey,  
For blue Ether’s arms, flung round thee,  
Stilled the pantings of dismay

Lo ! the dwindled woods and meadows,  
What a vast abyss is there !  
Lo ! the clouds, the solemn shadows,  
And the glistenings—heavenly fair !

And a record of commotion  
Which a thousand ridges yield,  
Ridge, and gulf, and distant ocean  
Gleaming like a silver shield !

Maiden ! now take flight,—inherit  
Alps or Andes—they are thine !  
With the morning’s roseate Spirit,  
Sweep their length of snowy line,

Or survey their bright dominions  
In the gorgeous colours drest  
Flung from off the purple pinions,  
Evening spreads throughout the west !

Thine are all the coral fountains  
Warbling in each sparry vault  
Of the untrodden lunar mountains,  
Listen to their songs !—or halt,

To Niphates’ top invited,  
Whither spiteful Satan steered,  
Or descend where the ark alighted,  
When the green earth re-appeared ;

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount The lady was Miss Blackett, then residing with Mr. Montagu Burgoyne at Fox-Ghyll We were tempted to remain too long upon the mountain, and I, imprudently, with the hope of shortening the way, led her among the crags and down a steep slope which entangled us in difficulties that were met by her with much spirit and courage

For the power of hills is on thee,  
 As was witnessed through thine eye  
 Then, when old Helvellyn won thee  
 To confess their majesty !

(1816)

### VERNAL ODE <sup>1</sup>

#### I

BENEATH the concave of an April sky,  
 When all the fields with freshest green were dight,  
 Appeared, in presence of the spiritual eye  
 That aids or supersedes our grosser sight,  
 The form and rich habiliments of One  
 Whose countenance bore resemblance to the sun,  
 When it reveals, in evening majesty,  
 Features half lost amid their own pure light.  
 Poised like a weary cloud, in middle air  
 He hung,—then floated with angelic ease  
 (Softening that bright effulgence by degrees)  
 Till he had reached a summit sharp and bare,  
 Where oft the venturous heifer drinks the noontide breeze,  
 Upon the apex of that lofty cone  
 Alighted, there the Stranger stood alone ;  
 Fair as a gorgeous Fabric of the east  
 Suddenly raised by some enchanter's power,  
 Where nothing was , and firm as some old Tower  
 Of Britain's realm, whose leafy crest  
 Waves high, embellished by a gleaming shower !

#### II

Beneath the shadow of his purple wings  
 Rested a golden harp ;—he touched the strings ,  
 And, after prelude of unearthly sound  
 Poured through the echoing hills around,  
 He sang—

“No wintry desolations,  
 Scorching blight or noxious dew,  
 Affect my native habitations ,  
 Buried in glory, far beyond the scope  
 Of man's inquiring gaze, but to his hope

<sup>1</sup> Composed at Rydal Mount, to place in view the immortality of succession where immortality is denied, as far as we know, to the individual creature

*Rerum Natura tota est nusquam magis quam in minimis.*—PLIN.  
*Nat. Hist.*

Imaged, though faintly, in the hue  
 Profound of night's ethereal blue ;  
 And in the aspect of each radiant orb ,—  
 Some fixed, some wandering with no timid curb :  
 But wandering star and fixed, to mortal eye,  
 Blended in absolute serenity,  
 And free from semblance of decline ,—  
 Fresh as if Evening brought their natal hour,  
 Her darkness splendour gave, her silence power  
 To testify of Love and Grace divine.

## III

“ What if those bright fires  
 Shine subject to decay,  
 Sons haply of extinguished sires,  
 Themselves to lose their light, or pass away  
 Like clouds before the wind,  
 Be thanks poured out to Him whose hand bestows,  
 Nightly, on human kind  
 That vision of endurance and repose.  
 —And though to every draught of vital breath  
 Renewed throughout the bounds of earth or ocean,  
 The melancholy gates of Death  
 Respond with sympathetic motion ;  
 Though all that feeds on nether air,  
 Howe'er magnificent or fair,  
 Grows but to perish, and entrust  
 Its ruins to their kindred dust ,  
 Yet, by the Almighty's ever-during care,  
 Her procreant vigils Nature keeps  
 Amid the unfathomable deeps ,  
 And saves the peopled fields of earth  
 From dread of emptiness or dearth.  
 Thus, in their stations, lifting tow'rd the sky  
 The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,  
 The shadow-casting race of trees survive  
 Thus, in the train of Spring, arrive  
 Sweet flowers ,—what living eye hath viewed  
 Their myriads?—endlessly renewed,  
 Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray ,  
 Where'er the subtle waters stray ,  
 Wherever sportive breezes bend  
 Their course, or genial showers descend !  
 Mortals, rejoice ! the very Angels quit  
 Their mansions unsusceptible of change,



Amid your pleasant bowers to sit,  
And through your sweet vicissitudes to range ! ”

## IV

Oh, nursed at happy distance from the cares  
Of a too-anxious world, mild pastoral Muse !  
That, to the sparkling crown Urania wears,  
And to her sister Clio's laurel wreath,  
Prefer'st a garland culled from purple heath,  
Or blooming thicket moist with morning dews ,  
Was such bright Spectacle vouchsafed to me ?  
And was it granted to the simple ear  
Of thy contented Votary  
Such melody to hear !  
*Him* rather suits it, side by side with thee,  
Wrapped in a fit of pleasing indolence,  
While thy tired lute hangs on the hawthorn-tree,  
To lie and listen—till o'er-drowsèd sense  
Sinks, hardly conscious of the influence—  
To the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee  
—A slender sound ! yet hoary Time  
Doth to the *Soul* exalt it with the chime  
Of all his years,—a company  
Of ages coming, ages gone ,  
(Nations from before them sweeping,  
Regions in destruction steeping,)  
But every awful note in unison  
With that faint utterance, which tells  
Of treasure sucked from buds and bells,  
For the pure keeping of those waxen cells ,  
Where She—a statist prudent to confer  
Upon the common weal , a warrior bold,  
Radiant all over with unburnished gold,  
And armed with living spear for mortal fight ,  
A cunning forager  
That spreads no waste , a social builder ; one  
In whom all busy offices unite  
With all fine functions that afford delight—  
Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells !

## V

And is She brought within the power  
Of vision ?—o'er this tempting flower  
Hovering until the petals stay  
Her flight, and take its voice away !—

Observe each wing<sup>1</sup>—a tiny van !  
 The structure of her laden thigh,  
 How fragile ! yet of ancestry  
 Mysteriously remote and high ;  
 High as the imperial front of man ,  
 The roseate bloom on woman's cheek ,  
 The soaring eagle's curvèd beak ,  
 The white plumes of the floating swan ,  
 Old as the tiger's paw, the lion's mane  
 Ere shaken by that mood of stern disdain  
 At which the desert trembles.—Humming Bee !  
 Thy sting was needless then, perchance unknown,  
 The seeds of malice were not sown ,  
 All creatures met in peace, from fierceness free,  
 And no pride blended with their dignity.  
 —Tears had not broken from their source ,  
 Nor Anguish strayed from her Tartarean den ,  
 The golden years maintained a course  
 Not undiversified though smooth and even ,  
 We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then,  
 Bright Seraphs mixed familiarly with men ;  
 And earth and stars composed a universal heaven !

(1817)

ODE TO LYCORIS. MAY 1817<sup>1</sup>

## I

AN age hath been when Earth was proud  
 Of lustre too intense  
 To be sustained , and Mortals bowed  
 The front in self-defence.  
 Who *then*, if Dian's crescent gleamed,  
 Or Cupid's sparkling arrow streamed  
 While on the wing the Urchin played,  
 Could fearlessly approach the shade ?  
 —Enough for one soft vernal day,  
 If I, a bard of ebbing time,  
 And nurtured in a fickle clime,  
 May haunt this hornèd bay ,  
 Whose amorous water multiplies  
 The fitting halcyon's vivid dyes ,

<sup>1</sup> The discerning reader, who is aware that in the poem of Ellen Irwin I was desirous of throwing the reader at once out of the old ballad, so as, if possible, to preclude a comparison between that mode of dealing with the subject and the mode I meant to adopt—may here perhaps perceive that this poem originated in the four last lines of the first stanza.

And smooths her liquid breast—to show  
 These swan-like specks of mountain snow,  
 White as the pair that slid along the plains  
 Of heaven, when Venus held the reins !

In youth we love the darksome lawn  
 Brushed by the owlet's wing ,  
 Then, Twilight is preferred to Dawn,  
 And Autumn to the Spring  
 Sad fancies do we then affect,  
 In luxury of disrespect  
 To our own prodigal excess  
 Of too familiar happiness.  
 Lycoris (if such name befit  
 Thee, thee my life's celestial sign !)   
 When Nature marks the year's decline,  
 Be ours to welcome it ,  
 Pleased with the harvest hope that runs  
 Before the path of milder suns ,  
 Pleased while the sylvan world displays  
 Its ripeness to the feeding gaze ,  
 Pleased when the sullen winds resound the knell  
 Of the resplendent miracle

## III

But something whispers to my heart  
 That, as we downward tend,  
 Lycoris ! life requires an *art*  
 To which our souls must bend ;  
 A skill—to balance and supply ,  
 And, ere the flowing fount be dry,  
 As soon it must, a sense to sip,  
 Or drink, with no fastidious lip  
 Then welcome, above all, the Guest  
 Whose smiles, diffused o'er land and sea,  
 Seem to recall the Deity  
 Of youth into the breast :  
 May pensive Autumn ne'er present  
 A claim to her disparagement !  
 While blossoms and the budding spray  
 Inspire us in our own decay ,  
 Still, as we nearer draw to life's dark goal,  
 Be hopeful Spring the favourite of the Soul !

TO LYCORIS<sup>1</sup>

ENOUGH of climbing toil<sup>1</sup>—Ambition treads  
 Here, as 'mid busier scenes, ground steep and rough,  
 Or slippery even to peril<sup>1</sup> and each step,  
 As we for most uncertain recompence  
 Mount toward the empire of the fickle clouds,  
 Each weary step, dwarfing the world below,  
 Induces, for its old familiar sights,  
 Unacceptable feelings of contempt,  
 With wonder mixed—that Man could e'er be tied,  
 In anxious bondage, to such nice array  
 And formal fellowship of petty things<sup>1</sup>  
 —Oh! 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,  
 Making a truth and beauty of her own;  
 And moss-grown alleys, circumscribing shades,  
 And gurgling rills, assist her in the work  
 More efficaciously than realms outspread,  
 As in a map, before the adventurer's gaze—  
 Ocean and Earth contending for regard.

The umbrageous woods are left—how far beneath!  
 But lo! where darkness seems to guard the mouth  
 Of yon wild cave, whose jagged brows are fringed  
 With flaccid threads of ivy, in the still  
 And sultry air, depending motionless  
 Yet cool the space within, and not uncheered  
 (As whoso enters shall ere long perceive)  
 By stealthy influx of the timid day  
 Mingling with night, such twilight to compose  
 As Numa loved; when, in the Egerian grot,  
 From the sage Nymph appearing at his wish,  
 He gained whate'er a regal mind might ask,  
 Or need, of counsel breathed through lips divine.

Long as the heat shall rage, let that dim cave  
 Protect us, there deciphering as we may  
 Diluvian records, or the sighs of Earth  
 Interpreting, or counting for old Time  
 His minutes, by reiterated drops,  
 Audible tears, from some invisible source  
 That deepens upon fancy—more and more  
 Drawn toward the centre whence those sighs creep forth  
 To awe the lightness of humanity

<sup>1</sup> This as well as the preceding and the two that follow were composed in front of Rydal Mount and during my walks in the neighbourhood.

Or, shutting up thyself within thyself,  
 There let me see thee sink into a mood  
 Of gentler thought, protracted till thine eye  
 Be calm as water when the winds are gone,  
 And no one can tell whither    Dearest Friend !  
 We two have known such happy hours together  
 That, were power granted to replace them (fetched  
 From out the pensive shadows where they lie)  
 In the first warmth of their original sunshine,  
 Loth should I be to use it    passing sweet  
 Are the domains of tender memory !  
 (1817)

## THE LONGEST DAY

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER<sup>1</sup>

LET us quit the leafy arbour,  
 And the torrent murmuring by ,  
 For the sun is in his harbour,  
 Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters  
 Fashioned by the glowing light ,  
 All that breathe are thankful debtors  
 To the harbinger of night

Yet by some grave thoughts attended  
 Eve renews her calm career  
 For the day that now is ended,  
 Is the longest of the year

Dora ! sport, as now thou sportest,  
 On this platform, light and free ,  
 Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest,  
 Are indifferent to thee !

Who would check the happy feeling  
 That inspires the linnets' song ?  
 Who would stop the swallow, wheeling  
 On her pinions swift and strong ?

Yet at this impressive season,  
 Words which tenderness can speak  
 From the truths of homely reason,  
 Might exalt the loveliest cheek ,

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by the sight of my daughter (Dora) playing in front of Rydal Mount

## The Longest Day

329

And, while shades to shades succeeding  
Steal the landscape from the sight,  
I would urge this moral pleading,  
Last forerunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs,—each day that follows  
Is a reflux from on high,  
Tending to the darksome hollows  
Where the frosts of winter lie

He who governs the creation  
In his providence, assigned  
Such a gradual declination  
To the life of human kind

Yet we mark it not,—fruits redden,  
Fresh flowers blow, as flowers have blown,  
And the heart is loth to deaden  
Hopes that she so long hath known

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden!  
And when thy decline shall come,  
Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden,  
Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber,  
Fix thine eyes upon the sea  
That absorbs time, space, and number,  
Look thou to Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing river  
On whose breast are thither borne  
All deceived, and each deceiver,  
Through the gates of night and morn,

Through the year's successive portals,  
Through the bounds which many a star  
Marks, not mindless of frail mortals  
When his light returns from far

Thus when thou with Time hast travelled  
Toward the mighty gulf of things,  
And the mazy stream unravelled  
With thy best imaginings,

Think, if thou on beauty leanest,  
Think how pitiful that stay,  
Did not virtue give the meanest  
Charms superior to decay

## 330      Hint from the Mountains

Duty, like a strict preceptor,  
Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown,  
Choose her thistle for thy sceptre,  
While youth's roses are thy crown

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble,  
Fairest damsel of the green,  
Thou wilt lack the only symbol  
That proclaims a genuine queen ;

And ensures those palms of honour  
Which selected spirits wear,  
Bending low before the Donor,  
Lord of heaven's unchanging year !

(1817)

### HINT FROM THE MOUNTAINS

FOR CERTAIN POLITICAL PRETENDERS <sup>1</sup>

“WHO but hails the sight with pleasure  
When the wings of genius rise,  
Their ability to measure  
    With great enterprise ;  
But in man was ne'er such daring  
As yon Hawk exhibits, pairing  
His brave spirit with the war in  
    The stormy skies !

“Mark him, how his power he uses,  
Lays it by, at will resumes !  
Mark, ere for his haunt he chooses  
    Clouds and utter glooms !  
There, he wheels in downward mazes ;  
Sunward now his flight he raises,  
Catches fire, as seems, and blazes  
    With uninjured plumes ! ”—

#### ANSWER

“Stranger, 'tis no act of courage  
Which aloft thou dost discern ,  
No bold *bird* gone forth to forage  
    'Mid the tempest stern ,

<sup>1</sup> Bunches of fern may often be seen wheeling about in the wind as here described. The particular bunch that suggested these verses was noticed in the Pass of Dunmail Raise

## The Pass of Kirkstone

331

But such mockery as the nations  
See, when public perturbations  
Lift men from their native stations  
Like yon TUFT OF FERN ,  
“Such it is , the aspiring creature  
Soaring on undaunted wing,  
(So you fancied) is by nature  
A dull helpless thing,  
Dry and withered, light and yellow ,—  
*That* to be the tempest’s fellow !  
Wait—and you shall see how hollow  
Its endeavouring !”

(1817)

### THE PASS OF KIRKSTONE<sup>1</sup>

#### I

WITHIN the mind strong fancies work.  
A deep delight the bosom thrills  
Oft as I pass along the fork  
Of these fraternal hills .  
Where, save the rugged road, we find  
No appanage of human kind,  
Nor hint of man , if stone or rock  
Seem not his handywork to mock  
By something cognizably shaped ,  
Mockery—or model roughly hewn,  
And left as if by earthquake strewn,  
Or from the Flood escaped :  
Altars for Druid service fit ,  
(But where no fire was ever lit,  
Unless the glow-worm to the skies  
Thence offer nightly sacrifice)  
Wrinkled Egyptian monument ,  
Green moss-grown tower , or hoary tent ,  
Tents of a camp that never shall be razed—  
On which four thousand years have gazed !

#### II

Ye plough-shares sparkling on the slopes !  
Ye snow-white lambs that trip  
Imprisoned 'mid the formal props  
Of restless ownership !

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount. Thoughts and feelings of many walks in all weathers, by day and night, over this Pass, alone and with beloved friends.



## The Pass of Kirkstone

Ye trees, that may to-morrow fall  
 To feed the insatiate Prodigal !  
 Lawns, houses, chattels, groves, and fields,  
 All that the fertile valley shields,  
 Wages of folly—baits of crime,  
 Of life's uneasy game the stake,  
 Playthings that keep the eyes awake  
 Of drowsy, dotard Time,—  
 O care ! O guilt !—O vales and plains,  
 Here, 'mid his own unvexed domains,  
 A Genius dwells, that can subdue  
 At once all memory of You,—  
 Most potent when mists veil the sky,  
 Mists that distort and magnify,  
 While the coarse rushes, to the sweeping breeze,  
 Sigh forth their ancient melodies !

## III

List to those shriller notes !—*that* march  
 Perchance was on the blast,  
 When, through this Height's inverted arch,  
 Rome's earliest legion passed !  
 —They saw, adventurously impelled,  
 And older eyes than theirs beheld,  
 This block—and yon, whose church-like frame  
 Gives to this savage Pass its name.  
 Aspiring Road ! that lov'st to hide  
 Thy daring in a vapoury bourn,  
 Not seldom may the hour return  
 When thou shalt be my guide  
 And I (as all men may find cause,  
 When life is at a weary pause,  
 And they have panted up the hill  
 Of duty with reluctant will)  
 Be thankful, even though tired and faint,  
 For the rich bounties of constraint,  
 Whence oft invigorating transports flow  
 That choice lacked courage to bestow !

## IV

My Soul was grateful for delight  
 That wore a threatening brow,  
 A veil is lifted—can she slight  
 The scene that opens now ?  
 Though habitation none appear,  
 The greenness tells, man must be there,

## Lament of Mary Queen of Scots 333

The shelter—that the perspective  
Is of the clime in which we live ,  
Where Toil pursues his daily round ,  
Where Pity sheds sweet tears—and Love,  
In woodbine bower or birchen grove,  
Inflicts his tender wound.  
—Who comes not hither ne'er shall know  
How beautiful the world below ,  
Nor can he guess how lightly leaps  
The brook adown the rocky steeps.  
Farewell, thou desolate Domain<sup>1</sup>  
Hope, pointing to the cultured plain,  
Carols like a shepherd-boy ,  
And who is she?—Can that be Joy<sup>1</sup>  
Who, with a sunbeam for her guide,  
Smoothly skims the meadows wide ,  
While Faith, from yonder opening cloud,  
To hill and vale proclaims aloud,  
“Whate'er the weak may dread, the wicked dare,  
Thy lot, O Man, is good, thy portion, fair<sup>1</sup>”

(1817)

### LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

#### ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR<sup>1</sup>

SMILE of the Moon<sup>1</sup>—for so I name  
That silent greeting from above ,  
A gentle flash of light that came  
From her whom drooping captives love .  
O! art thou of still higher birth?  
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,  
My torpor to reprove<sup>1</sup>

#### II

Bright boon of pitying Heaven<sup>1</sup>—alas,  
I may not trust thy placid cheer<sup>1</sup>  
Pondering that Time to-night will pass  
The threshold of another year ,

<sup>1</sup> This arose out of a flash of moonlight that struck the ground when I was approaching the steps that lead from the garden at Rydal Mount to the front of the house. “From her sunk eye a stagnant tear stole forth” is taken, with some loss, from a discarded poem, “The Convict,” in which occurred, when he was discovered lying in the cell, these lines,—

“But now he upraises the deep-sunken eye,  
The motion unsettles a tear ,  
The silence of sorrow it seems to supply  
And asks of me —why I am here”

## 334 Lament of Mary Queen of Scots

For years to me are sad and dull ,  
My very moments are too full  
Of hopelessness and fear.

### III

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,  
That struck perchance the farthest cone  
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem  
To visit me, and me alone ;  
Me, unapproached by any friend,  
Save those who to my sorrows lend  
Tears due unto their own.

### IV

To-night the church-tower bells will ring  
Through these wild realms a festive peal ,  
To the new year a welcoming ,  
A tuneful offering for the weal  
Of happy millions lulled in sleep ;  
While I am forced to watch and weep,  
By wounds that may not heal.

### V

Born all too high, by wedlock raised  
Still higher—to be cast thus low !  
Would that mine eyes had never gazed  
On aught of more ambitious show  
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields  
—It is my royal state that yields  
This bitterness of woe

### VI

Yet how ?—for I, if there be truth  
In the world's voice, was passing fair ;  
And beauty, for confiding youth,  
Those shocks of passion can prepare  
That kill the bloom before its time ,  
And blanch, without the owner's crime,  
The most resplendent hair

### VII

Unblest distinction ! showered on me  
To bind a lingering life in chains .  
All that could quit my grasp, or flee,  
Is gone,—but not the subtle stains  
Fixed in the spirit , for even here  
Can I be proud that jealous fear  
Of what I was remains.

VIII

A Woman rules my prison's key ;  
A sister Queen, against the bent  
Of law and holiest sympathy,  
Detains me, doubtful of the event ;  
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,  
My thoughts are all that I possess,  
O keep them innocent !

IX

Farewell desue of human aid,  
Which abject mortals vainly court !  
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,  
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport ,  
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross  
Is able to supply my loss,  
My burthen to support.

X

Hark ! the death-note of the year  
Sounded by the castle-clock !  
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear  
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock ,  
But oft the woods renewed their green,  
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen  
Reposed upon the block !

(1817)

THE PILGRIM'S DREAM

OR, THE STAR AND THE GLOW-WORM<sup>1</sup>

A PILGRIM, when the summer day  
Had closed upon his weary way,  
A lodging begged beneath a castle's roof ,  
But him the haughty Warder spurned ;  
And from the gate the Pilgrim turned,  
To seek such covert as the field  
Or heath-besprinkled copse might yield,  
Or lofty wood, shower-proof.  
He paced along , and, pensively,  
Halting beneath a shady tree,  
Whose moss-grown root might serve for couch or seat,  
Fixed on a Star his upward eye ;

<sup>1</sup> I distinctly recollect the evening when these verses were suggested in 1818 It was on the road between Rydal and Grasmere, where Glow-worms abound. A Star was shining above the ridge of Loughrigg Fell, just opposite.

Then, from the tenant of the sky  
 He turned, and watched with kindred look,  
 A Glow-worm, in a dusky nook,  
 Apparent at his feet

The murmur of a neighbouring stream  
 Induced a soft and slumbrous dream,  
 A pregnant dream, within whose shadowy bounds  
 He recognised the earth-born Star,  
 And *That* which glittered from afar,  
 And (strange to witness !) from the frame  
 Of the ethereal Orb, there came  
 Intelligible sounds

Much did it taunt the humble Light  
 That now, when day was fled, and night  
 Hushed the dark earth, fast closing weary eyes,  
 A very reptile could presume  
 To show her taper in the gloom,  
 As if in rivalry with One  
 Who sate a ruler on his throne  
 Erected in the skies.

"Exalted Star !" the Worm replied,  
 "Abate this unbecoming pride,  
 Or with a less uneasy lustre shine,  
 Thou shrink'st as momentarily thy rays  
 Are mastered by the breathing haze ;  
 While neither mist, nor thickest cloud  
 That shapes in heaven its murky shroud,  
 Hath power to injure mine.

"But not for this do I aspire  
 To match the spark of local fire,  
 That at my will burns on the dewy lawn,  
 With thy acknowledged glories,—No !  
 Yet, thus upbraided, I may show  
 What favours do attend me here,  
 Till, like thyself, I disappear  
 Before the purple dawn"

When this in modest guise was said,  
 Across the welkin seemed to spread  
 A boding sound—for aught but sleep unfit  
 Hills quaked, the rivers backward ran,  
 That Star, so proud of late, looked wan,  
 And reeled with visionary stir

In the blue depth, like Lucifer  
 Cast headlong to the pit !  
 Fire raged · and, when the spangled floor  
 Of ancient ether was no more,  
 New heavens succeeded, by the dream brought foith :  
 And all the happy Souls that rode  
 Transfigured through that fresh abode,  
 Had heretofore, in humble trust,  
 Shone meekly 'mid their native dust,  
 The Glow-worms of the earth !

This knowledge, from an Angel's voice  
 Proceeding, made the heart rejoice  
 Of Him who slept upon the open lea :  
 Waking at morn he murmured not ,  
 And, till life's journey closed, the spot  
 Was to the Pilgrim's soul endeared,  
 Where by that dream he had been cheered  
 Beneath the shady tree

(1818)

## INSCRIPTIONS

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN AND NEAR A HERMIT'S CELL  
 1818

## I

HOPES what are they ?—Beads of morning  
 Stung on slender blades of grass ,  
 Or a spider's web adorning  
 In a strait and treacherous pass  
 What are fears but voices airy ?  
 Whispering harm where harm is not ,  
 And deluding the unwary  
 Till the fatal bolt is shot !  
 What is glory ?—in the socket  
 See how dying tapers fare !  
 What is pride ?—a whizzing rocket  
 That would emulate a star  
 What is friendship ?—do not trust her,  
 Nor the vows which she has made ,  
 Diamonds dart their brightest lustre  
 From a palsy-shaken head.  
 What is truth ?—a staff rejected ,  
 Duty ?—an unwelcome clog ;

Joy?—a moon by fits reflected  
 In a swamp or watery bog ;  
 Bright, as if through ether steering,  
 To the Traveller's eye it shone :  
 He hath hailed it re-appearing—  
 And as quickly it is gone ;  
 Such is Joy—as quickly hidden,  
 Or mis-shapen to the sight,  
 And by sullen weeds forbidden  
 To resume its native light  
 What is youth?—a dancing billow,  
 (Winds behind, and rocks before !)  
 Age?—a drooping, tottering willow  
 On a flat and lazy shore.  
 What is peace?—when pain is over,  
 And love ceases to rebel,  
 Let the last faint sigh discover  
 That precedes the passing knell !

## II

INSCRIBED UPON A ROCK <sup>1</sup>

PAUSE, Traveller ! whosoe'er thou be  
 Whom chance may lead to this retreat,  
 Where silence yields reluctantly  
 Even to the fleecy straggler's bleat ,  
 Give voice to what my hand shall trace,  
 And fear not lest an idle sound  
 Of words unsuited to the place  
 Disturb its solitude profound.  
 I saw this Rock, while vernal air  
 Blew softly o'er the russet heath,  
 Uphold a Monument as fair  
 As church or abbey furnisheth.  
 Unsullied did it meet the day,  
 Like marble, white, like ether, pure ;  
 As if, beneath, some hero lay,  
 Honoured with costliest sepulture.  
 My fancy kindled as I gazed ,  
 And, ever as the sun shone forth,

<sup>1</sup> The monument of ice here spoken of I observed while ascending the middle road of the three ways that lead from Rydal to Grasmere.

The flattered structure glistened, blazed,  
And seemed the proudest thing on earth.  
But first had reared the gorgeous Pile  
Unsound as those which Fortune builds—  
To undermine with secret guile,  
Sapped by the very beam that gilds.  
And, while I gazed, with sudden shock  
Fell the whole Fabric to the ground,  
And naked left this dripping Rock,  
With shapeless ruin spread around !

## III

HAST thou seen, with flash incessant,  
Bubbles gliding under ice,  
Bodied forth and evanescent,  
No one knows by what device ?  
Such are thoughts !—A wind-swept meadow  
Mimicking a troubled sea,  
Such is life ; and death a shadow  
From the rock eternity !

## IV

## NEAR THE SPRING OF THE HERMITAGE

TROUBLED long with warring notions  
Long impatient of thy rod,  
I resign my soul's emotions  
Unto Thee, mysterious God !  
What avails the kindly shelter  
Yielded by this craggy rent,  
If my spirit toss and welter  
On the waves of discontent ?  
Parching Summer hath no wariant  
To consume this crystal Well,  
Rains, that make each rill a torrent,  
Neither sully it nor swell  
Thus, dishonouring not her station,  
Would my Life present to Thee,  
Gracious God, the pure oblation  
Of divine tranquillity !

## V

NOT seldom, clad in radiant vest,  
Deceitfully goes forth the Morn,



## 340 Evening of Splendour and Beauty

Not seldom Evening in the west  
Sinks smilingly forsworn

The smoothest seas will sometimes prove,  
To the confiding Bark, untrue,  
And, if she trust the stars above,  
They can be treacherous too

The umbrageous Oak, in pomp outspread  
Full oft, when storms the welkin rend,  
Draws lightning down upon the head  
It promised to defend

But Thou art true, incarnate Lord,  
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;  
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word  
No change can falsify<sup>1</sup>.

I bent before thy gracious throne,  
And asked for peace on suppliant knee,  
And peace was given,—nor peace alone,  
But faith sublimed to ecstasy<sup>1</sup>

### COMPOSED UPON AN EVENING OF EXTRA- ORDINARY SPLENDOUR AND BEAUTY<sup>1</sup>

#### I

HAD this effulgence disappeared  
With flying haste, I might have sent,  
Among the speechless clouds, a look  
Of blank astonishment,  
But 'tis endued with power to stay,  
And sanctify one closing day,  
That frail Mortality may see—  
What is?—ah no, but what *can* be!  
Time was when field and watery cove  
With modulated echoes rang,  
While choirs of fervent Angels sang  
Their vespers in the grove,  
Or, crowning, star-like, each some sovereign height,  
Warbled, for heaven above and earth below,  
Strains suitable to both.—Such holy rite,  
Methinks, if audibly repeated now  
From hill or valley, could not move  
Sublimer transport, purer love,  
Than doth this silent spectacle—the gleam—  
The shadow—and the peace supreme<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Felt and in a great measure composed upon the little mount in front of our abode at Rydal

## Evening of Splendour and Beauty 341

### II

No sound is uttered,—but a deep  
And solemn harmony pervades  
The hollow vale from steep to steep,  
And penetrates the glades.  
Far-distant images draw nigh,  
Called forth by wondrous potency  
Of beamy radiance, that imbues,  
Whate'er it strikes, with gem-like hues !  
In vision exquisitely clear,  
Herds range along the mountain side ,  
And glistening antlers are descried ,  
And gilded flocks appear  
Thine is the tranquil hour, purpureal Eve !  
But long as god-like wish, or hope divine,  
Informs my spirit, ne'er can I believe  
That this magnificence is wholly thine !  
—From worlds not quickened by the sun  
A portion of the gift is won ,  
An intermingling of Heaven's pomp is spread  
On ground which British shepherds tread !

### III

And, if there be whom broken ties  
Afflict, or injuries assail,  
Yon hazy ridges to their eyes  
Present a glorious scale,  
Climbing suffused with sunny air,  
To stop—no record hath told where !  
And tempting Fancy to ascend,  
And with immortal Spirits blend !  
—Wings at my shoulders seem to play ;  
But, rooted here, I stand and gaze  
On those bright steps that heavenward raise  
Their practicable way.  
Come forth, ye drooping old men, look abroad,  
And see to what fair countries ye are bound !  
And if some traveller, weary of his road,  
Hath slept since noon-tide on the grassy ground,  
Ye Genui ! to his covert speed ,  
And wake him with such gentle heed  
As may attune his soul to meet the dower  
Bestowed on this transcendent hour !

## IV

Such hues from their celestial Urn  
 Were wont to stream before mine eye,  
 Where'er it wandered in the morn  
 Of blissful infancy  
 This glimpse of glory, why renewed?  
 Nay, rather speak with gratitude,  
 For, if a vestige of those gleams  
 Survived, 'twas only in my dreams  
 Dread Power<sup>1</sup> whom peace and calmness serve  
 No less than Nature's threatening voice,  
 If aught unworthy be my choice,  
 From THEE if I would swerve;  
 Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light  
 Full early lost, and fruitlessly deplored,  
 Which, at this moment, on my waking sight  
 Appears to shine, by miracle restored,  
 My soul, though yet confined to earth,  
 Rejoices in a second birth!  
 —'Tis past, the visionary splendour fades,  
 And night approaches with her shades.<sup>1</sup>

(1818)

COMPOSED DURING A STORM<sup>2</sup>

ONE who was suffering tumult in his soul,  
 Yet failed to seek the sure relief of prayer,  
 Went forth—his course surrendering to the care  
 Of the fierce wind, while mid-day lightnings prowl  
 Insidiously, untimely thunders growl,  
 While trees, dim-seen, in frenzied numbers, tear  
 The lingering remnant of their yellow hair,  
 And shivering wolves, surprised with darkness, howl  
 As if the sun were not    He raised his eye  
 Soul-smitten, for, that instant, did appear  
 Large space ('mid dreadful clouds) of purest sky,  
 An azure disc—shield of Tranquillity,  
 Invisible, unlooked-for, minister  
 Of providential goodness ever nigh!

(1819)

<sup>1</sup> The multiplication of mountain-ridges, described at the commencement of the third stanza of this Ode, as a kind of Jacob's Ladder, leading to Heaven, is produced either by watery vapours, or sunny haze,—in the present instance by the latter cause. Allusions to the Ode, entitled "Intimations of Immortality," pervade the last stanza of the foregoing Poem

<sup>2</sup> Written in Rydal Woods, by the side of a torrent.

“PURE ELEMENT OF WATERS”<sup>1</sup>

PURE element of waters ! wheresoe’er  
 Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts,  
 Green herbs, bright flowers, and berry-bearing plants,  
 Rise into life and in thy train appear ·  
 And, through the sunny portion of the year,  
 Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants .  
 And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants ,  
 And hart and hind and hunter with his spear  
 Languish and droop together Nor unfelt  
 In man’s perturbèd soul thy sway benign ;  
 And, haply, far within the marble belt  
 Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine  
 For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt  
 Their anguish,—and they blend sweet songs with thine.

(1819)

MALHAM COVE

Was the aim frustrated by force or guile,  
 When giants scooped from out the rocky ground,  
 Tier under tier, this semicircle profound ?  
 (Giants—the same who built in Erin’s isle  
 That Causeway with incomparable toil!)—  
 Oh, had this vast theatric structure wound  
 With finished sweep into a perfect round,  
 No mightier work had gained the plausible smile  
 Of all-beholding Phœbus ! But, alas,  
 Vain earth ! false world ! Foundations must be laid  
 In Heaven, for, ’mid the wreck of is and was,  
 Things incomplete and purposes betrayed  
 Make sadder transits o’er thought’s optic glass  
 Than noblest objects utterly decayed.

(1819)

GORDALE

At early dawn, or rather when the air  
 Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy Eve  
 Is busiest to confer and to bereave ,  
 Then, pensive Votary ! let thy feet repair  
 To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair  
 Where the young lions couch , for so, by leave  
 Of the propitious hour, thou may’st perceive  
 The local Deity, with oozy hair

<sup>1</sup>This, and the two following, were suggested by Mr. W. Westall’s  
 Views of the Caves, etc., in Yorkshire.

And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn,  
 Recumbent Him thou may'st behold, who hides  
 His lineaments by day, yet there presides,  
 Teaching the docile waters how to turn,  
 Or (if need be) impediment to spurn,  
 And force their passage to the salt-sea tides !

(1819)

“AËRIAL ROCK—WHOSE SOLITARY BROW”<sup>1</sup>

AËRIAL Rock—whose solitary brow  
 From this low threshold daily meets my sight ;  
 When I step forth to hail the morning light ,  
 Or quit the stars with a lingering farewell—how  
 Shall Fancy pay to thee a grateful vow ?  
 How, with the Muse's aid, her love attest ?  
 —By planting on thy naked head the crest  
 Of an imperial Castle, which the plough  
 Of ruin shall not touch Innocent scheme !  
 That doth presume no more than to supply  
 A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream  
 Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity  
 Rise, then, ye votive Towers ! and catch a gleam  
 Of golden sunset, ere it fade and die

(1819)

THE WILD DUCK'S NEST

THE imperial Consort of the Fairy-king  
 Owns not a sylvan bower , or gorgeous cell  
 With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell  
 Ceilinged and roofed , that is so fair a thing  
 As this low structure, for the tasks of Spung,  
 Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell  
 Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell ,  
 And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.  
 Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough,  
 And dimly-gleaming Nest,—a hollow crown  
 Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,  
 Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow  
 I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing, sighed  
 For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride !

(1819)

<sup>1</sup> A projecting point of Loughrigg, nearly in front of Rydal Mount  
 Thence looking at it, you are struck with the boldness of its aspect ;  
 but walking under it, you admire the beauty of its details It is  
 vulgarly called Holme-scar, probably from the insulated pasture by the  
 waterside below it

## Captivity—Mary Queen of Scots 345

### WRITTEN UPON A BLANK LEAF IN "THE COMPLETE ANGLER"

WHILE flowing rivers yield a blameless sport,  
Shall live the name of Walton Sage benign<sup>1</sup>  
Whose pen, the mysteries of the rod and line  
Unfolding, did not fruitlessly exhort  
To reverend watching of each still report  
That Nature utters from her rural shrine.  
Meek, nobly versed in simple discipline,  
He found the longest summer day too short,  
To his loved pastime given by sedgy Lee,  
Or down the tempting maze of Shawford brook—  
Fairer than life itself, in this sweet Book,  
The cowslip-bank and shady willow-tree,  
And the fresh meads—where flowed, from every nook  
Of his full bosom, gladsome Piety<sup>1</sup>

(1819)

### CAPTIVITY—MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

"As the cold aspect of a sunless way  
Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier chill,  
Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill,  
Glistening with unparticipated ray,  
Or shining slope where he must never stray,  
So joys, remembered without wish or will  
Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,—  
On the crushed heart a heavier burthen lay.  
Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind  
To fit proportion with my altered state<sup>1</sup>  
Quench those felicities whose light I find  
Reflected in my bosom all too late<sup>1</sup>—  
O be my spirit, like my thralldom, strait,  
And, like mine eyes that stream with sorrow, blind<sup>1</sup>"

(1819)

### TO A SNOWDROP

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they  
But harder far, once more I see thee bend  
Thy forehead, as if fearful to offend,  
Like an unbidden guest Though day by day,  
Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, waylay  
The rising sun, and on the plains descend;  
Yet art thou welcome, welcome as a friend  
Whose zeal outruns his promise<sup>1</sup> Blue-eyed May

## 346 On Seeing a Tuft of Snowdrops

Shall soon behold this border thickly set  
 With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing  
 On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers,  
 Nor will I then thy modest grace forget,  
 Chaste Snowdrop, venturous harbinger of Spring,  
 And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

(1819)

### ON SEEING A TUFT OF SNOWDROPS IN A STORM

WHEN haughty expectations prostrate lie,  
 And grandeur crouches like a guilty thing,  
 Oft shall the lowly weak, till nature bring  
 Mature release, in fair society  
 Survive, and Fortune's utmost anger try,  
 Like these frail snowdrops that together cling,  
 And nod their helmets, smitten by the wing  
 Of many a furious whirl-blast sweeping by  
 Observe the faithful flowers! if small to great  
 May lead the thoughts, thus struggling used to stand  
 The Emathian phalanx, nobly obstinate;  
 And so the bright immortal Theban band,  
 Whom onset, fiercely urged at Jove's command,  
 Might overwhelm, but could not separate!

(1819)

### COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE VALLEYS OF WESTMORELAND, ON EASTER SUNDAY

WITH each recurrence of this glorious morn  
 That saw the Saviour in his human frame  
 Rise from the dead, erewhile the Cottage-dame  
 Put on fresh raiment—till that hour unworn—  
 Domestic hands the home-bred wool had shorn,  
 And she who span it culled the daintiest fleece,  
 In thoughtful reverence to the Prince of Peace,  
 Whose temples bled beneath the platted thorn  
 A blest estate when piety sublime  
 These humble props disdained not! O green dales!  
 Sad may I be who heard your sabbath chime  
 When Art's abused inventions were unknown;  
 Kind Nature's various wealth was all your own,  
 And benefits were weighed in Reason's scales!

(1819)

'I Watch, and Long have Watched' 347

"GRIEF, THOU HAST LOST AN EVER-READY  
FRIEND" <sup>1</sup>

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever-ready friend  
Now that the cottage Spinning-wheel is mute ;  
And Care—a comforter that best could suit  
Her froward mood, and softliest reprehend ,  
And Love—a charmer's voice, that used to lend,  
More efficaciously than aught that flows  
From harp or lute, kind influence to compose  
The throbbing pulse—else troubled without end  
Even Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest  
From her own overflow, what power sedate  
On those revolving motions did await  
Assiduously—to soothe her aching breast ;  
And, to a point of just relief, abate  
The mantling triumphs of a day too blest

(1819)

"I WATCH, AND LONG HAVE WATCHED,  
WITH CALM REGRET" <sup>2</sup>

I WATCH, and long have watched, with calm regret  
Yon slowly-sinking star—immortal Sire  
(So might he seem) of all the glittering quire <sup>1</sup>  
Blue ether still surrounds him—yet—and yet ,  
But now the horizon's rocky parapet  
Is reached, where, forfeiting his bright attire,  
He burns—transmuted to a dusky fire—  
Then pays submissively the appointed debt  
To the flying moments, and is seen no more.  
Angels and gods ! We struggle with our fate,  
While health, power, glory, from their height decline,  
Depressed ; and then extinguished ; and our state,  
In this, how different, lost Star, from thine,  
That no to-morrow shall our beams restore <sup>1</sup>  
(1819)

<sup>1</sup> I could write a treatise of lamentation upon the changes brought about among the cottages of Westmoreland by the silence of the spinning wheel

<sup>2</sup> Suggested in front of Rydal Mount, the rocky parapet being the summit of Loughrigg Fell opposite Not once only, but a hundred times, have the feelings of this Sonnet been awakened by the same objects seen from the same place.



"I HEARD (ALAS ! 'T WAS ONLY IN A  
DREAM)"

I HEARD (alas ! 'twas only in a dream)  
Strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed,  
By waking ears have sometimes been received  
Wafted adown the wind from lake or stream ;  
A most melodious requiem, a supreme  
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved  
By a fair Swan on drowsy billows heaved,  
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.  
For is she not the votary of Apollo ?  
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,  
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial Hollow <sup>1</sup>  
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires ?  
Mount, tuneful Bird, and join the immortal quires !  
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow.  
(1819)

### THE HAUNTED TREE <sup>2</sup>

TO ———

THOSE silver clouds collected round the sun  
His mid-day warmth abate not, seeming less  
To overshadow than multiply his beams  
By soft reflection—grateful to the sky,  
To rocks, fields, woods Nor doth our human sense  
Ask, for its pleasure, screen or canopy  
More ample than the time-dismantled Oak  
Spreads o'er this tuft of heath, which now, attired  
In the whole fulness of its bloom, affords  
Couch beautiful as e'er for earthly use  
Was fashioned, whether, by the hand of Art,  
That eastern Sultan, amid flowers enwrought  
On silken tissue, might diffuse his limbs  
In languor, or, by Nature, for repose  
Of panting Wood-nymph, wearied with the chase  
O Lady ! fairer in thy Poet's sight  
Than fairest spiritual creature of the groves,  
Approach,—and, thus invited, crown with rest  
The noon-tide hour : though truly some there are  
Whose footsteps superstitiously avoid  
This venerable Tree, for, when the wind  
Blows keenly, it sends forth a creaking sound

<sup>1</sup> See the Phædon of Plato, by which this Sonnet was suggested.

<sup>2</sup> This tree grew in the park of Rydal.

(Above the general roar of woods and crags)  
 Distinctly heard from far—a doleful note !  
 As if (so Grecian shepherds would have deemed)  
 The Hamadryad, pent within, bewailed  
 Some bitter wrong. Nor is it unbelieved,  
 By ruder fancy, that a troubled ghost  
 Haunts the old trunk, lamenting deeds of which  
 The flowery ground is conscious But no wind  
 Sweeps now along this elevated ridge ;  
 Not even a zephyr stirs ;—the obnoxious Tree  
 Is mute, and, in his silence, would look down,  
 O lovely Wanderer of the trackless hills,  
 On thy reclining form with more delight  
 Than his coevals in the sheltered vale  
 Seem to participate, the while they view  
 Their own far-stretching arms and leafy heads  
 Vividly pictured in some glassy pool,  
 That, for a brief space, checks the hurrying stream !  
 (1819)

## SEPTEMBER 1819

THE sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields  
 Are hung, as if with golden shields,  
 Bright trophies of the sun !  
 Like a fair sister of the sky,  
 Unruffled doth the blue lake lie,  
 The mountains looking on  
 And, sooth to say, yon vocal grove,  
 Albeit uninspired by love,  
 By love untaught to ring,  
 May well afford to mortal ear  
 An impulse more profoundly dear  
 Than music of the Spring  
 For *that* from turbulence and heat  
 Proceeds, from some uneasy seat  
 In nature's struggling frame,  
 Some region of impatient life  
 And jealousy, and quivering strife,  
 Therein a portion claim.  
 This, this is holy ;—while I hear  
 These vespers of another year,  
 This hymn of thanks and praise,  
 My spirit seems to mount above  
 The anxieties of human love,  
 And earth's precarious days.

## Upon the same Occasion

But list !—though winter storms be nigh,  
 Unchecked is that soft harmony :  
 There lives Who can provide  
 For all his creatures ; and in Him,  
 Even like the radiant Seraphim,  
 These choristers confide.

## UPON THE SAME OCCASION

DEPARTING summer hath assumed  
 An aspect tenderly illumed,  
 The gentlest look of spring ;  
 That calls from yonder leafy shade  
 Unfaded, yet prepared to fade,  
 A timely carolling  
 No faint and hesitating trill,  
 Such tribute as to winter chill  
 The lonely redbreast pays !  
 Clear, loud, and lively is the din,  
 From social warblers gathering in  
 Their harvest of sweet lays.  
 Nor doth the example fail to cheer  
 Me, conscious that my leaf is sere,  
 And yellow on the bough —  
 Fall, rosy garlands, from my head !  
 Ye myrtle wreaths, your fragrance shed  
 Around a younger brow !  
 Yet will I temperately rejoice ;  
 Wide is the range, and free the choice  
 Of undiscordant themes ;  
 Which, haply, kindred souls may prize  
 Not less than vernal ecstasies,  
 And passion's feverish dreams.  
 For deathless powers to verse belong,  
 And they like Demi-gods are strong  
 On whom the Muses smile ,  
 But some their function have disclaimed,  
 Best pleased with what is aptliest framed  
 To enervate and defile  
 Not such the initiatory strains  
 Committed to the silent plains  
 In Britain's earliest dawn .  
 Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale,  
 While all-too-daringly the veil  
 Of nature was withdrawn !

'A Little Unpretending Rill' 351

Nor such the spirit-stirring note  
When the live chords Alcæus smote,  
Inflamed by sense of wrong,  
Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre  
Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire  
Of fierce vindictive song

And not unhallowed was the page  
By wingèd Love inscribed, to assuage  
The pangs of vain pursuit;  
Love listening while the Lesbian Maid  
With finest touch of passion swayed  
Her own Æolian lute.

O ye, who patiently explore  
The wreck of Herculean lore,  
What rapture! could ye seize  
Some Theban fragment, or unroll  
One precious, tender-hearted, scroll  
Of pure Simondes.

That were, indeed, a genuine birth  
Of poesy, a bursting forth  
Of genius from the dust  
What Horace gloried to behold,  
What Maro loved, shall we enfold?  
Can haughty Time be just!

(1819)

"THERE IS A LITTLE UNPRETENDING RILL"<sup>1</sup>

THERE is a little unpretending Rill  
Of limpid water, humbler far than aught  
That ever among Men or Naiads sought  
Notice or name!—It quivers down the hill,  
Furrowing its shallow way with dubious will,  
Yet to my mind this scanty Stream is brought  
Often than Ganges or the Nile; a thought  
Of private recollection sweet and still!  
Months perish with their moons; year treads on year!  
But, faithful Emma! thou with me canst say  
That, while ten thousand pleasures disappear,  
And flies their memory fast almost as they,

<sup>1</sup> This Rill trickles down the hill-side into Windermere, near Low-wood. My sister and I, on our first visit together to this part of the country, walked from Kendal, and we rested to refresh ourselves by the side of the lake where the streamlet falls into it. This sonnet was written some years after in recollection of that happy ramble, that most happy day and hour.

352 On the Death of His Majesty

The immortal Spirit of one happy day  
Lingers beside that Rill, in vision clear

(182G)

COMPOSED ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY  
STREAM

DOGMATIC Teachers, of the snow-white fur !  
 Ye wrangling Schoolmen, of the scarlet hood !  
 Who, with a keenness not to be withstood,  
 Press the point home, or falter and demur,  
 Checked in your course by many a teasing burr ,  
 These natural council-seats your acrid blood  
 Might cool,—and, as the Genius of the flood  
 Stoops willingly to animate and spur  
 Each lighter function slumbering in the bram,  
 Yon eddyng balls of foam, these arrowy gleams  
 That o'er the pavement of the surging streams  
 Welter and flash, a synod might detain  
 With subtle speculations, haply vain,  
 But surely less so than your far-fetched themes !

(1820)

ON THE DEATH OF HIS MAJESTY (GEORGE  
THE THIRD)

WARD of the LAW!—dread Shadow of a King!  
Whose realm had dwindled to one stately room,  
Whose universe was gloom immersed in gloom,  
Darkness as thick as life o'er life could fling,  
Save haply for some feeble glimmering  
Of Faith and Hope—if thou, by nature's doom,  
Gently hast sunk into the quiet tomb,  
Why should we bend in grief, to sorrow cling,  
When thankfulness were best?—Fresh-flowing tears,  
Or, where tears flow not, sigh succeeding sigh,  
Yield to such after-thought the sole reply  
Which justly it can claim. The Nation hears  
In this deep knell, silent for threescore years,  
An unexampled voice of awful memory!

(1820)

## “THE STARS ARE MANSIONS”

THE stars are mansions built by Nature's hand,  
And, haply, there the spirits of the blest  
Dwell, clothed in radiance, their immortal vest ;  
Huge Ocean shows, within his yellow strand,

## To the Lady Mary Lowther 353

A habitation marvellously planned,  
For life to occupy in love and rest,  
All that we see—is dome, or vault, or nest,  
Or fortress, reared at Nature's sage command  
Glad thought for every season<sup>1</sup> but the Spring  
Gave it while cares were weighing on my heart,  
'Mid song of birds, and insects murmuring,  
And while the youthful year's prolific art—  
Of bud, leaf, blade, and flower—was fashioning  
Abodes where self-disturbance hath no part.

(1820)

### TO THE LADY MARY LOWTHER<sup>1</sup>

LADY<sup>1</sup> I rifled a Parnassian Cave  
(But seldom trod) of mildly-gleaming ore,  
And culled, from sundry beds, a lucid store  
Of genuine crystals, pure as those that pave  
The azure brooks, where Dian joys to lave  
Her spotless limbs; and ventured to explore  
Dim shades—for reliques, upon Lethe's shore,  
Cast up at random by the sullen wave  
To female hands the treasures were resigned,  
And lo this Work!—a grotto bright and clear  
From stain or taint, in which thy blameless mind  
May feed on thoughts though pensive not austere,  
Or, if thy deeper spirit be inclined  
To holy musing, it may enter here.

(1820)

### ON THE DETRACTION WHICH FOLLOWED THE PUBLICATION OF A CERTAIN POEM<sup>2</sup>

A BOOK came forth of late, called PETER BELL;  
Not negligent the style,—the matter?—good  
As aught that song records of Robin Hood;  
Or Roy, renowned through many a Scottish dell;  
But some (who brook those hackneyed themes full well,  
Nor heat, at Tam o' Shanter's name, their blood)  
Waxed wroth, and with foul claws, a harpy brood,  
On Bard and Hero clamorously fell

<sup>1</sup> With a selection from the Poems of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea; and extracts of similar character from other Witeis, transcribed by a female friend [This MS. book has how been printed in the "Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry"—*Ed.*]

<sup>2</sup> See Milton's Sonnet, beginning, "A Book was writ of late called 'Tetrachordon'."

Heed not, wild Rover once through heath and glen,  
 Who mad'st at length the better life thy choice,  
 Heed not such onset ! nay, if praise of men  
 To thee appear not an unmeaning voice,  
 Lift up that grey-haired forehead, and rejoice  
 In the just tribute of thy Poet's pen !  
 (1820)

## OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

YE sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth !  
 In whose collegiate shelter England's Flowers  
 Expand, enjoying through their vernal hours  
 The air of liberty, the light of truth ,  
 Much have ye suffered from Time's gnawing tooth ;  
 Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and towers !  
 Gardens and groves ! your presence overpowers  
 The soberness of reason , till, in sooth,  
 Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange,  
 I slight my own beloved Cam, to range  
 Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ,  
 Pace the long avenue, or glide adown  
 The stream-like windings of that glorious street—  
 An eager Novice robed in fluttering gown !

## OXFORD, MAY 30, 1820

SHAME on this faithless heart ! that could allow  
 Such transport, though but for a moment's space ;  
 Not while—to aid the spirit of the place—  
 The crescent moon clove with its glittering prow  
 The clouds, or night-bird sang from shady bough,  
 But in plain daylight :—She, too, at my side,  
 Who, with her heart's experience satisfied,  
 Maintains inviolate its slightest vow !  
 Sweet Fancy ! other gifts must I receive ;  
 Proofs of a higher sovereignty I claim ,  
 Take from *her* brow the withering flowers of eve,  
 And to that brow life's morning wreath restore ,  
 Let *her* be comprehended in the frame  
 Of these illusions, or they please no more.

## JUNE 1820

FAME tells of groves—from England far away—  
 Groves <sup>1</sup> that inspire the Nightingale to trill

<sup>1</sup> Wallachia is the country alluded to.

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 355

And modulate, with subtle reach of skill  
Elsewhere unmatched, her ever-varying lay,  
Such bold report I venture to gainsay  
For I have heard the quire of Richmond hill  
Chanting, with indefatigable bill,  
Strains that recalled to mind a distant day;  
When, haply under shade of that same wood,  
And scarcely conscious of the dashing oars  
Plied steadily between those willowy shores,  
The sweet-souled Poet of the Seasons stood—  
Listening, and listening long, in rapturous mood,  
Ye heavenly Birds<sup>1</sup> to your Progenitors.

### MEMORIALS OF A TOUR ON THE CONTINENT<sup>1</sup>

1820

#### DEDICATION

(SENT WITH THESE POEMS, IN MS, TO ——)

DEAR Fellow-travellers! think not that the Muse,  
To You presenting these memorial Lays,  
Can hope the general eye thereon would gaze,  
As on a mirror that gives back the hues  
Of living Nature, no—though free to choose  
The greenest bowers, the most inviting ways,  
The fairest landscapes and the brightest days—  
Her skill she tried with less ambitious views.  
For You she wrought: Ye only can supply  
The life, the truth, the beauty she confides  
In that enjoyment which with You abides,  
Trusts to your love and vivid memory,  
Thus far contented, that for You her verse  
Shall lack not power the “meeting soul to pierce!”  
W WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Nov* 1821

<sup>1</sup> I set out in company with my Wife and Sister, and Mr and Mrs Monkhouse, then just married, and Miss Horrocks. These two ladies, sisters, we left at Berne, while Mr Monkhouse took the opportunity of making an excursion with us among the Alps as far as Milan. Mr. H. C. Robinson joined us at Lucerne, and when this ramble was completed we rejoined at Geneva the two ladies we had left at Berne and proceeded to Paris, where Mr. Monkhouse and H. C. R. left us, and where we spent five weeks, of which there is not a record in these



## 356 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

### I

#### FISH-WOMEN—ON LANDING AT CALAIS

'Tis said, fantastic ocean doth enfold  
The likeness of whate'er on land is seen ;  
But, if the Nereid Sisters and their Queen,  
Above whose heads the tide so long hath rolled,  
The Dames resemble whom we here behold,  
How fearful were it down through opening waves  
To sink, and meet them in their fretted caves,  
Withered, grotesque, immeasurably old,  
And shrill and fierce in accent !—Fear it not :  
For they Earth's fairest daughters do excel ,  
Pure undecaying beauty is their lot ,  
Their voices into liquid music swell,  
Thrilling each pearly cleft and sparry grot,  
The undisturbed abodes where Sea-nymphs dwell !

### II

#### BRUGÈS

BRUGÈS I saw attired with golden light  
(Streamed from the west) as with a robe of power  
The splendour fled , and now the sunless hour,  
That, slowly making way for peaceful night,  
Best suits with fallen grandeur, to my sight  
Offers the beauty, the magnificence,  
And sober graces, left her for defence  
Against the injuries of time, the spite  
Of fortune, and the desolating storms  
Of future war. Advance not—spare to hide,  
O gentle Power of darkness ! these mild hues ;  
Obscure not yet these silent avenues  
Of stateliest architecture, where the Forms  
Of nun-like females, with soft motion, glide !

### III

#### BRUGÈS

THE Spirit of Antiquity—enshrined  
In sumptuous buildings, vocal in sweet song,  
In picture, speaking with heroic tongue,  
And with devout solemnities entwined—  
Mounts to the seat of grace within the mind .  
Hence Forms that glide with swan-like ease along  
Hence motions, even amid the vulgar throng,  
To an harmonious decency confined

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 357

As if the streets were consecrated ground,  
The city one vast temple, dedicate  
To mutual respect in thought and deed,  
To leisure, to forbearances sedate;  
To social cares from jarring passions freed;  
A deeper peace than that in deserts found!

### IV

#### AFTER VISITING THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

A WINGED Goddess—clothed in vesture wrought  
Of rainbow colours, One whose port was bold,  
Whose overburthened hand could scarcely hold  
The glittering crowns and garlands which it brought—  
Hovered in air above the far-famed Spot  
She vanished, leaving prospect blank and cold  
Of wind-swept corn that wide around us rolled  
In dreary billows, wood, and meagre cot,  
And monuments that soon must disappear:  
Yet a dread local recompence we found,  
While glory seemed betrayed, while patriot-zeal  
Sank in our hearts, we felt as men *should* feel  
With such vast hoards of hidden carnage near,  
And horror breathing from the silent ground!

### V

#### BETWEEN NAMUR AND LIEGE

WHAT lovelier home could gentle Fancy choose?  
Is this the stream, whose cities, heights, and plains,  
War's favourite playground, are with crimson stains  
Familiar, as the Moin with pearly dew?  
The Morn, that now, along the silver MEUSE,  
Spreading her peaceful ensigns, calls the swains  
To tend their silent boats and ringing wains,  
Or strip the bough whose mellow fruit bestrewn  
The ripening corn beneath it. As mine eyes  
Turn from the fortified and threatening hill,  
How sweet the prospect of yon watery glade,  
With its grey rocks clustering in pensive shade—  
That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise  
From the smooth meadow-ground, serene and still!

### VI

#### AIX-LA-CHAPELLE

Was it to disenchant, and to undo,  
That we approached the Seat of Charlemaigne?

## 358 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

To sweep from many an old romantic strain  
That faith which no devotion may renew !  
Why does this puny Church present to view  
Her feeble columns ? and that scanty chair !  
This sword that one of our weak times might wear !  
Objects of false pretence, or meanly true !  
If from a traveller's fortune I might claim  
A palpable memorial of that day,  
Then would I seek the Pyrenean Breach  
That ROLAND clove with huge two-handed sway,  
And to the enormous labour left his name,  
Where unremitting frosts the rocky crescent bleach.

### VII

#### IN THE CATHEDRAL AT COLOGNE

O FOR the help of Angels to complete  
This Temple—Angels governed by a plan  
Thus far pursued (how gloriously ! ) by Man,  
Studious that HE might not disdain the seat  
Who dwells in heaven ! But that aspiring heat  
Hath failed , and now, ye Powers ! whose gorgeous wings  
And splendid aspect yon emblazonings  
But faintly picture, 'twere an office meet  
For you, on these unfinished shafts to try  
The midnight virtues of your harmony —  
This vast design might tempt you to repeat  
Strains that call forth upon empyreal ground  
Immortal Fabrics, rising to the sound  
Of penetrating harps and voices sweet !

### VIII

#### IN A CARRIAGE, UPON THE BANKS OF THE RHINE

AMID this dance of objects sadness steals  
O'er the defrauded heart—while sweeping by,  
As in a fit of Thespian jollity,  
Beneath her vine-leaf crown the green Earth reels :  
Backward, in rapid evanescence, wheels  
The venerable pageantry of Time,  
Each beetling rampart, and each tower sublime,  
And what the Dell unwillingly reveals  
Of lurking cloistral arch, through trees espied  
Near the bright River's edge. Yet why repine ?  
To muse, to creep, to halt at will, to gaze—

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 359.

Such sweet wayfaring—of life's spring the pride,  
Her summer's faithful joy—*that* still is mine,  
And in fit measure cheers autumnal days

### IX HYMN

FOR THE BOATMEN, AS THEY APPROACH THE RAPIDS  
UNDER THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG

JESU ! bless our slender Boat,  
By the current swept along ,  
Loud its threatenings—let them not  
Drown the music of a song  
Breathed thy mercy to implore,  
Where these troubled waters roar !

Saviour, for our warning, seen  
Bleeding on that precious Rood ;  
If, while through the meadows green  
Gently wound the peaceful flood,  
We forgot Thee, do not Thou  
Disregard thy Suppliants now !

Hither, like yon ancient Tower  
Watching o'er the River's bed,  
Fling the shadow of thy power,  
Else we sleep among the dead ;  
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,  
Shield us in our jeopardy !

Guide our Bark among the waves ;  
Through the rocks our passage smooth  
Where the whirlpool frets and raves  
Let thy love its anger soothe  
All our hope is placed in Thee ,  
*Miserere Domine !*

### X THE SOURCE OF THE DANUBE

Not, like his great Compeers, indignantly  
Doth DANUBE spring to life ! The wandering Stream  
(Who loves the Cross, yet to the Crescent's gleam  
Unfolds a willing breast) with infant glee  
Slips from his prison walls and Fancy, free  
To follow in his track of silver light,  
Mounts on rapt wing, and with a moment's flight .

## 360 Memorials of Tour on the Continen

Hath reached the encincture of that gloomy sea  
Whose waves the Orphean lyre forbade to meet  
In conflict, whose rough winds forgot their jars  
To waft the heroic progeny of Greece,  
When the first Ship sailed for the Golden Fleece—  
ARGO—exalted for that daring feat  
To fix in heaven her shape distinct with stars.

### XI

#### ON APPROACHING THE STAUB BACH, LAUTERBRUNNEN

UTTERED by whom, or how inspired—designed  
For what strange service, does this concert reach  
Our ears, and near the dwellings of mankind!  
'Mid fields familiarised to human speech?—  
No Mermaid's warble—to allay the wind  
Driving some vessel toward a dangerous beach—  
More thrilling melodies, Witch answering Witch,  
To chant a love-spell, never intertwined  
Notes shrill and wild with art more musical:  
Alas! that from the lips of abject Want  
Or Idleness in tatters mendicant  
The strain should flow—free Fancy to enthral,  
And with regret and useless pity haunt  
This bold, this bright, this sky-born, WATERFALL!

### XII

#### THE FALL OF THE AAR—IIANDEC

FROM the fierce aspect of this River, throwing  
His giant body o'er the steep rock's brink,  
Back in astonishment and fear we shrink.  
But, gradually a calmer look bestowing,  
Flowers we espy beside the torrent growing;  
Flowers that peep forth from many a cleft and chink,  
And, from the whirlwind of his anger, drink  
Hues ever fresh, in rocky fortress blowing  
They suck—from breath that, threatening to destroy,  
Is more benignant than the dewy eve—  
Beauty, and life, and motions as of joy.  
Nor doubt but HE to whom yon Pine-trees nod  
Their heads in sign of worship, Nature's God,  
These humbler adorations will receive.

# Memorials of Tour on the Continent 361

## XIII

### MEMORIAL

NEAR THE OUTLET OF THE LAKE OF THUN

"*DEM  
ANDENKEN  
MEINES FREUNDES  
ALOYS REDING<sup>1</sup>  
MDCCXVIII*"

AROUND a wild and woody hill  
A gravelled pathway treading,  
We reached a votive Stone that bears  
The name of Aloys Reding  
Well judged the Friend who placed it there  
For silence and protection,  
And haply with a finer care  
Of dutiful affection.

The Sun regards it from the West,  
And, while in summer glory  
He sets, his sinking yields a type  
Of that pathetic story

And oft he tempts the patriot Swiss  
Amid the grove to linger,  
Till all is dim, save this bright Stone  
Touched by his golden finger

## XIV

COMPOSED IN ONE OF THE CATHOLIC CANTONS

DOOMED as we are our native dust  
To wet with many a bitter shower,  
It ill befits us to disdain  
The altar, to deride the fane,  
Where simple Sufferers bend, in trust  
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,  
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze.  
Hail the firm unmoving cross,  
Aloft, where pines their branches toss!<sup>1</sup>  
And to the chapel far withdrawn,  
That lurks by lonely ways!

Where'er we roam—along the brink  
Of Rhine—on by the sweeping Po,

<sup>1</sup> Aloys Reding, it will be remembered, was Captain-General of the Swiss forces, which, with a courage and perseverance worthy of the cause, opposed the flagitious and too successful attempt of Buonaparte to subjugate their country.

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Through Alpine vale, or champain wide,  
Whate'er we look on, at our side  
Be Charity !—to bid us think,  
And feel, if we would know.

### XV

#### AFTER-THOUGHT

O LIFE ! without thy chequered scene  
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,  
Success and failure, could a ground  
For magnanimity be found,  
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?  
Or whence could virtue flow?  
Pain entered through a ghastly breach—  
Nor while sin lasts must effort cease,  
Heaven upon earth's an empty boast,  
But, for the bowers of Eden lost,  
Mercy has placed within our reach  
A portion of God's peace.

### XVI

#### SCENE ON THE LAKE OF BRIENTZ

"WHAT know we of the Blest above  
But that they sing and that they love?"  
Yet, if they ever did inspire  
A mortal hymn, or shaped the choir,  
Now, where those harvest Damsels float  
Homeward in their rugged Boat,  
(While all the ruffling winds are fled—  
Each slumbering on some mountain's head)  
Now, surely, hath that gracious aid  
Been felt, that influence is displayed.  
Pupils of Heaven, in order stand  
The rustic Maidens, every hand  
Upon a Sister's shoulder laid,—  
To chant, as glides the boat along,  
A simple, but a touching, song,  
To chant, as Angels do above,  
The melodies of Peace in love!

### XVII

#### ENGELBERG, THE HILL OF ANGELS

For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes  
The work of Fancy from her willing hands;

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 363

And such a beautiful creation makes  
As renders needless spells and magic wands,  
And for the boldest tale belief commands  
When first mine eyes beheld that famous Hill,  
The sacred ENGELBERG, celestial Bands,  
With intermingling motions soft and still,  
Hung round its top, on wings that changed their hues at will.  
Clouds do not name those Visitants ; they were  
The very Angels whose authentic lays,  
Sung from that heavenly ground in middle air,  
Made known the spot where piety should raise  
A holy Structure to the Almighty's praise  
Resplendent Apparition ! if in vain  
My ears did listen, 'twas enough to gaze ;  
And watch the slow departure of the train,  
Whose skirts the glowing Mountain thirsted to detain.

### XVIII

#### OUR LADY OF THE SNOW

MEEK Virgin Mother, more benign  
Than fairest Star, upon the height  
Of thy own mountain,<sup>1</sup> set to keep  
Lone vigils through the hours of sleep,  
What eye can look upon thy shrine  
Untroubled at the sight ?

These crowded offerings as they hang  
In sign of misery relieved,  
Even these, without intent of theirs,  
Report of comfortless despairs,  
Of many a deep and cureless pang  
And confidence deceived.

To Thee, in this aerial cleft,  
As to a common centre, tend  
All sufferers that no more rely  
On mortal succour—all who sigh  
And pine, of human hope bereft,  
Nor wish for earthly friend.

And hence, O Virgin Mother mild !  
Though plenteous flowers around thee blow  
Not only from the dreary strife  
Of Winter, but the storms of life,  
Thee have thy Votaries aptly styled,  
OUR LADY OF THE SNOW.

<sup>1</sup> Mount Righi.



## 364 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

Even for the Man who stops not here,  
But down the irriguous valley hies,  
Thy very name, O Lady <sup>1</sup> flings,  
O'er blooming fields and gushing springs,  
A tender sense of shadowy fear,  
And chastening sympathies <sup>1</sup>

Nor falls that intermingling shade  
To summer-gladsomeness unkind  
It chastens only to requite  
With gleams of fresher, purer, light ;  
While, o'er the flower-enamelled glade,  
More sweetly breathes the wind

But on <sup>1</sup>—a tempting downward way,  
A verdant path before us lies ,  
Clear shines the glorious sun above ,  
Then give free course to joy and love,  
Deeming the evil of the day  
Sufficient for the wise.

### XIX EFFUSION

IN PRESENCE OF THE PAINTED TOWER OF TELL, AT ALTORF<sup>1</sup>

WHAT though the Italian pencil wrought not here,  
Nor such fine skill as did the meed bestow  
On Marathonian valour, yet the tear  
Springs forth in presence of this gaudy show,  
While narrow cares their limits overflow  
Thrice happy, burghers, peasants, warriors old,  
Infants in arms, and ye, that as ye go  
Homeward or schoolward, ape what ye behold !  
Heroes before your time, in frolic fancy bold <sup>1</sup>

And when that calm Spectatress from on high  
Looks down—the bright and solitary Moon,  
Who never gazes but to beautify ,  
And snow-fed torrents, which the blaze of noon  
Roused into fury, murmur a soft tune  
That fosters peace, and gentleness recalls ,  
*Then* might the passing Monk receive a boon  
Of saintly pleasure from these pictured walls,  
While, on the warlike groups, the mellowing lustre falls

<sup>1</sup> This Tower stands upon the spot where grew the Linden Tree against which his Son is said to have been placed when the Father's archery was put to proof under circumstances so famous in Swiss Story.

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 365

How blest the souls who when their trials come  
Yield not to terror or despondency,  
But face like that sweet Boy their mortal doom,  
Whose head the ruddy apple tops, while he  
Expectant stands beneath the linden tree ·  
He quakes not like the timid forest game,  
But smiles—the hesitating shaft to free ,  
Assured that Heaven its justice will proclaim,  
And to his Father give its own unerring aim.

### XX

#### THE TOWN OF SCHWYTZ

By antique Fancy trimmed—though lowly, bred  
To dignity—in thee, O SCHWYTZ <sup>1</sup> are seen  
The genuine features of the golden mean ;  
Equality by Prudence governèd,  
Or jealous Nature ruling in her stead ,  
And, therefore, art thou blest with peace, serene  
As that of the sweet fields and meadows green  
In unambitious compass round thee spread.  
Majestic BERNE, high on her guardian steep,  
Holding a central station of command,  
Might well be styled this noble body's HEAD ,  
Thou, lodged 'mid mountainous entrenchments deep,  
Its HEART , and ever may the heroic Land  
Thy name, O SCHWYTZ, in happy freedom keep <sup>1</sup>

### XXI

#### ON HEARING THE “RANZ DES VACHES” ON THE TOP OF THE PASS OF ST GOTHARD

I LISTEN—but no faculty of mine  
Avails those modulations to detect,  
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect  
With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine  
(So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breathed kine  
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked  
With vernal flowers Yet may we not reject  
The tale as fabulous.—Here while I recline,  
Mindful how others by this simple Strain  
Are moved, for me—upon this Mountain named  
Of God himself from dread pre-eminence—  
Aspiring thoughts, by memory reclaimed,

<sup>1</sup> Nearly 500 years (says Ebel, speaking of the French Invasion) had elapsed, when, for the first time, foreign soldiers were seen upon the frontiers of this small Canton, to impose upon it the laws of their governors

## 366 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

Yield to the Music's touching influence,  
And joys of distant home my heart enchain.

### XXII

#### FORT FUENTES<sup>1</sup>

DREAD hour ! when, upheaved by war's sulphurous blast,  
This sweet-visaged Cherub of Parian stone  
So far from the holy enclosure was cast,  
To couch in this thicket of brambles alone,  
To rest where the lizard may bask in the palm  
Of his half-open hand pure from blemish or speck ;  
And the green, gilded snake, without troubling the calm  
Of the beautiful countenance, twine round his neck,  
Where haply (kind service to Piety due !)  
When winter the grove of its mantle bereaves,  
Some bird (like our own honoured redbreast) may strew  
The desolate Slumberer with moss and with leaves  
FUENTES once harboured the good and the brave,  
Nor to her was the dance of soft pleasure unknown,  
Her banners for festal enjoyment did wave  
While the thrill of her fifes thro' the mountains was blown;  
Now gads the wild vine o'er the pathless ascent, —  
O silence of Nature, how deep is thy sway,  
When the whirlwind of human destruction is spent,  
Our tumults appeased, and our strifes passed away !

### XXIII

#### THE CHURCH OF SAN SALVADOR<sup>2</sup>

##### SEEN FROM THE LAKE OF LUGANO

THOU sacred Pile ! whose turrets rise  
From yon steep mountain's loftiest stage,  
Guarded by lone San Salvador,  
Sink (if thou must) as heretofore,  
To sulphurous bolts a sacrifice,  
But ne'er to human rage !

<sup>1</sup> The Ruins of Fort Fuentes form the crest of a rocky eminence that rises from the plain at the head of the Lake of Como, commanding views up the Valteline, and toward the town of Chiavenna. The prospect in the latter direction is characterised by melancholy sublimity.

<sup>2</sup> This Church was almost destroyed by lightning a few years ago, but the altar and the image of the Patron Saint were untouched. The Mount, upon the summit of which the Church is built, stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano, and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament, rising to the height of 2000 feet, and on one side nearly perpendicular.

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 367

On Horeb's top, on Sinai, deigned  
To rest the universal Lord  
Why leap the fountains from their cells  
Where everlasting Bounty dwells?—  
That, while the Creature is sustained,  
His God may be adored.

Cliffs, fountains, rivers, seasons, times—  
Let all remind the soul of heaven,  
Our slack devotion needs them all,  
And Faith—so oft of sense the thrall,  
While she, by aid of Nature, climbs—  
May hope to be forgiven.

Glory, and patriotic Love,  
And all the Poms of this frail "spot  
Which men call Earth," have yearned to seek,  
Associate with the simply meek,  
Religion in the sainted grove,  
And in the hallowed grot

Thither, in time of adverse shocks,  
Of fainting hopes and backward wills,  
Did mighty Tell repair of old—  
A Hero cast in Nature's mould,  
Deliverer of the stedfast rocks  
And of the ancient hills<sup>1</sup>

*He*, too, of battle-martyrs chief<sup>1</sup>  
Who, to recall his daunted peers,  
For victory shaped an open space,  
By gathering with a wide embrace,  
Into his single breast, a sheaf  
Of fatal Austrian spears.<sup>1</sup>

### XXIV

#### THE ITALIAN ITINERANT AND THE SWISS GOATHERD

##### PART I

##### I

Now that the farewell tear is dried,  
Heaven prosper thee, be hope thy guide,  
Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy,  
The wages of thy travel, joy<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup>Arnold Winkelried, at the battle of Sempach, broke an Austrian phalanx in this manner. The event is one of the most famous in the annals of Swiss heroism, and pictures and prints of it are frequent throughout the country.

## 368 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

Whether for London bound—to trill  
 Thy mountain notes with simple skill,  
 Or on thy head to poise a show  
 Of Images in seemly row,  
 The graceful form of milk-white Steed,  
 Or Bird that soared with Ganymede,  
 Or through our hamlets thou wilt bear  
 The sightless Milton, with his hair  
 Around his placid temples curled,  
 And Shakspeare at his side—a freight,  
 If clay could think and mind were weight,  
 For him who bore the world!  
 Hope be thy guide, adventurous Boy,  
 The wages of thy travel, joy!

### II

But thou, perhaps, (alert as free  
 Though serving sage philosophy)  
 Wilt ramble over hill and dale,  
 A Vender of the well-wrought Scale,  
 Whose sentient tube instructs to time  
 A purpose to a fickle clime  
 Whether thou choose this useful part,  
 Or minister to finer art,  
 Though robbed of many a cherished dream,  
 And crossed by many a shattered scheme,  
 What stirring wonders wilt thou see  
 In the proud Isle of liberty!  
 Yet will the Wanderer sometimes pine  
 With thoughts which no delights can chase,  
 Recall a Sister's last embrace,  
 His Mother's neck entwine,  
 Nor shall forget the Maiden coy  
 That *would* have loved the bright-haired Boy!

### III

My Song, encouraged by the grace  
 That beams from his ingenuous face,  
 For this Adventurer scruples not  
 To prophesy a golden lot,  
 Due recompence, and safe return  
 To Como's steep—his happy bourne!  
 Where he, aloft in garden glade,  
 Shall tend, with his own dark-eyed Maid,  
 The towering maize, and prop the twig  
 That ill supports the luscious fig,

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 369

Or feed his eye in paths sun-proof  
With purple of the trellis-roof,  
That through the jealous leaves escapes  
From Cadenabbia's pendent grapes  
—Oh might he tempt that Goatherd-child  
To share his wanderings ! him whose look  
Even yet my heart can scarcely brook,  
So touchingly he smiled—  
As with a rapture caught from heaven—  
For unasked alms in pity given.

### PART II

#### I

With nodding plumes, and lightly drest  
Like foresters in leaf-green vest,  
The Helvetian Mountaineers, on ground  
For Tell's dread archery renowned,  
Before the target stood—to claim  
The guerdon of the steadiest aim  
Loud was the rifle-gun's report—  
A startling thunder quick and short !  
But, flying through the heights around,  
Echo prolonged a tell-tale sound  
Of hearts and hands alike “prepared  
The treasures they enjoy to guard !”  
And, if there be a favoured hour  
When Heroes are allowed to quit  
The tomb, and on the clouds to sit  
With tutelary power,  
On then Descendants shedding grace—  
This was the hour, and that the place.

#### II

But Truth inspired the Bards of old  
When of an non age they told,  
Which to unequal laws gave birth,  
And drove Astræa from the earth  
—A gentle Boy (perchance with blood  
As noble as the best endued,  
But seemingly a Thing despised ;  
Even by the sun and air unprized ,  
For not a tinge or flowery streak  
Appeared upon his tender cheek)  
Heart-deaf to those rebounding notes,  
Apart, beside his silent goats,

## 370 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

Sate watching in a forest shed,  
Pale, ragged, with bare feet and head,  
Mute as the snow upon the hill,  
And, as the saint he prays to, still.  
Ah, what avails heroic deed?  
What liberty? if no defence  
Be won for feeble Innocence  
Father of all! though wilful Manhood read  
His punishment in soul-distress,  
Grant to the morn of life its natural blessedness!

### XXV

#### THE LAST SUPPER

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI, IN THE REFECTORY OF THE  
CONVENT OF MARIA DELLA GRAZIA, MILAN

Tho' searching damps and many an envious flaw  
Have marred this Work; the calm ethereal grace,  
The love deep-seated in the Saviour's face,  
The mercy, goodness, have not failed to awe  
The Elements, as they do melt and thaw  
The heart of the Beholder—and erase  
(At least for one rapt moment) every trace  
Of disobedience to the primal law  
The annunciation of the dreadful truth  
Made to the Twelve, survives. lip, forehead, cheek,  
And hand reposing on the board in ruth  
Of what it utters, while the unguilty seek  
Unquestionable meanings—still bespeak  
A labour worthy of eternal youth!

### XXVI

#### THE ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, 1820

HIGH on her speculative tower  
Stood Science waiting for the hour  
When Sol was destined to endure  
That darkening of his radiant face  
Which Superstition strove to chase,  
Erewhile, with rites impure.  
Afloat beneath Italian skies,  
Through regions fair as Paradise  
We gaily passed,—till Nature wrought  
A silent and unlooked-for change,  
That checked the desultory range  
Of joy and sprightly thought.

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 37

Where'er was dipped the toiling oar,  
The waves danced round us as before,  
As lightly, though of altered hue,  
'Mid recent coolness, such as falls  
At noontide from umbrageous walls  
That screen the morning dew

No vapour stretched its wings ; no cloud  
Cast far or near a murky shroud ,  
The sky an azure field displayed ,  
'Twas sunlight sheathed and gently charmed,  
Of all its sparkling rays disarmed,  
And as in slumber laid,—

Or something night and day between,  
Like moonshine—but the hue was green ,  
Still moonshine, without shadow, spread  
On jutting rock, and curvèd shore,  
Where gazed the peasant from his door  
And on the mountain's head.

It tinged the Julian steeps—it lay,  
Lugano <sup>1</sup> on thy ample bay ,  
The solemnizing veil was drawn  
O'er villas, terraces, and towers ,  
To Albogasio's olive bowers,  
Porlezza's verdant lawn

But Fancy with the speed of fire  
Hath passed to Milan's loftiest spire,  
And there alights 'mid that aerial host  
Of Figures human and divine,  
White as the snows of Apennine  
Indurated by frost.

Awe-stricken she beholds the array  
That guards the Temple night and day ;  
Angels she sees—that might from heaven have flown,  
And Virgin-saints, who not in vain  
Have striven by purity to gain  
The beatific crown—

Sees long-drawn files, concentric rings  
Each narrowing above each,—the wings,  
The uplifted palms, the silent marble lips,  
The starry zone of sovereign height,<sup>1</sup>  
All steeped in this portentous light !  
All suffering dim eclipse !

<sup>1</sup> Above the highest circle of figures is a zone of metallic stars.



## 372 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

Thus after Man had fallen (if aught  
These perishable spheres have wrought  
May with that issue be compared)  
Throngs of celestial visages,  
Darkening like water in the breeze,  
A holy sadness shared

Lo ! while I speak, the labouring Sun  
His glad deliverance has begun  
The cypress waves her sombre plume  
More cheerily, and town and tower,  
The vineyard and the olive-bower,  
Their lustre re-assume !

O Ye, who guard and grace my home  
While in far-distant lands we roam,  
What countenance hath this Day put on for you ?  
While we looked round with favoured eyes,  
Did sullen mists hide lake and skies  
And mountains from your view ?

Or was it given you to behold  
Like vision, pensive though not cold,  
From the smooth breast of gay Winandermere ?  
Saw ye the soft yet awful veil  
Spread over Grasmere's lovely dale,  
Helvellyn's brow severe ?

I ask in vain—and know far less  
If sickness, sorrow, or distress  
Have spared my Dwelling to this hour ;  
Sad blindness ! but ordained to prove  
Our faith in Heaven's unfailing love  
And all-controlling power.

### XXVII

#### THE THREE COTTAGE GIRLS

##### I

How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free  
From Love's uneasy sovereignty—  
Beats with a fancy running high,  
Her simple cares to magnify,  
Whom Labour, never urged to toil,  
Hath cherished on a healthful soil,  
Who knows not pomp, who heeds not pelf ;  
Whose heaviest sin it is to look  
Askance upon her pretty Self

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 373

Reflected in some crystal brook ,  
Whom grief hath spared—who sheds no tear  
But in sweet pity , and can hear  
Another's praise from envy clear.

### II

Such (but O lavish Nature ! why  
That dark unfathomable eye,  
Where lurks a Spirit that replies  
To stillest mood of softest skies,  
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,  
Another's first, and then her own ?)  
Such, haply, yon ITALIAN Maid,  
Our Lady's laggard Votaress,  
Halting beneath the chestnut shade  
To accomplish there her loveliness  
Nice aid maternal fingers lend ,  
A Sister serves with slacker hand ,  
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

### III

How blest (if truth may entertain  
Coy fancy with a bolder strain)  
The HELVETIAN Girl—who daily braves,  
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,  
And quits the bosom of the deep  
Only to climb the rugged steep !  
—Say whence that modulated shout !  
From Wood-nymph of Diana's throng ?  
Or does the greeting to a rout  
Of giddy Bacchanals belong ?  
Jubilant outcry ! rock and glade  
Resounded—but the voice obeyed  
The breath of an Helvetic Maid

### IV

Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;  
Her courage animates the flood ,  
Her steps the elastic greensward meets  
Returning unreluctant sweets ;  
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice  
Aloud, saluted by her voice !  
Blithe Paragon of Alpine grace,  
Be as thou art—for through thy veins

## 374 Memorials of Tour on the Continen

The blood of Heroes runs its race !  
 And nobly wilt thou brook the chains  
 That, for the virtuous, Life prepares ,  
 The fetters which the Matron wears ,  
 The patriot Mother's weight of anxious cares !

" Sweet HIGHLAND Girl ! a very shower  
 Of beauty was thy earthly dower,"  
 When thou didst flit before mine eyes,  
 Gay Vision under sullen skies,  
 While Hope and Love around thee played,  
 Near the rough falls of Inversneyd !  
 Have they, who nursed the blossom, seen  
 No breach of promise in the fruit ?  
 Was joy, in following joy, as keen  
 As grief can be in grief's pursuit ?  
 When youth had flown did hope still bless  
 Thy goings—or the cheerfulness  
 Of innocence survive to mitigate distress ?

### VI

But from our course why turn—to tread  
 A way with shadows overspread ,  
 Where what we gladdest would believe  
 Is feared as what may most deceive ?  
 Bright Spirit, not with amaranth crowned  
 But heath-bells from thy native ground,  
 Time cannot thin thy flowing hair,  
 Nor take one ray of light from Thee ;  
 For in my Fancy thou dost share  
 The gift of immortality ,  
 And there shall bloom, with Thee allied,  
 The Votaress by Lugano's side ,  
 And that intrepid Nymph, on Uri's steep descried !

### XXVIII

THE COLUMN INTENDED BY BUONAPARTE FOR A  
 TRIUMPHAL EDIFICE IN MILAN, NOW LYING BY  
 THE WAY-SIDE IN THE SIMPLON PASS

AMBITION—following down this far-famed slope  
 Her Pioneer, the snow-dissolving Sun,  
 While clarions prate of kingdoms to be won—  
 Perchance, in future ages, here may stop ,

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 375

Taught to mistrust her flattering horoscope  
By admonition from this prostrate Stone !  
Memento unscribed of Pride o'erthrown ;  
Vanity's hieroglyphic , a choice trope  
In Fortune's rhetoric. Daughter of the Rock,  
Rest where thy course was stayed by Power divine !  
The Soul transported sees, from hint of thine,  
Crimes which the great Avenger's hand provoke,  
Hears combats whistling o'er the ensanguined heath  
What groans ! what shrieks ! what quietness in death.

### XXIX

#### STANZAS

##### COMPOSED IN THE SIMPLON PASS

VALLOMBROSA ! I longed in thy shadiest wood  
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor,  
To listen to ANIO's precipitous flood,  
When the stillness of evening hath deepened its roar,  
To range through the Temples of PÆSTUM, to muse  
In POMPEII preserved by her burial in earth ,  
On pictures to gaze where they drank in their hues ;  
And murmur sweet songs on the ground of their birth

The beauty of Florence, the grandeur of Rome,  
Could I leave them unseen, and not yield to regret ?  
With a hope (and no more) for a season to come,  
Which ne'er may discharge the magnificent debt ?  
Thou fortunate Region ! whose Greatness murned  
Awoke to new life from its ashes and dust ,  
Twice-glorified fields ! if in sadness I turned  
From your infinite marvels, the sadness was just.

Now, risen ere the light-footed Chamois retires  
From dew-sprinkled grass to heights guarded with snow,  
Toward the mists that hang over the land of my Sires,  
From the climate of myrtles contented I go  
My thoughts become bright like yon edging of Pines  
On the steep's lofty verge · how it blackened the air !  
But, touched from behind by the Sun, it now shines  
With threads that seem part of his own silver hair.

## 376 Memorials of Tour on the Continen

Though the toil of the way with dear Friends we divide,  
Though by the same zephyr our temples be fanned  
As we rest in the cool orange-bower side by side,  
A yearning survives which few hearts shall withstand.  
Each step hath its value while homeward we move,—  
O joy when the girdle of England appears !  
What moment in life is so conscious of love,  
Of love in the heart made more happy by tears ?

XXX

### ECHO, UPON THE GEMMI

WHAT beast of chase hath broken from the cover ?  
Stern GEMMI listens to as full a cry,  
As multitudinous a harmony  
Of sounds as rang the heights of Latmos over,  
When, from the soft couch of her sleeping Lover,  
Up-starting, Cynthia skimmed the mountain dew  
In keen pursuit—and gave, where'er she flew,  
Impetuous motion to the Stars above her.  
A solitary Wolf-dog, ranging on  
Through the bleak concave, wakes this wondrous chime  
Of aery voices locked in unison,—  
Faint—far-off—near—deep—solemn and sublime !—  
So, from the body of one guilty deed,  
A thousand ghostly fears, and haunting thoughts, proceed !

XXXI

### PROCESSIONS

SUGGESTED ON A SABBATH MORNING IN THE VALE OF  
CHAMOUNY

To appease the Gods ; or public thanks to yield ,  
Or to solicit knowledge of events,  
Which in her breast Futurity concealed ,  
And that the past might have its true intents  
Feelingly told by living monuments—  
Mankind of yore were prompted to devise  
Rites such as yet Persepolis presents  
Graven on her cankered walls, solemnities  
That moved in long array before admiring eyes.  
The Hebrews thus, carrying in joyful state  
Thick boughs of palm, and willows from the brook,  
Marched round the altar—to commemorate  
How, when their course they through the desert took,  
Guided by signs which ne'er the sky forsook,

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 377

They lodged in leafy tents and cabins low ,  
Green boughs were borne, while, for the blast that shook  
Down to the earth the walls of Jericho,  
Shouts rise, and storms of sound from lifted trumpets blow !

And thus, in order, 'mid the sacred grove  
Fed in the Libyan waste by gushing wells,  
The priests and damsels of Ammonian Jove  
Provoked responses with shrill canticles .  
While, in a ship begirt with silver bells,  
They round his altar bore the hornèd God,  
Old Cham, the solar Deity, who dwells  
Aloft, yet in a tilting vessel rode,  
When universal sea the mountains overflowed.

Why speak of Roman Poms? the haughty claims  
Of Chiefs triumphant after ruthless wars ,  
The feast of Neptune—and the Cereal Games,  
With images, and crowns, and empty cars ,  
The dancing Salù—on the shields of Mars  
Smiting with fury , and a deeper dread  
Scattered on all sides by the hideous jars  
Of Corybantian cymbals, while the head  
Of Cybelè was seen, sublimely turreted !

At length a Spirit more subdued and soft  
Appeared—to govern Christian pageantries .  
The Cross, in calm procession, borne aloft  
Moved to the chant of sober litanies  
Even such, this day, came wafted on the breeze  
From a long train—in hooded vestments fair  
Enwrapt—and winding, between Alpine trees  
Spiry and dark, around their House of prayer,  
Below the icy bed of bright ARGENTIERE.

Still in the vivid freshness of a dream,  
The pageant haunts me as it met our eyes !  
Still, with those white-robed Shapes—a living Stream,  
The glacier Pillars join in solemn guise  
For the same service, by mysterious ties ,  
Numbers exceeding credible account  
Of number, pure and silent Votaries  
Issuing or issued from a wintry fount ;  
The impenetrable heart of that exalted Mount !

## 378 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

They, too, who send so far a holy gleam  
While they the Church engird with motion slow,  
A product of that awful Mountain seem,  
Poured from his vaults of everlasting snow ;  
Not virgin lilies marshalled in bright row,  
Not swans descending with the stealthy tide,  
A livelier sisterly resemblance show  
Than the fair Forms, that in long order glide,  
Bear to the glacier band—those Shapes aloft desried,

Trembling, I look upon the secret springs  
Of that licentious craving in the mind  
To act the God among external things,  
To bind, on apt suggestion, or unbind ;  
And marvel not that antique Faith inclined  
To crowd the world with metamorphosis,  
Vouchsafed in pity or in wrath assigned ,  
Such insolent temptations wouldst thou miss,  
Avoid these sights , nor brood o'er Fable's dark abyss !

### XXXII

#### ELEGIAC STANZAS <sup>1</sup>

LULLED by the sound of pastoral bells,  
Rude Nature's Pilgrims did we go,  
From the dread summit of the Queen <sup>2</sup>  
Of mountains, through a deep ravine,  
Where, in her holy chapel, dwells  
" Our Lady of the Snow."

The sky was blue, the air was mild,  
Free were the streams and green the bowers ;

<sup>1</sup> The lamented Youth whose untimely death gave occasion to these elegiac verses, was Frederick William Goddard, from Boston in North America. We met at Lucerne the succeeding evening, and Mr G and his fellow-student became our travelling companions for a couple of days. We ascended the Righi together ; and, after contemplating the sunrise from that noble mountain, we separated at an hour and on a spot well suited to the parting of those who were to meet no more. Our party descended through the valley of our Lady of the Snow, and our late companions, to Art. We had hoped to meet in a few weeks at Geneva, but on the third succeeding day (on the 21st of August) Mr Goddard perished, being overset in a boat while crossing the lake of Zurich.

<sup>2</sup> Mount Righi—Regina Montium.

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 379

As if, to rough assaults unknown,  
The genial spot had *ever* shown  
A countenance that as sweetly smiled—  
The face of summer-hours.

And we were gay, our hearts at ease ;  
With pleasure dancing through the frame  
We journeyed ; all we knew of care—  
Our path that straggled here and there  
Of trouble—but the fluttering breeze ,  
Of Winter—but a name.

If foresight could have rent the veil  
Of three short days—but hush—no more !  
Calm is the grave, and calmer none  
Than that to which thy cares are gone,  
Thou Victim of the stormy gale ,  
Asleep on ZÜRICH'S shore !

O GODDARD ! what art thou ?—a name—  
A sunbeam followed by a shade !  
Nor more, for aught that time supplies,  
The great, the experienced, and the wise  
Too much from this frail earth we claim,  
And therefore are betrayed.

We met, while festive mirth ran wild,  
Where, from a deep lake's mighty urn,  
Forth slips, like an enfranchised slave,  
A sea-green river, proud to lave,  
With current swift and undefiled,  
The towers of old LUCERNE

We parted upon solemn ground  
Far-lifted towards the unfading sky ;  
But all our thoughts were *then* of Earth,  
That gives to common pleasures birth ,  
And nothing in our hearts we found  
That prompted even a sigh.

Fetch, sympathising Powers of air,  
Fetch, ye that post o'er seas and lands,  
Herbs, moistened by Virginian dew,  
A most untimely grave to strew,  
Whose turf may never know the care  
Of *kindred* human hands !



## 380 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

Beloved by every gentle Muse  
 He left his Transatlantic home .  
 Europe, a realised romance,  
 Had opened on his eager glance ;  
 What present bliss !—what golden views !  
 What stores for years to come !

Though lodged within no vigorous frame,  
 His soul her daily tasks renewed,  
 Blithe as the lark on sun-gilt wings  
 High poised—or as the wren that sings  
 In shady places, to proclaim  
 Her modest gratitude

Not vain in sadly-uttered praise ;  
 The words of truth's memorial vow  
 Are sweet as morning fragrance shed  
 From flowers 'mid GOLDAU'S ruins bled ,  
 As evening's fondly-lingering rays,  
 On RIGHI'S silent brow

Lamented Youth ! to thy cold clay  
 Fit obsequies the Stranger paid ,  
 And piety shall guard the Stone  
 Which hath not left the spot unknown  
 Where the wild waves resigned their prey—  
 And *that* which marks thy bed

And, when thy Mother weeps for Thee  
 Lost Youth ! a solitary Mother ,  
 This tribute from a casual Friend  
 A not unwelcome aid may lend,  
 To feed the tender luxury,  
 The rising pang to smother.

### XXXIII

#### SKY-PROSPECT—FROM THE PLAIN OF FRANCE

Lo ! in the burning west, the craggy nape  
 Of a proud Ararat ! and, thereupon,  
 The Ark, her melancholy voyage done !  
 Yon rampant cloud mimics a lion's shape ;  
 There, combats a huge crowd '—  
 A golden spear to smite '—  
 And massy grove, so near yon blazing town,  
 Stirs and recedes—destruction to escape !  
 Yet all is harmless—as the Elysian shades  
 Where Spirits dwell in undisturbed repose—

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 38

Silently disappears, or quickly fades  
Meek Nature's evening comment on the shows  
That for oblivion take their daily birth  
From all the fuming vanities of Earth !

XXXIV

### ON BEING STRANDED NEAR THE HARBOUR OF BOULOGNE

Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore,  
Ye furious waves ! a patriotic Son  
Of England—who in hope her coast had won,  
His project crowned, his pleasant travel o'er ?  
Well—let him pace this noted beach once more,  
That gave the Roman his triumphal shells ;  
That saw the Corsican his cap and bells  
Haughtily shake, a dreaming Conqueror !—  
Enough my Country's cliffs I can behold,  
And proudly think, beside the chafing sea,  
Of checked ambition, tyranny controlled,  
And folly cursed with endless memory  
These local recollections ne'er can cloy ,  
Such ground I from my very heart enjoy !

XXXV

### AFTER LANDING—THE VALLEY OF DOVER Nov. 1820

WHERE be the noisy followers of the game  
Which faction breeds, the turmoil where ? that passed  
Through Europe, echoing from the newsman's blast,  
And filled our hearts with grief for England's shame  
Peace greets us,—rambling on without an aim  
We mark majestic herds of cattle, free  
To ruminate, couched on the grassy lea ,  
And hear far-off the mellow horn proclaim  
The Season's harmless pastime Ruder sound  
Stirs not , enrapt I gaze with strange delight,  
While consciousnesses, not to be disowned,  
Here only serve a feeling to invite  
That lifts the spirit to a calmer height,  
And makes this rural stillness more profound

XXXVI

### AT DOVER

FROM the Pier's head, musing, and with increase  
Of wonder, I have watched this sea-side Town,  
Under the white cliff's battlemented crown,

## 382 Memorials of Tour on the Continent

Hushed to a depth of more than Sabbath peace  
The streets and quays are thronged, but why disown  
Their natural utterance whence this strange release  
From social noise—silence elsewhere unknown?—  
A Spirit whispered, "Let all wonder cease,  
Ocean's o'erpowering murmurs have set free  
Thy sense from pressure of life's common din,  
As the dread Voice that speaks from out the sea  
Of God's eternal Word, the Voice of Time  
Doth deaden, shocks of tumult, shrieks of crime,  
The shouts of folly, and the groans of sin"

XXXVII

### DESULTORY STANZAS

UPON RECEIVING THE PRECEDING SHEETS FROM THE PRESS

Is then the final page before me spread,  
Nor further outlet left to mind or heart?  
Presumptuous Book! too forward to be read,  
How can I give thee licence to depart?  
One tribute more unbidden feelings start  
Forth from their coverts, slighted objects rise,  
My spirit is the scene of such wild art  
As on Parnassus rules, when lightning flies,  
Visibly leading on the thunder's harmonies.

All that I saw returns upon my view,  
All that I heard comes back upon my ear,  
All that I felt this moment doth renew,  
And where the foot with no unmanly fear  
Recoiled—and wings alone could travel—there  
I move at ease, and meet contending themes  
That press upon me, crossing the career  
Of recollections vivid as the dreams  
Of midnight,—cities, plains, forests, and mighty streams

Where Mortal never breathed I dare to sit  
Among the interior Alps, gigantic crew,  
Who triumphed o'er diluvian power!—and yet  
What are they but a wreck and residue,  
Whose only business is to perish?—true  
To which sad course, these wrinkled Sons of Time  
Labour their proper greatness to subdue,  
Speaking of death alone, beneath a clime  
Where life and rapture flow in plenitude sublime

## Memorials of Tour on the Continent 383

Fancy hath flung for me an airy bridge  
 Across thy long deep Valley, furious Rhone!  
 Arch that *here* rests upon the granite ridge  
 Of Monte Rosa—*there* on frailer stone  
 Of secondary birth, the Jung-frau's cone,  
 And, from that arch, down-looking on the Vale  
 The aspect I behold of every zone,  
 A sea of foliage, tossing with the gale,  
 Blithe Autumn's purple crown, and Winter's icy mail!

Far as ST MAURICE, from yon eastern FORKS,<sup>1</sup>  
 Down the main avenue my sight can range  
 And all its bianchy vales, and all that lurks  
 Within them, church, and town, and hut, and grange,  
 For my enjoyment meet in vision strange;  
 Snows, torrents,—to the region's utmost bound,  
 Life, Death, in amicable interchange,—  
 But list! the avalanche—the hush profound  
 That follows—yet more awful than that awful sound!

Is not the chamois suited to his place?  
 The eagle worthy of her ancestry?  
 —Let Empires fall! but ne'er shall Ye disgrace  
 Your noble birthright, ye that occupy  
 Your council-seats beneath the open sky,  
 On Sarnen's Mount, there judge of fit and right,  
 In simple democratic majesty,  
 Soft breezes fanning your rough brows—the might  
 And purity of nature spread before your sight!

From this appropriate Court, renowned LUCERNE  
 Calls me to pace her honoured Bridge—that cheers  
 The Patriot's heart with pictures rude and stern,  
 An uncouth Chronicle of glorious years  
 Like portraiture, from loftier source, endears  
 That work of kindred frame, which spans the lake  
 Just at the point of issue, where it fears  
 The form and motion of a stream to take,  
 Where it begins to stir, *yet* voiceless as a snake.

Volumes of sound, from the Cathedral rolled,  
 This long-roofed Vista penetrate—but see,  
 One after one, its tablets, that unfold  
 The whole design of Scripture history,

<sup>1</sup> At the head of the Vallais.

## 384 Voyage down the Rhine

From the first tasting of the fatal Tree,  
Till the bright Star appeared in eastern skies,  
Announcing, ONE was born mankind to free,  
His acts, his wrongs, his final sacrifice,  
Lessons for every heart, a Bible for all eyes.

*Our* pride misleads, our timid likings kill  
—Long may these homely Works devised of old,  
These simple efforts of Helvetian skill,  
Aid, with congenial influence, to uphold  
The State,—the Country's destiny to mould,  
Turning, for them who pass, the common dust  
Of servile opportunity to gold,  
Filling the soul with sentiments august—  
The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just!

No more, Time halts not in his noiseless march—  
Nor turns, nor winds, as doth the liquid flood,  
Life slips from underneath us, like that arch  
Of airy workmanship whereon we stood,  
Earth stretched below, heaven in our neighbourhood.  
Go forth, my little Book! pursue thy way,  
Go forth, and please the gentle and the good;  
Nor be a whisper stifled, if it say  
That treasures, yet untouched, may grace some future Lay.

### AUTHOR'S VOYAGE DOWN THE RHINE (THIRTY YEARS AGO)

THE confidence of Youth our only Art,  
And Hope gay Pilot of the bold design,  
We saw the living Landscapes of the Rhine,  
Reach after reach, salute us and depart,  
Slow sink the Spires,—and up again they start!  
But who shall count the Towers as they recline  
O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line  
Striding, with shattered crests, the eye athwart?  
More touching still, more perfect was the pleasure,  
When hurrying forward till the slack'ning stream  
Spread like a spacious Mere, we there could measure  
A smooth free course along the watery gleam,  
Think calmly on the past, and mark at leisure  
Features which else had vanished like a dream.

THE RIVER DUDDON

A SERIES OF SONNETS<sup>1</sup>

1820

To

THE REV. DR WORDSWORTH

(WITH THE SONNETS TO THE RIVER DUDDON, AND OTHER POEMS  
IN THIS COLLECTION, 1820)

THE Minstrels played their Christmas tune  
To night beneath my cottage-eaves,  
While, smitten by a lofty moon,  
The encircling laurels, thick with leaves,  
Gave back a rich and dazzling sheen,  
That overpowered their natural green

Through hill and valley every breeze  
Had sunk to rest with folded wings  
Keen was the air, but could not freeze,  
Nor check, the music of the strings,  
So stout and hardy were the band  
That sciape the chords with strenuous hand,

And who but listened?—till was paid  
Respect to every inmate's claim  
The greeting given, the music played,  
In honour of each household name,  
Duly pronounced with lusty call,  
And "merry Christmas" wished to all!

O Brother! I revere the choice  
That took thee from thy native hills,  
And it is given thee to rejoice  
Though public care full often tills  
(Heaven only witness of the toil)  
A barren and ungrateful soil

Yet, would that Thou, with me and mine,  
Hast heard this never-failing rite,  
And seen on other faces shine  
A true revival of the light  
Which Nature and these rustic Powers,  
In simple childhood, spread through ours.

For pleasure hath not ceased to wait  
On these expected annual rounds,  
Whether the rich man's sumptuous gate  
Call forth the unelaborate sounds,  
Or they are offered at the door  
That guards the lowliest of the poor

<sup>1</sup> The river Duddon rises upon Wynyose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Lancashire, and, having served as a boundary to the last two counties for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish Sea, between the Isle of Walney and the Lordship of Millum.

## The River Duddon

How touching, when, at midnight, sweep  
 Snow-muffled winds, and all is dark,  
 To hear—and sink again to sleep !  
 Or, at an earlier call, to mark,  
 By blazing fire, the still suspense  
 Of self-complacent innocence ,

The mutual nod,—the grave disguise  
 Of hearts with gladness brimming o'er ;  
 And some unbidden tears that rise  
 For names once heard, and heard no more ,  
 Tears brightened by the serenade  
 For infant in the cradle laid

Ah ! not for emerald fields alone,  
 With ambient streams more pure and bright  
 Than fabled Cytherea's zone  
 Glittering before the Thunderer's sight,  
 Is to my heart of hearts endeared  
 The ground where we were born and reared !

Hail, ancient Manneis ! sure defence,  
 Where they survive, of wholesome laws ,  
 Remnants of love whose modest sense  
 Thus into narrow room withdraws ,  
 Hail, Usages of pristine mould,  
 And ye that guard them, Mountains old !

Bear with me, Brother ! quench the thought  
 That slights this passion, or condemns,  
 If thee fond Fancy ever brought  
 From the proud margin of the Thames,  
 And Lambeth's venerable towers,  
 To humbler streams, and greener bowers

Yes, they can make, who fail to find,  
 Short leisure even in busiest days ,  
 Moments, to cast a look behind,  
 And profit by those kindly rays  
 That through the clouds do sometimes steal,  
 And all the far-off past reveal

Hence, while the imperial City's din  
 Beats frequent on thy satiate ear,  
 A pleased attention I may win  
 To agitations less severe,  
 That neither overwhelm nor cloy,  
 But fill the hollow vale with joy !

## I

Not envying Latian shades--if yet they throw  
 A grateful coolness round that crystal Spring,  
 Blandusia, prattling as when long ago  
 The Sabine Bard was moved her praise to sing ,

Careless of flowers that in perennial blow  
Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling,  
Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering  
Through ice-built arches radiant as heaven's bow,  
I seek the birthplace of a native Stream.—  
All hail, ye mountains! hail, thou morning light!  
Better to breathe at large on this clear height  
Than toil in needless sleep from dream to dream  
Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright,  
For Duddon, long-loved Duddon, is my theme!

## II

CHILD of the clouds! remote from every taint  
Of sordid industry thy lot is cast,  
Thine are the honours of the lofty waste  
Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,  
Thy handmaid Frost with spangled tissue quaint  
Thy cradle decks,—to chant thy birth, thou hast  
No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast,  
And Desolation is thy Patron-saint!  
She guards thee, ruthless Power! who would not spare,  
Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen,  
Where stalked the huge deer to his shaggy lair!<sup>1</sup>  
Through paths and alleys roofed with darkest green,  
Thousands of years before the silent air  
Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen!

## III

How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone  
My seat, while I give way to such intent,  
Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument,  
Make to the eyes of men thy features known  
But as of all those tripping lambs not one  
O outruns his fellows, so hath Nature lent  
To thy beginning nought that doth present  
Peculiar ground for hope to build upon  
To dignify the spot that gives thee birth,  
No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem  
Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care,  
Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam  
Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare,  
Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

<sup>1</sup> The deer alluded to is the Leigh, a gigantic species long since extinct



## IV

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take  
 This parting glance, no negligent adieu !  
 A Protean change seems wrought while I pursue  
 The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make,  
 Or rather thou appear'st a glistening snake,  
 Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,  
 Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through  
 Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake  
 Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill  
 Robed instantly in garb of snow-white foam,  
 And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb  
 So high, a rival purpose to fulfil,  
 Else let the dastard backward wend, and roam,  
 Seeking less bold achievement, where he will !

## V

SOLE listener, Duddon ! to the breeze that played  
 With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound  
 Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound—  
 Unfruitful solitudes, that seemed to upbraid  
 The sun in heaven !—but now, to form a shade  
 For Thee, green alders have together wound  
 Their foliage, ashes flung their arms around ;  
 And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade  
 And thou hast also tempted here to rise,  
 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and grey,  
 Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes  
 Carelessly watched, sport through the summer day,  
 Thy pleased associates.—light as endless May  
 On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

## VI

## FLOWERS

ERE yet our course was graced with social trees  
 It lacked not old remains of hawthorn bowers,  
 Where small buds warbled to their paramours,  
 And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees,  
 I saw them ply their harmless robberies,  
 And caught the fragrance which the sundry flowers,  
 Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,  
 Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze  
 There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness,  
 The trembling eyebright showed her sapphire blue,

The thyme her purple, like the blush of Even,  
 And if the breath of some to no caress  
 Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view,  
 All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven

## VII

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose!"  
 The love-sick Stupling fancifully sighs,  
 The envied flower beholding, as it lies  
 On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose,  
 Or he would pass into her bird, that throws  
 The darts of song from out its wiry cage,  
 Enraptured,—could he for himself engage  
 The thousandth part of what the Nymph bestows;  
 And what the little careless innocent  
 Ungraciously receives Too daring choice!  
 There are whose calmer mind it would content  
 To be an unculled floweret of the glen,  
 Fearless of plough and scythe, or darkling wren  
 That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

## VIII

WHAT aspect bore the Man who roved or fled,  
 First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first  
 In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst?  
 What hopes came with him? what designs were spread  
 Along his path? His unprotected bed  
 What dreams encompassed? Was the intruder nursed  
 In hideous usages, and rites accursed,  
 That thinned the living and disturbed the dead?  
 No voice replies,—both air and earth are mute,  
 And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yield'st no more  
 Than a soft record, that, whatever fruit  
 Of ignorance thou might'st witness heretofore,  
 Thy function was to heal and to restore,  
 To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

## IX

## THE STEPPING-STONES

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown  
 Into a Brook of loud and stately march,  
 Crossed ever and anon by plank or arch;  
 And, for like use, lo! what might seem a zone  
 Chosen for ornament—stone matched with stone

In studied symmetry, with interspace  
 For the clear waters to pursue their race  
 Without restraint How swiftly have they flown,  
 Succeeding—still succeeding ! Here the Child  
 Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,  
 His budding courage to the proof, and here  
 Declining Manhood learns to note the sly  
 And sure encroachments of infirmity,  
 Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near !

## X

## THE SAME SUBJECT

Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance  
 With prompt emotion, urging them to pass,  
 A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass,  
 Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance ;  
 To stop ashamed—too timid to advance,  
 She ventures once again—another pause !  
 His outstretched hand He tauntingly withdraws—  
 She sues for help with piteous utterance !  
 Chidden she chides again, the thrilling touch  
 Both feel, when he renews the wished-for aid  
 Ah ! if their fluttering hearts should stir too much,  
 Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.  
 The frolic Loves, who, from yon high rock, see  
 The struggle, clap their wings for victory !

## XI

## THE FAERY CHASM

No fiction was it of the antique age •  
 A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft,  
 Is of the very footmarks unbereft  
 Which tiny Elves impressed,—on that smooth stage  
 Dancing with all their brilliant equipage  
 In secret revels—haply after theft  
 Of some sweet Babe—Flower stolen, and coarse Weed left  
 For the distracted Mother to assuage  
 Her grief with, as she might !—But, where, oh ! where  
 Is traceable a vestige of the notes  
 That ruled those dances wild in character ?—  
 Deep underground ? Or in the upper air,  
 On the shrill wind of midnight ? or where floats  
 O'er twilight fields the autumnal gossamer ?

## XII

## HINTS FOR THE FANCY

ON, loitering Muse—the swift Stream chides us—on !  
 Albert his deep-worn channel doth immure  
 Objects immense portrayed in miniature,  
 Wild shapes for many a strange comparison !  
 Niagaras, Alpine passes, and anon  
 Abodes of Naiads, calm abysses pure,  
 Bright liquid mansions, fashioned to endure  
 When the broad oak drops, a leafless skeleton,  
 And the solidities of mortal pride,  
 Palace and tower, are crumbled into dust !—  
 The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide,  
 Shall find such toys of fancy thickly set  
 Turn from the sight, enamoured Muse—we must,  
 And, if thou canst, leave them without regret !

## XIII

## OPEN PROSPECT

HAIL to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er,  
 And one small hamlet, under a green hill  
 Clustering, with barn and byre, and spouting mill !  
 A glance suffices ;—should we wish for more,  
 Gay June would scorn us But when bleak winds roar  
 Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash,  
 Dread swell of sound ! loud as the gusts that lash  
 The matted forests of Ontario's shore  
 By wasteful steel unsmiten—then would I  
 Turn into port, and, reckless of the gale,  
 Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by,  
 While the warm hearth exalts the mantling ale,  
 Laugh with the generous household heartily  
 At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale !

## XIV

O MOUNTAIN Stream ! the Shepherd and his Cot  
 Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude ;  
 Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude  
 A field or two of brighter green, or plot  
 Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot  
 Of stationary sunshine —thou hast viewed  
 These only, Duddon ! with their paths renewed  
 By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not  
 Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,  
 Utterly to desert, the haunts of men,

Though simple thy companions were and few ;  
 And through this wilderness a passage cleave  
 Attended but by thy own voice, save when  
 The clouds and fowls of the air thy way pursue !

(1806)

## XV

FROM this deep chasm, where quivering sunbeams play  
 Upon its loftiest crags, mine eyes behold  
 A gloomy NICHE, capacious, blank, and cold ,  
 A concave free from shrubs and mosses grey ,  
 In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray,  
 Some Statue, placed amid these regions old  
 For tutelary service, thence had rolled,  
 Startling the flight of timid Yesterday !  
 Was it by mortals sculptured ?—weary slaves  
 Of slow endeavour ! or abruptly cast  
 Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast  
 Tempestuously let loose from central caves ?  
 Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves,  
 Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge passed ?

## XVI

## AMERICAN TRADITION

SUCH fruitless questions may not long beguile  
 Or plague the fancy 'mid the sculptured shows  
 Conspicuous yet where Ooonoko flows ,  
 There would the Indian answer with a smile  
 Aimed at the White Man's ignorance, the while,  
 Of the GREAT WATERS telling how they rose,  
 Covered the plains, and, wandering where they chose,  
 Mounted through every intricate defile,  
 Triumphant—Inundation wide and deep,  
 O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep  
 Else unapproachable, their buoyant way ,  
 And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or prey ;  
 Whate'er they sought, shunned, loved, or deified <sup>1</sup>

## XVII

## RETURN

A DARK plume fetch me from yon blasted yew,  
 Perched on whose top the Danish Raven crows ;  
 Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes  
 Departed ages, shedding where he flew

<sup>1</sup> See Humboldt's *Personal Narrative*

Loose fragments of wild wailing, that bestrew  
 The clouds and thrill the chambers of the rocks,  
 And into silence hush the timorous flocks,  
 That, calmly couching while the nightly dew  
 Moistened each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars  
 Slept amid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,  
 Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and Mars  
 Or, near that mystic Round of Druid frame  
 Tardily sinking by its proper weight  
 Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it came !

## XVIII

## SEATHWAITE CHAPEL

SACRED Religion ! "mother of form and fear,"  
 Dread arbitress of mutable respect,  
 New rites ordaining when the old are wrecked,  
 Or cease to please the fickle worshipper,  
 Mother of Love ! (that name best suits thee here)  
 Mother of Love ! for this deep vale, protect  
 Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect,  
 Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere  
 That seeks to stifle it ;—as in those days  
 When this low Pile a Gospel Teacher knew,  
 Whose good works formed an endless retinue  
 A Pastor such as Chaucer's verse portrays,  
 Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew,  
 And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise !

## XIX

## TRIBUTARY STREAM

My frame hath often trembled with delight  
 When hope presented some far-distant good,  
 That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood  
 Of yon pure waters, from their aery height  
 Hurrying, with lordly Duddon to unite,  
 Who, 'mid a world of images imprest  
 On the calm depth of his transparent breast,  
 Appears to cherish most that Torrent white,  
 The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all !  
 And seldom hath ear listened to a tune  
 More lulling than the busy hum of Noon,  
 Swoln by that voice—whose murmur musical  
 Announces to the thirsty fields a boon  
 Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall

## XX

## THE PLAIN OF DONNERDALE

THE old inventive Poets, had they seen,  
 Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains'  
 Thy waters, Duddon ! 'mid these flowery plains—  
 The still repose, the liquid lapse serene,  
 Transferred to bowers imperishably green,  
 Had beautified Elysium ! But these chains  
 Will soon be broken,—a rough course remains,  
 Rough as the past, where Thou, of placid mien,  
 Innocuous as a firstling of the flock,  
 And countenanced like a soft cerulean sky,  
 Shalt change thy temper, and, with many a shock  
 Given and received in mutual jeopardy,  
 Dance, like a Bacchanal, from rock to rock,  
 Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high !

## XXI

WHENCE that low voice ?—A whisper from the heart,  
 That told of days long past, when here I roved  
 With friends and kindred tenderly beloved,  
 Some who had early mandates to depart,  
 Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart  
 By Duddon's side, once more do we unite,  
 Once more, beneath the kind Earth's tranquil light;  
 And smothered joys into new being start  
 From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall  
 Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;  
 Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and free  
 As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall  
 On gales that breathe too gently to recall  
 Aught of the fading year's inclemency !

## XXII

## TRADITION

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time,  
 Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass  
 In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass;  
 And, gazing, saw that Rose, which from the prime  
 Derives its name, reflected, as the chime  
 Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound.  
 The starry treasure from the blue profound  
 She longed to ravish,—shall she plunge, or climb  
 The humid precipice, and seize the guest

Of April, smiling high in upper air?  
Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare  
To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep rock's breast  
The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom,  
Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

## XXIII

## SHEEP-WASHING

SAD thoughts, avaunt!—partake we their blithe cheer  
Who gathered in betimes the unshorn flock  
To wash the fleece, where haply bands of rock,  
Checking the stream, make a pool smooth and clear  
As this we look on Distant Mountains hear,  
Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites  
Clamour of boys with innocent despites  
Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear  
And what if Duddon's spotless flood receive  
Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise  
Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive  
Such wrong, nor need *we* blame the licensed joys,  
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise  
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive

## XXIV

## THE RESTING-PLACE

MID-NOON is past,—upon the sultry mead  
No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws  
If we advance unstrengthened by repose,  
Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed!  
This Nook—with woodbine hung and straggling weed  
Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,  
Half grot, half harbour—proffers to enclose  
Body and mind, from molestation freed,  
In narrow compass—narrow as itself  
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,  
Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt  
From new incitements friendly to our task,  
Here wants not stealthy prospect, that may tempt  
Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

## XXV

METHINKS 'twere no unprecedented feat  
Should some benignant Minister of air  
Lift, and encircle with a cloudy char,



The One for whom my heart shall ever beat  
 With tenderest love,—or, if a safer seat  
 Atween his downy wings be furnished, there  
 Would lodge her, and the cherished burden bear  
 O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat !  
 Rough ways my steps have trod,—too rough and long  
 For her companionship, here dwells soft ease  
 With sweets that she partakes not some distaste  
 Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong,  
 Languish the flowers, the waters seem to waste  
 Their vocal charm, their sparklings cease to please

## XXVI

RETURN, Content ! for fondly I pursued,  
 Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen,  
 Through tangled woods, impending rocks between,  
 Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed  
 The sullen reservoirs whence their bold brood—  
 Pure as the morning, fretful, boisterous, keen,  
 Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green—  
 Poured down the hills, a choral multitude !  
 Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains ;  
 They taught me random cares and truant joys,  
 That shield from mischief and preserve from stains  
 Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys,  
 Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise  
 Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

## XXVII

FALLEN, and diffused into a shapeless heap,  
 Or quietly self-buried in earth's mould,  
 Is that embattled House, whose massy Keep,  
 Flung from yon cliff a shadow large and cold  
 There dwelt the gay, the bountiful, the bold,  
 Till nightly lamentations, like the sweep  
 Of winds—though winds were silent—struck a deep  
 And lasting terror through that ancient Hold  
 Its line of Warriors fled,—they shrunk when tried  
 By ghostly power—but Time's unsparing hand  
 Hath plucked such foes, like weeds, from out the land,  
 And now, if men with men in peace abide,  
 All other strength the weakest may withstand,  
 All worse assaults may safely be defied

## XXVIII

## JOURNEY RENEWED

I ROSE while yet the cattle, heat-oppress,  
Crowded together under rustling trees  
Brushed by the current of the water-breeze,  
And for *their* sakes, and love of all that rest,  
On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest,  
For all the startled scaly tribes that slink  
Into his coverts, and each fearless link  
Of dancing insects forged upon his breast,  
For these, and hopes and recollections worn  
Close to the vital seat of human clay,  
Glad meetings, tender partings, that upstay  
The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn  
In his pure presence near the trysting thorn—  
I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

## XXIX

No record tells of lance opposed to lance,  
Horse charging horse, 'mid these retired domains,  
Tells that their turf drank purple from the veins  
Of heroes, fallen, or struggling to advance,  
Till doubtful combat issued in a trance  
Of victory, that struck through heart and reins  
Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains,  
And lightened o'er the pallid countenance.  
Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie  
In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn,  
The passing Winds memorial tribute pay,  
The Torrents chant their praise, inspiring scorn  
Of power usurped, with proclamation high,  
And glad acknowledgment, of lawful sway

## XXX

WHO swerves from innocence, who makes divorce  
Of that serene companion—a good name,  
Recovers not his loss, but walks with shame,  
With doubt, with fear, and haply with remorse:  
And oft-times he—who, yielding to the force  
Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end,  
From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend—  
In vain shall rue the broken intercourse  
Not so with such as loosely wear the chain  
That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side—

Through the rough copse wheel thou with hasty stride;  
 I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain,  
 Sure, when the separation has been tried,  
 That we, who part in love, shall meet again

## XXXI

THE KIRK of ULPHA to the pilgrim's eye  
 Is welcome as a star, that doth present  
 Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent  
 Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky  
 Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high  
 O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent;  
 Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent,  
 Take root again, a boundless canopy  
 How sweet were leisure ! could it yield no more  
 Than 'mid that wave-washed Churchyard to recline,  
 From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine,  
 Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar  
 Of distant moonlit mountains faintly shine,  
 Soothed by the unseen River's gentle roar

## XXXII

Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep,  
 Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands  
 And blooming thickets, nor by rocky bands  
 Held, but in radiant progress toward the Deep  
 Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep  
 Sink, and forget their nature—*now* expands  
 Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands  
 Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep !  
 Beneath an ampler sky a region wide  
 Is opened round him —hamlets, towers, and towns,  
 And blue-topped hills, behold him from afar,  
 In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied  
 Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs,  
 With commerce freighted, or triumphant war

## XXXIII

## CONCLUSION

BUT here no cannon thunders to the gale,  
 Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast  
 A crimson splendour lowly is the mast  
 That rises here, and humbly spread, the sail,  
 While, less disturbed than in the narrow Vale  
 Through which with strange vicissitudes he passed,

## A Parsonage in Oxfordshire 399

The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast  
Where all his unambitious functions fail,  
And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream<sup>1</sup> be free—  
The sweets of earth contentedly resigned,  
And each tumultuous working left behind  
At seemly distance—to advance like Thee ;  
Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind  
And soul, to mingle with Eternity<sup>1</sup>

XXXIV

AFTER-THOUGHT

*I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide  
As being past away.—Vain sympathies !  
For, backward, Duddon, as I cast my eyes,  
I see what was, and is, and will abide ,  
Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever glide ,  
The Form remains, the Function never dies ,  
While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise,  
We Men, who in our morn of youth defied  
The elements, must vanish,—be it so !  
Enough, if something from our hands have power  
To live, and act, and serve the future hour ,  
And if, as toward the silent tomb we go,  
Through love, through hope, and faith's transcendent  
dower,  
We feel that we are greater than we know.*

### A PARSONAGE IN OXFORDSHIRE<sup>1</sup>

WHERE holy ground begins, unhallowed ends,  
Is marked by no distinguishable line ;  
The turf unites, the pathways intertwine ,  
And, wheresoe'er the stealing footstep tends,  
Garden, and that domain where kindred, friends,  
And neighbours rest together, here confound  
Their several features, mingled like the sound  
Of many waters, or as evening blends  
With shady night Soft airs, from shrub and flower,  
Waft fragrant greetings to each silent grave ,  
And while those lofty poplars gently wave  
Their tops, between them comes and goes a sky  
Bright as the glimpses of eternity,  
To saints accorded in their mortal hour

(1820)

<sup>1</sup> This Parsonage was the residence of my friend Jones, and is particularly described in another note. [See W's Prose-writings: vol. 1.—*Ed*]

## TO ENTERPRISE

KEEP for the Young the impassioned smile  
 Shed from thy countenance, as I see thee stand  
 High on that chalky cliff of Britain's Isle,  
 A slender volume grasping in thy hand—  
 (Perchance the pages that relate  
 The various turns of Crusoe's fate)—  
 Ah, spare the exulting smile,  
 And drop thy pointing finger bright  
 As the first flash of beacon light,  
 But neither veil thy head in shadows dim,  
 Nor turn thy face away  
 From One who, in the evening of his day,  
 To thee would offer no presumptuous hymn !

## I

Bold Spirit ! who art free to rove  
 Among the starry courts of Jove,  
 And oft in splendour dost appear  
 Embodied to poetic eyes,  
 While traversing this nether sphere,  
 Where Mortals call thee ENTERPRISE  
 Daughter of Hope ! her favourite Child,  
 Whom she to young Ambition bore,  
 When hunter's arrow first defiled  
 The grove, and stained the turf with gore,  
 Thee wingèd Fancy took, and nursed  
 On broad Euphrates' palmy shore,  
 And where the mightier Waters burst  
 From caves of Indian mountains hoar !  
 She wrapped thee in a panther's skin,  
 And Thou, thy favourite food to win,  
 The flame-eyed eagle oft wouldst scare  
 From her rock-fortress in mid air,  
 With infant shout, and often sweep,  
 Paired with the ostrich, o'er the plain,  
 Or, tired with sport, wouldst sink asleep  
 Upon the couchant lion's mane !  
 With rolling years thy strength increased  
 And, far beyond thy native East,  
 To thee, by varying titles known  
 As variously thy power was shown,  
 Did incense-bearing altars rise,  
 Which caught the blaze of sacrifice,  
 From suppliants panting for the skies !

## II

What though this ancient Earth be trod  
No more by step of Demi-god  
Mounting from glorious deed to deed  
As thou from clime to clime didst lead,  
Yet still, the bosom beating high,  
And the hushed farewell of an eye  
Where no procrastinating gaze  
A last infirmity betrays,  
Prove that thy heaven-descended sway  
Shall ne'er submit to cold decay  
By thy divinity impelled,  
The Stripling seeks the tented field;  
The aspiring Virgin kneels, and, pale  
With awe, receives the hallowed veil,  
A soft and tender Herome  
Vowed to severe discipline,  
Inflamed by thee, the blooming Boy  
Makes of the whistling shrouds a toy,  
And of the ocean's dismal breast  
A play-ground,—or a couch of rest;  
'Mid the blank world of snow and ice,  
Thou to his dangers dost enchain  
The Chamois-chaser awed in vain  
By chasm or dizzy precipice,  
And hast Thou not with triumph seen  
How soaring Mortals glide between  
Or through the clouds, and brave the light  
With bolder than Icarian flight?  
How they, in bells of crystal, dive—  
Where winds and waters cease to strive—  
For no unholy visitings,  
Among the monsters of the Deep,  
And all the sad and precious things  
Which there in ghastly silence sleep?  
Or, adverse tides and currents headed,  
And breathless calms no longer dreaded,  
In never-slackening voyage go  
Straight as an arrow from the bow,  
And, slighting sails and scorning oars,  
Keep faith with Time on distant shores?  
—Within our fearless reach are placed  
The secrets of the burning Waste,  
Egyptian tombs unlock their dead,  
Nile trembles at his fountain head

Thou speak'st—and lo ! the polar Seas  
 Unbosom their last mysteries  
 —But oh ! what transports, what sublime reward,  
 Won from the world of mind, dost thou prepare  
 For philosophic Sage , or high-souled Bard  
 Who, for thy service trained in lonely woods,  
 Hath fed on pageants floating through the air,  
 Or calentured in depth of limpid floods ,  
 Nor grieves—tho' doomed thro' silent night to bear  
 The domination of his glorious themes,  
 Or struggle in the net-work of thy dreams !

## III

If there be movements in the Patriot's soul,  
 From source still deeper, and of higher worth,  
 'Tis thine the quickening impulse to control,  
 And in due season send the mandate forth ,  
 Thy call a prostrate Nation can restore,  
 When but a single Mind resolves to crouch no more.

## IV

Dread Minister of wrath !  
 Who to their destined punishment dost urge  
 The Pharaohs of the earth, the men of hardened heart !  
 Not unassisted by the flattering stairs,  
 Thou strew'st temptation o'er the path  
 When they in pomp depart  
 With trampling horses and refulgent cars—  
 Soon to be swallowed by the briny surge ,  
 Or cast, for lingering death, on unknown strands ,  
 Or caught amid a whirl of desert sands—  
 An Army now, and now a living hill  
 That a brief while heaves with convulsive throes—  
 Then all is still ,  
 Or, to forget their madness and their woes,  
 Wrapt in a winding-sheet of spotless snows !

## V

Back flows the willing current of my Song .  
 If to provoke such doom the Impious daie,  
 Why should it daunt a blameless prayer ?  
 —Bold Goddess ! range our Youth among ,  
 Nor let thy genuine impulse fail to beat  
 In hearts no longer young ,  
 Still may a veteran Few have pride  
 In thoughts whose sternness makes them sweet ,

In fixed resolves by Reason justified ,  
That to their object cleave like sleet  
Whitening a pine-tree's northern side  
When fields are naked far and wide,  
And withered leaves, from earth's cold breast  
Up-caught in whirlwinds, nowhere can find rest

## VI

But, if such homage thou disdain  
As doth with mellowing years agree,  
One rarely absent from thy train  
More humble favours may obtain  
For thy contented Votary  
She, who incites the frolic lambs  
In presence of their heedless dams,  
And to the solitary fawn  
Vouchsafes her lessons, bounteous Nymph  
That wakes the breeze, the sparkling lymph  
Doth hurry to the lawn ,  
She, who inspires that strain of joyance holy  
Which the sweet Bird, misnamed the melancholy,  
Pours forth in shady groves, shall plead for me ,  
And vernal mornings opening bright  
With views of undefined delight,  
And cheerful songs, and suns that shine  
On busy days, with thankful nights, be mine.

## VII

But thou, O Goddess ! in thy favourite Isle  
(Freedom's impregnable redoubt,  
The wide earth's store-house fenced about  
With breakers roaring to the gales  
That stretch a thousand thousand sails)  
Quicken the slothful, and exalt the vile !—  
Thy impulse is the life of Fame ,  
Glad Hope would almost cease to be  
If torn from thy society ,  
And Love, when worthiest of his name,  
Is proud to walk the earth with Thee !



ECCLESIASTICAL SONNETS <sup>1</sup>

## IN SERIES

1821-22

## PART I

FROM THE INTRODUCTION OF CHRISTIANITY INTO BRITAIN,  
TO THE CONSUMMATION OF THE PAPAL DOMINION

“A verse may catch a wandering Soul, that flies  
Profounder Tracts, and by a blest surprise  
Convert delight into a Sacrifice”

## I

## INTRODUCION

I, WHO accompanied with faithful pace  
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,  
And loved with spirit ruled by his to sing  
Of mountain quiet and boon nature's grace ,  
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace  
Of Liberty, and smote the plausible string  
Till the checked torrent, proudly triumphing,  
Won for herself a lasting resting-place ,  
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source  
Of a HOLY RIVER, on whose banks are found  
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned  
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force ,  
And, for delight of him who tracks its course,  
Immortal amaranth and palms abound

## II

## CONJECTURES

IF there be prophets on whose spirits rest  
Past things, revealed like future, they can tell  
What Powers, presiding o'er the sacred well  
Of Christian Faith, this savage Island blessed  
With its first bounty    Wandering through the west,  
Did holy Paul a while in Britain dwell,  
And call the Fountain forth by miracle,  
And with dread signs the nascent Stream invest ?  
Or He, whose bonds dropped off, whose prison doors  
Flew open, by an Angel's voice unbarred ?  
Or some of humbler name, to these wild shores  
Storm-driven , who, having seen the cup of woe  
Pass from their Master, sojourned here to guard  
The precious Current they had taught to flow ?

<sup>1</sup> My purpose in writing this Series was, as much as possible, to confine my view to the introduction, progress, and operation of the Church in England, both previous and subsequent to the Reformation.

## III

## TREPIDATION OF THE DRUIDS

SCREAMS round the Arch-druid's brow the seamew<sup>1</sup>—white  
 As Menai's foam, and toward the mystic ring  
 Where Augurs stand, the Future questioning,  
 Slowly the cormorant aims her heavy flight,  
 Portending ruin to each baleful rite,  
 That, in the lapse of ages, hath crept o'er  
 Diluvian truths, and patriarchal loie  
 Haughty the Bard can these meek doctrines bight  
 His transports? wither his heroic strains?  
 But all shall be fulfilled,—the Julian spear  
 A way first opened, and, with Roman chains,  
 The tidings come of Jesus crucified,  
 They come—they spread—the weak, the suffering, hear,  
 Receive the faith, and in the hope abide

## IV

## DRUIDICAL EXCOMMUNICATION

MERCY and Love have met thee on thy road,  
 Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire  
 And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,  
 From every sympathy that Man bestowed!  
 Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,  
 Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire,  
 These jealous Ministers of law aspire,  
 As to the one sole fount whence wisdom flowed,  
 Justice, and order Tremblingly escaped,  
 As if with prescience of the coming storm,  
*That* intimation when the stars were shaped,  
 And still, 'mid yon thick woods, the primal truth  
 Glimmers through many a superstitious form  
 That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

## V

## UNCERTAINTY

DARKNESS surrounds us, seeking, we are lost  
 On Snowdon's wilds, amid Brigantian coves,  
 Or where the solitary shepherd roves  
 Along the plain of Sarum, by the ghost  
 Of Time and shadows of Tradition, crost,

<sup>1</sup> This water-fowl was, among the Druids, an emblem of those traditions connected with the Deluge that made an important part of their mysteries. The Cormorant was a bird of bad omen.

And where the boatman of the Western Isles  
 Slackens his course—to mark those holy piles  
 Which yet survive on bleak Iona's coast  
 Nor these, nor monuments of eldest name,  
 Nor Taliesin's unforgotten lays,  
 Nor characters of Greek or Roman fame,  
 To an unquestionable Source have led,  
 Enough—if eyes, that sought the fountain-head  
 In vain, upon the growing Rill may gaze

## VI

## PERSECUTION

LAMENT ! for Diocletian's fiery sword  
 Works busy as the lightning , but instinct  
 With malice ne'er to deadliest weapon linked  
 Which God's ethereal store-houses afford .  
 Against the Followers of the incarnate Lord  
 It rages , some are smitten in the field—  
 Some pierced to the heart through the ineffectual shield  
 Of sacred home ,—with pomp are others gored  
 And dreadful respite. Thus was Alban tried,  
 England's first Martyr, whom no threats could shake,  
 Self-offered victim, for his friend he died,  
 And for the faith , nor shall his name forsake  
 That Hill, whose flowery platform seems to rise  
 By Nature decked for holiest sacrifice

## VII

## RECOVERY

As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain  
 Their cheerfulness, and busily retrim  
 Their nests, or chant a gratulating hymn  
 To the blue ether and bespangled plain ,  
 Even so, in many a re-constructed fane,  
 Have the survivors of this Storm renewed  
 Their holy rites with vocal gratitude .  
 And solemn ceremonials they ordain  
 To celebrate their great deliverance ,  
 Most feelingly instructed 'mid their fear—  
 That persecution, blind with rage extreme,  
 May not the less, through Heaven's mild countenance,  
 Even in her own despite, both feed and cheer ,  
 For all things are less dreadful than they seem.

## VIII

## TEMPTATIONS FROM ROMAN REFINEMENTS

WATCH, and be firm ! for, soul-subduing vice,  
Heart-killing luxury, on your steps await  
Fair houses, baths, and banquets delicate,  
And temples flashing, bright as polar ice,  
Their radiance through the woods—may yet suffice  
To sap your hardy virtue, and abate  
Your love of Him upon whose forehead sate  
The crown of thorns , whose life-blood flowed, the price  
Of your redemption    Shun the insidious arts  
That Rome provides, less dreading from her frown  
Than from her wily praise, her peaceful gown,  
Language, and letters,—these, though fondly viewed  
As humanising graces, are but parts  
And instruments of deadliest servitude !

## IX

## DISSENSIONS

THAT heresies should strike (if truth be scanned  
Presumptuously) their roots both wide and deep,  
Is natural as dreams to feverish sleep  
Lo ! Discord at the altar dares to stand  
Uplifting toward high Heaven her fiery brand,  
A chenshed Priestess of the new-baptized !  
But chastisement shall follow peace despised.  
The Pictish cloud darkens the enervate land  
By Rome abandoned , vain are suppliant cries,  
And prayers that would undo her forced farewell ;  
For she returns not—Awed by her own knell,  
She casts the Britons upon strange Allies  
Soon to become more dreaded enemies  
Than heartless misery called them to repel

## X

## STRUGGLE OF THE BRITONS AGAINST THE BARBARIANS

RISE !—they *have* risen    of brave Aneurin ask  
How they have scourged old foes, perfidious friends .  
The Spirit of Caractacus descends  
Upon the Patriots, animates their task,—  
Amazement runs before the towering casque  
Of Arthur, bearing through the stormy field  
The virgin sculptured on his Christian shield —  
Stretched in the sunny light of victory bask

The Host that followed Urien as he strode  
 O'er heaps of slain,—from Cambrian wood and moss  
 Druids descend, auxiliars of the Cross,  
 Bards, nursed on blue Plinlimmon's still abode,  
 Rush on the fight, to harps preferring swords,  
 And everlasting deeds to burning words !

## XI

## SAXON CONQUEST

NOR wants the cause the panic-striking aid  
 Of hallelujahs tost from hill to hill—  
 For instant victory But Heaven's high will  
 Permits a second and a darker shade  
 Of Pagan night Afflicted and dismayed,  
 The Relics of the sword flee to the mountains .  
 O wretched Land ! whose tears have flowed like fountains;  
 Whose arts and honours in the dust are laid  
 By men yet scarcely conscious of a care  
 For other monuments than those of Earth ,  
 Who, as the fields and woods have given them birth,  
 Will build their savage fortunes only there ,  
 Content, if foss, and barrow, and the girth  
 Of long-drawn rampart, witness what they were.

## XII

## MONASTERY OF OLD BANGOR

*THE oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—  
 The tribulation—and the gleaming blades—*  
 Such is the impetuous spirit that pervades  
 The song of Taliesin,—Ours shall mourn  
 The *unarmed* Host who by their prayers would turn  
 The sword from Bangor's walls, and guard the store  
 Of Aboriginal and Roman lore,  
 And Christian monuments, that now must burn  
 To senseless ashes Mark ! how all things swerve  
 From their known course, or vanish like a dream ,  
 Another language spreads from coast to coast ,  
 Only perchance some melancholy Stream  
 And some indignant Hills old names preserve,  
 When laws, and creeds, and people all are lost !

## XIII

## CASUAL INCITEMENT

A BRIGHT-HAIRED company of youthful slaves,  
 Beautiful strangers, stand within the pale

Of a sad market, ranged for public sale,  
 Where Tiber's stream the immortal City laves  
 ANGLI by name ; and not an ANGEL waves  
 His wing who could seem lovelier to man's eye  
 Than they appear to holy Gregory ,  
 Who, having learnt that name, salvation craves  
 For Them, and for their Land The earnest Sire,  
 His questions urging, feels, in slender ties  
 Of chiming sound, commanding sympathies ,  
 DE-IRIANS—he would save them from God's IRE ,  
 Subjects of Saxon ÆLLA—they shall sing  
 Glad HALLE-lujahs to the eternal King !

## XIV

## GLAD TIDINGS

FOR ever hallowed be this morning fair,  
 Blest be the unconscious shore on which ye tread,  
 And blest the silver Cross, which ye, instead  
 Of martial banner, in procession bear ,  
 The Cross preceding Him who floats in air,  
 The pictured Saviour !—By Augustin led,  
 They come—and onward travel without dread,  
 Chanting in barbarous ears a tuneful prayer—  
 Sung for themselves, and those whom they would free !  
 Rich conquest waits them —the tempestuous sea  
 Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high  
 And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,  
 These good men humble by a few bare words,  
 And calm with fear of God's divinity

## XV

## PAULINUS

BUT, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall,  
 Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the school  
 Of sorrow, still maintains a heathen rule,  
*Who* comes with functions apostolical ?  
 Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,  
 Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,  
 His prominent feature like an eagle's beak ,  
 A Man whose aspect doth at once appal  
 And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans  
 Toward the pure truths this Delegate propounds  
 Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds  
 With careful hesitation,—then convenes  
 A synod of his Councillors —give ear,  
 And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear !

## XVI

## PERSUASION

"MAN'S life is like a Sparrow, mighty King !  
 That—while at banquet with your Chiefs you sit  
 Housed near a blazing fire—is seen to flit  
 Safe from the wintry tempest   Fluttering,  
 Here did it enter, there, on hasty wing,  
 Flies out, and passes on from cold to cold,  
 But whence it came we know not, nor behold  
 Whither it goes   Even such, that transient Thing,  
 The human Soul, not utterly unknown  
 While in the Body lodged, her warm abode,  
 But from what world She came, what woe or weal  
 On her departure waits, no tongue hath shown,  
 This mystery if the Stranger can reveal,  
 His be a welcome cordially bestowed !"

## XVII

## CONVERSION

PROMPT transformation works the novel Lore,  
 The Council closed, the Priest in full career  
 Rides forth, an armed man, and hurls a spear  
 To desecrate the Fane which heretofore  
 He served in folly. Woden falls, and Thor  
 Is overturned ; the mace, in battle heaved  
 (So might they dream) till victory was achieved,  
 Drops, and the God himself is seen no more.  
 Temple and Altar sink, to hide their shame  
 Amid oblivious weeds   "*O come to me,  
 Ye heavy laden!*" such the inviting voice  
 Heard near fresh streams, and thousands, who rejoice  
 In the new Rite, the pledge of sanctity,  
 Shall, by regenerate life, the promise claim

## XVIII

## APOLOGY

NOR scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend  
 The Soul's eternal interests to promote.  
 Death, darkness, danger, are our natural lot,  
 And evil Spirits *may* our walk attend  
 For aught the wisest know or comprehend,  
 Then be *good* Spirits free to breathe a note  
 Of elevation, let their odours float  
 Around these Converts, and their glories blend,

## Ecclesiastical Sonnets

411

The midnight stars outshining, or the blaze  
Of the noon-day Nor doubt that golden cords  
Of good works, mingling with the visions, raise  
The Soul to purer worlds and *who* the line  
Shall draw, the limits of the power define,  
That even imperfect faith to man affords ?

### XIX

#### PRIMITIVE SAXON CLERGY

How beautiful your presence, how benign,  
Servants of God ! who not a thought will share  
With the vain world , who, outwardly as bare  
As winter trees, yield no fallacious sign  
That the firm soul is clothed with fruit divine !  
Such Priest, when service worthy of his care  
Has called him forth to breathe the common air,  
Might seem a saintly Image from its shrine  
Descended —happy are the eyes that meet  
The Apparition , evil thoughts are stayed  
At his approach, and low-bowed necks entreat  
A benediction from his voice or hand ,  
Whence grace, through which the heart can understand,  
And vows, that bind the will, in silence made

### XX

#### OTHER INFLUENCES

AH, when the Body, round which in love we clung,  
Is chilled by death, does mutual service fail ?  
Is tender pity then of no avail ?  
Are intercessions of the fervent tongue  
A waste of hope ?—From this sad source have sprung  
Rites that console the Spirit, under grief  
Which ill can brook more rational relief  
Hence, prayers are shaped amiss, and dirges sung  
For Souls whose doom is fixed ! The way is smooth  
For Power that travels with the human heart .  
Confession ministers the pang to soothe  
In him who at the ghost of guilt doth start  
Ye holy Men, so earnest in your care,  
Of your own mighty instruments beware !

### XXI

#### SECLUSION

LANCE, shield, and sword relinquished, at his side  
A bead-roll, in his hand a clasped book,



Or staff more harmless than a shepherd's crook,  
 The war-worn Chieftain quits the world—to hide  
 His thin autumnal locks where Monks abide  
 In cloistered privacy But not to dwell  
 In soft repose he comes within his cell,  
 Round the decaying trunk of human pride,  
 At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,  
 Do penitential cogitations cling,  
 Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine  
 In grisly folds and strictures serpentine,  
 Yet, while they strangle, a fair growth they bring,  
 For recompence—their own perennial bower

## XXII

## CONTINUED

METHINKS that to some vacant hermitage  
*My* feet would rather turn—to some dry nook  
 Scooped out of living rock, and near a brook  
 Hurl'd down a mountain-cove from stage to stage,  
 Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage  
 In the soft heaven of a translucent pool,  
 Thence creeping under sylvan arches cool,  
 Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage  
 Would elevate my dreams A beechen bowl,  
 A maple dish, my furniture should be,  
 Crisp, yellow leaves my bed, the hooting owl  
 My night-watch nor should e'er the crested fowl  
 From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,  
 Tired of the world and all its industry

## XXIII

## REPROOF

BUT what if One, through grove or flowery mead,  
 Indulging thus at will the creeping feet  
 Of a voluptuous indolence, should meet  
 Thy hovering Shade, O venerable Bede!  
 The saint, the scholar, from a circle freed  
 Of toil stupendous, in a hallowed seat  
 Of learning, where thou heard'st the billows beat  
 On a wild coast, rough monitors to feed  
 Perpetual industry. Sublime Recluse!  
 The recreant soul, that dares to shun the debt  
 Imposed on human kind, must first forget  
 Thy diligence, thy unrelaxing use

Of a long life , and, in the hour of death,  
The last dear service of thy passing breath ! -

## XXIV

SAXON MONASTERIES, AND LIGHTS AND SHADES OF THE  
RELIGION

By such examples moved to unbought pains,  
The people work like congregated bees ,  
Eager to build the quiet Fortresses  
Where Piety, as they believe, obtains  
From Heaven a *general* blessing , timely rains  
Or needful sunshine , prosperous enterprise,  
Justice and peace —bold faith <sup>1</sup> yet also rise  
The sacred Structures for less doubtful gains  
The Sensual think with reverence of the palms  
Which the chaste Votaries seek, beyond the grave  
If penance be redeemable, thence alms  
Flow to the poor, and freedom to the slave ,  
And if full oft the Sanctuary save  
Lives black with guilt, ferocity it calms

## XXV

## MISSIONS AND TRAVELS

NOT sedentary all there are who roam  
To scatter seeds of life on barbarous shores ,  
Or quit with zealous step their knee-worn floors  
To seek the general mart of Christendom ,  
Whence they, like richly-laden merchants, come  
To their belovèd cells —or shall we say  
That, like the Red-cross Knight, they urge their way,  
To lead in memorable triumph home  
Truth, their immortal Una ? Babylon,  
Learnèd and wise, hath perished utterly,  
Nor leaves her Speech one word to aid the sigh  
That would lament her ,—Memphis, Tyre, are gone  
With all their Arts,—but classic lore glides on  
By these Religious saved for all posterity

## XXVI

## ALFRED

BEHOLD a pupil of the monkish gown,  
The pious ALFRED, King to Justice dear <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> He expired dictating the last words of a translation of St John's Gospel

Lord of the harp and liberating spear,  
 Mirror of Princes ! Indigent Renown  
 Might range the starry ether for a crown  
 Equal to *his* deserts, who, like the year,  
 Pours forth his bounty, like the day doth cheer,  
 And awes like night with mercy-tempered frown  
 Ease from this noble miser of his time  
 No moment steals, pain narrows not his cares  
 Though small his kingdom as a spark or gem,  
 Of Alfred boasts remote Jerusalem,  
 And Christian India, through her wide-spread clime,  
 In sacred converse gifts with Alfred shares

## XXVII

## HIS DESCENDANTS

WHEN thy great soul was freed from mortal chains,  
 Darling of England ! many a bitter shower  
 Fell on thy tomb, but emulative power  
 Flowed in thy line through undegenerate veins  
 The Race of Alfred covet glorious pains  
 When dangers threaten, dangers ever new !  
 Black tempests bursting, blacker still in view !  
 But manly sovereignty its hold retains,  
 The root sincere, the branches bold to strive  
 With the fierce tempest, while, within the round  
 Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive,  
 As oft, 'mid some green plot of open ground,  
 Wide as the oak extends its dewy gloom,  
 The fostered hyacinths spread their purple bloom

## XXVIII

## INFLUENCE ABUSED

URGED by Ambition, who with subtlest skill  
 Changes her means, the Enthusiast as a dupe  
 Shall soar, and as a hypocrite can stoop,  
 And turn the instruments of good to ill,  
 Moulding the credulous people to his will.  
 Such DUNSTAN —from its Benedictine coop  
 Issues the master Mind, at whose fell swoop  
 The chaste affections tremble to fulfil  
 Their purposes Behold, pre-signified,  
 The Might of spiritual sway ! his thoughts, his dreams  
 Do in the supernatural world abide  
 So vaunt a throng of Followers, filled with pride  
 In what they see of virtues pushed to extremes,  
 And sorceries of talent misapplied.

## XXIX

## DANISH CONQUESTS

WOE to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey !  
Dissension, checking arms that would restrain  
The incessant Rovers of the northern main,  
Helps to restore and spread a Pagan sway :  
But Gospel-truth is potent to allay  
Fierceness and rage ; and soon the cruel Dane  
Feels, through the influence of her gentle reign,  
His native superstitions melt away.  
Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'ershrouds,  
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear  
Silently to consume the heavy clouds ,  
*How* no one can resolve , but every eye  
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear  
And widening circuit of ethereal sky

## XXX

## CANUTE

A PLEASANT music floats along the Mere,  
From Monks in Ely chanting service high,  
While-as Canute the King is rowing by ,  
“ My Oarsmen,” quoth the mighty King, “ draw near,  
That we the sweet song of the Monks may hear ! ”  
He listens (all past conquests, and all schemes  
Of future, vanishing like empty dreams)  
Heart-touched, and haply not without a tear.  
The Royal Minstrel, ere the choir is still,  
While his free Barge skims the smooth flood along,  
Gives to that rapture an accordant Rhyme  
O suffering Earth ! be thankful . sternest clime  
And rudest age are subject to the thrill  
Of heaven-descended Piety and Song

## XXXI

## THE NORMAN CONQUEST

THE woman-hearted Confessor prepares  
The evanescence of the Saxon line.  
Hark ! 'tis the tolling Curfew !—the stars shine ,  
But of the lights that cherish household cares  
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares  
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,  
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,  
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares !

Yet as the terrors of the lordly bell,  
That quench, from hut to palace, lamps and fires,  
Touch not the tapers of the sacred quires ,  
Even so a thralldom, studious to expel  
Old laws, and ancient customs to derange,  
To Creed or Ritual brings no fatal change

## XXXII

COLDLY we spake    The Saxons, overpowered  
By wrong triumphant through its own excess,  
From fields laid waste, from house and home devoured  
By flames, look up to heaven and crave redress  
From God's eternal justice    Pitiless  
Though men be, there are angels that can feel  
For wounds that death alone has power to heal,  
For penitent guilt, and innocent distress  
And has a Champion risen in arms to try  
His Country's virtue, fought, and breathes no more ,  
Him in their hearts the people canonize ,  
And far above the mine's most precious ore  
The least small pittance of bare mould they prize  
Scooped from the sacred earth where his dear relics lie.

## XXXIII

## THE COUNCIL OF CLERMONT

"AND shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow  
From Nazareth—source of Christian piety,  
From Bethlehem, from the Mounts of Agony  
And glorified Ascension? Warriors, go,  
With prayers and blessings we your path will sow ;  
Like Moses hold our hands erect, till ye  
Have chased far off thy righteous victory  
These sons of Amalek, or laid them low !"—  
"GOD WILLETH IT," the whole assembly cry ,  
Shout which the enraptured multitude astounds !  
The Council-roof and Clermont's towers reply,—  
"God willeth it," from hill to hill rebounds,  
And, in awe-stricken Countries far and nigh,  
Through "Nature's hollow arch" that voice resounds.<sup>1</sup>

## XXXIV

## CRUSADES

THE turbaned Race are poured in thickening swarms  
Along the west, though driven from Aquitaine,

<sup>1</sup> The decision of this council was believed to be instantly known in remote parts of Europe

The Crescent glitters on the towers of Spain ,  
And soft Italia feels renewed alarms ,  
The scimitar, that yields not to the charms  
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain ,  
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain  
Their tents, and check the current of their arms  
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever  
Known to the moral world, Imagination,  
Upheave, so seems it, from her natural station  
All Christendom —they sweep along (was never  
So huge a host !)—to tear from the Unbeliever  
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

XXXV

RICHARD I

REDOUBTED King, of courage leonine,  
I mark thee, Richard ! urgent to equip  
Thy warlike person with the staff and scrip ;  
I watch thee sailing o'er the midland brine ,  
In conquered Cyprus see thy Bride decline  
Her blushing cheek, love-vows upon her lip,  
And see love-emblems streaming from thy ship,  
As thence she holds her way to Palestine  
My Song, a fearless homager, would attend  
Thy thundering battle-axe as it cleaves the press  
Of war, but duty summons her away  
To tell—how, finding in the rash distress  
Of those Enthusiasts a subservient friend,  
To giddier heights hath clomb the Papal sway

XXXVI

AN INTERDICT

REALMS quake by turns proud Arbitress of grace,  
The Church, by mandate shadowing forth the power  
She arrogates o'er heaven's eternal door,  
Closes the gates of every sacred place  
Straight from the sun and tainted air's embrace  
All sacred things are covered cheerful morn  
Grows sad as night—no seemly garb is worn,  
Nor is a face allowed to meet a face  
With natural smiles of greeting Bells are dumb ,  
Ditches are graves—funereal rites denied,  
And in the churchyard he must take his bride  
Who dares be wedded ! Fancies thickly come  
Into the pensive heart ill fortified,  
And comfortless despairs the soul benumb.

## XXXVII

## PAPAL ABUSES

As with the Stream our voyage we pursue,  
 The gross materials of this world present  
 A marvellous study of wild accident,  
 Uncouth proximities of old and new,  
 And bold transfigurations, more untrue  
 (As might be deemed) to disciplined intent  
 Than aught the sky's fantastic element,  
 When most fantastic, offers to the view  
 Saw we not Henry scourged at Becket's shrine?  
 Lo! John self-stopped of his insignia —crown,  
 Sceptre and mantle, sword and ring, laid down  
 At a proud Legate's feet! The spears that line  
 Baronial halls, the opprobrious insult feel,  
 And angry Ocean roars a vain appeal

## XXXVIII

## SCENE IN VENICE

BLACK Demons hovering o'er his mitred head,  
 To Cæsar's Successor the Pontiff spake,  
 "Ere I absolve thee, stoop! that on thy neck  
 Levelled with earth this foot of mine may tread"  
 Then he, who to the altar had been led,  
 He, whose strong arm the Orient could not check,  
 He, who had held the Soldan at his beck,  
 Stooped, of all glory disinherited,  
 And even the common dignity of man!—  
 Amazement strikes the crowd: while many turn  
 Their eyes away in sorrow, others burn  
 With scorn, invoking a vindictive ban  
 From outraged Nature, but the sense of most  
 In abject sympathy with power is lost

## XXXIX

## PAPAL DOMINION

UNLESS to Peter's Chair the viewless wind  
 Must come and ask permission when to blow,  
 What further empire would it have? for now  
 A ghostly Domination, unconfined  
 As that by dreaming Bards to Love assigned,  
 Sits there in sober truth—to raise the low,  
 Perplex the wise, the strong to overthrow,  
 Through earth and heaven to bind and to unbind!  
 Resist—the thunder quails thee!—crouch—rebuff

Shall be thy recompence ! from land to land  
The ancient thrones of Christendom are stuff  
For occupation of a magic wand,  
And 'tis the Pope that wields it —whether rough  
Or smooth his front, our world is in his hand !

## PART II

TO THE CLOSE OF THE TROUBLES IN THE REIGN OF  
CHARLES I

## I

How soon—alas ! did Man, created pure—  
By Angels guarded, deviate from the line  
Prescribed to duty —woeful forfeiture  
He made by wilful breach of law divine  
With like perverseness did the Church abjure  
Obedience to her Lord, and haste to twine,  
'Mid Heaven-born flowers that shall for aye endure,  
Weeds on whose front the world had fixed her sign.  
O Man,—if with thy trials thus it fares,  
If good can smooth the way to evil choice,  
From all rash censure be the mind kept free ;  
He only judges right who weighs, compares,  
And in the steinest sentence which his voice  
Pronounces, ne'er abandons Charity

## II

From false assumption rose, and, fondly hailed  
By superstition, spread the Papal power ,  
Yet do not deem the Autocracy prevailed  
Thus only even in error's darkest hour  
She daunts, forth-thundering from her spiritual tower,  
Brute rapine, or with gentle lure she tames  
Justice and Peace through Her uphold their claims ,  
And Chastity finds many a sheltering bower.  
Realm there is none that if controlled or swayed  
By her commands partakes not, in degree,  
Of good, o'er manners, arts and arms, diffused  
Yes, to thy domination, Roman See,  
Tho' miserably, oft monstrously, abused  
By blind ambition, be this tribute paid.

## III

## CISTERCIAN MONASTERY

*" HERE Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,  
More promptly rises, walks with stricter heed,*



*More safely rests, dies happier, is freed  
 Earlier from cleansing fires, and gains withal  
 A brighter crown*"—On yon Cistercian wall  
 That confident assurance may be read,  
 And, to like shelter, from the world have fled  
 Increasing multitudes The potent call  
 Doubtless shall cheat full oft the heart's desires,  
 Yet, while the rugged Age on pliant knee  
 Vows to rapt Fancy humble fealty,  
 A gentler life spreads round the holy spires,  
 Where'er they rise, the sylvan waste retires,  
 And aery harvests crown the fertile lea.

## IV

DEPLORABLE his lot who tills the ground,  
 His whole life long tills it, with heartless toil  
 Of villain-service, passing with the soul  
 To each new Master, like a steer or hound,  
 Or like a rooted tree, or stone earth-bound,  
 But mark how gladly, through their own domains,  
 The Monks relax or break these iron chains,  
 While Mercy, uttering, through their voice, a sound  
 Echoed in Heaven, cries out, "Ye Chiefs, abate  
 These legalized oppressions! Man—whose name  
 And nature God disdained not, Man—whose soul  
 Christ died for—cannot forfeit his high claim  
 To live and move exempt from all control  
 Which fellow-feeling doth not mitigate!"

## V

## MONKS AND SCHOOLMEN

RECORD we too, with just and faithful pen,  
 That many hooded Cenobites there are,  
 Who in their private cells have yet a care  
 Of public quiet, unambitious Men,  
 Counsellors for the world, of piercing ken,  
 Whose fervent exhortations from afar  
 Move Princes to their duty, peace or war,  
 And oft-times in the most forbidding den  
 Of solitude, with love of science strong,  
 How patiently the yoke of thought they bear,  
 How subtly glide its finest threads along!  
 Spirits that crowd the intellectual sphere  
 With mazy boundaries, as the astronomer  
 With orb and cycle girds the starry throng

## VI

## OTHER BENEFITS

AND, not in vain embodied to the sight,  
 Religion finds even in the stern retreat  
 Of feudal sway her own appropriate seat,  
 From the collegiate pomps on Windsor's height  
 Down to the humbler altar, which the Knight  
 And his retainers of the embattled hall  
 Seek in domestic oratory small,  
 For prayer in stillness, or the chanted rite,  
 Then chiefly dear, when foes are planted round,  
 Who teach the intrepid guardians of the place—  
 Hourly exposed to death, with famine worn,  
 And suffering under many a perilous wound—  
 How sad would be their duance, if forlorn  
 Of offices dispensing heavenly grace !

## VII

## CONTINUED

AND what melodious sounds at times prevail !  
 And, ever and anon, how bright a gleam  
 Pours on the surface of the turbid Stream !  
 What heartfelt fragrance mingles with the gale  
 That swells the bosom of our passing sail !  
 For where, but on *this* River's margin, blow  
 Those flowers of chivalry, to bind the brow  
 Of hardihood with wreaths that shall not fail ?—  
 Fair Court of Edward ! wonder of the world !  
 I see a matchless blazonry unfurled  
 Of wisdom, magnanimity, and love,  
 And meekness tempering honourable pride,  
 The lamb is couching by the lion's side,  
 And near the flame-eyed eagle sits the dove.

## VIII

## CRUSADERS

FURL we the sails, and pass with tardy oars  
 Through these bright regions, casting many a glance  
 Upon the dream-like issues—the romance  
 Of many-coloured life that Fortune pours  
 Round the Crusaders, till on distant shores  
 Their labours end, or they return to lie,  
 The vow performed, in cross-legged effigy,  
 Devoutly stretched upon their chancel floors.

Am I deceived ? Or is their requiem chanted  
 By voices never mute when Heaven unties  
 Her inmost, softest, tenderest harmonies ,  
 Requiem which Earth takes up with voice undaunted,  
 When she would tell how Brave, and Good, and Wise,  
 For their high guerdon not in vain have panted !

## IX

As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest  
 While from the Papal Unity there came,  
 What feebler means had failed to give, one aim  
 Diffused thro' all the regions of the West ,  
 So does her Unity its power attest  
 By works of Art, that shed, on the outward frame  
 Of worship, glory and grace, which who shall blame  
 That ever looked to heaven for final rest ?  
 Hail countless Temples ! that so well befit  
 Your ministry , that, as ye rise and take  
 Form spirit and character from holy writ,  
 Give to devotion, wheresoe'er awake,  
 Pinions of high and higher sweep, and make  
 The unconverted soul with awe submit

## X

WHERE long and deeply hath been fixed the root  
 In the blest soil of gospel truth, the Tree,  
 (Blighted or scathed tho' many branches be,  
 Put forth to wither, many a hopeful shoot)  
 Can never cease to bear celestial fruit  
 Witness the Church that oft-times, with effect  
 Dear to the saints, strives earnestly to eject  
 Her bane, her vital energies recruit.  
 Lamenting, do not hopelessly repine,  
 When such good work is doomed to be undone,  
 The conquests lost that were so hardly won —  
 All promises vouchsafed by Heaven will shine  
 In light confirmed while years their course shall run,  
 Confirmed alike in progress and decline.

## XI

## TRANSUBSTANTIATION

ENOUGH ! for see, with dim association  
 The tapers burn , the odorous incense feeds  
 A greedy flame , the pompous mass proceeds ;  
 The Priest bestows the appointed consecration ;

And, while the Host is raised, its elevation  
An awe and supernatural horror breeds,  
And all the people bow their heads, like reeds  
To a soft breeze, in lowly adoration  
This Valdo brooks not    On the banks of Rhone  
He taught, till persecution chased him thence,  
To adore the Invisible, and Him alone  
Nor are his Followers loth to seek defence,  
'Mid woods and wilds, on Nature's craggy throne,  
From rites that trample upon soul and sense.

## XII

## THE VAUDOIS

BUT whence came they who for the Saviour Lord  
Have long borne witness as the Scriptures teach?—  
Ages ere Valdo raised his voice to preach  
In Gallic ears the unadulterate Word,  
Their fugitive Progenitors explored  
Subalpine vales, in quest of safe retreats  
Where that pure Church survives, though summer heats  
Open a passage to the Romish sword,  
Far as it dares to follow.    Herbs self-sown,  
And fruitage gathered from the chestnut wood,  
Nourish the sufferers then; and mists, that brood  
O'er chasms with new-fallen obstacles bestrown,  
Protect them, and the eternal snow that daunts  
Aheus, is God's good winter for their haunts.

## XIII

PRAISED be the Rivers, from their mountain springs  
Shouting to Freedom, "Plant thy banners here!"  
To harassed Piety, "Dismiss thy fear,  
And in our caverns smooth thy ruffled wings!"  
Nor be unthanked their final lingerings—  
Silent, but not to high-souled Passion's ear—  
'Mid reedy fens wide-spread and marshes drear,  
Their own creation    Such glad welcomings  
As Po was heard to give where Venice rose  
Haled from aloft those Hears of truth divine  
Who near his fountains sought obscure repose,  
Yet came prepared as glorious lights to shine,  
Should that be needed for their sacred Charge,  
Blest Prisoners They, whose spirits were at large!

## XIV

## WALDENSES

THOSE had given earhest notice, as the lark  
 Springs from the ground the morn to gratulate,  
 Or rather rose the day to antedate,  
 By striking out a solitary spark,  
 When all the world with midnight gloom was dark,—  
 Then followed the Waldensian bands, whom Hate  
 In vain endeavours to exterminate,  
 Whom Obloquy pursues with hideous bark  
 But they desist not,—and the sacred fire,  
 Rekindled thus, from dens and savage woods  
 Moves, handed on with never-ceasing care,  
 Through courts, through camps, o'er liminary floods,  
 Nor lacks this sea-girt Isle a timely share  
 Of the new Flame, not suffered to expire

## XV

## ARCHBISHOP CHICHELY TO HENRY V

“WHAT beast in wilderness or cultured field  
 The lively beauty of the leopard shows?  
 What flower in meadow-ground or garden grows  
 That to the towering lily doth not yield?  
 Let both meet only on thy royal shield!  
 Go forth, great King! claim what thy birth bestows,  
 Conquer the Gallic lily which thy foes  
 Dare to usurp,—thou hast a sword to wield,  
 And Heaven will crown the right”—The mitred Sire  
 Thus spake—and lo! a Fleet, for Gaul address,  
 Ploughs her bold course across the wondering seas,  
 For, sooth to say, ambition, in the breast  
 Of youthful heroes, is no sullen fire,  
 But one that leaps to meet the fanning breeze.

## XVI

## WARS OF YORK AND LANCASTER

THUS is the storm abated by the craft  
 Of a shrewd Counsellor, eager to protect  
 The Church, whose power hath recently been checked,  
 Whose monstrous riches threatened So the shalt  
 Of victory mounts high, and blood is quaffed  
 In fields that rival Cressy and Poitiers—  
 Pride to be washed away by bitter tears!  
 For deep as Hell itself, the avenging draught

Of civil slaughter Yet, while temporal power  
Is by these shocks exhausted, spiritual truth  
Maintains the else endangered gift of life,  
Proceeds from infancy to lusty youth,  
And, under cover of this woeful strife,  
Gathers unblighted strength from hour to hour

## XVII

## WICLIFFE

ONCE more the Church is seized with sudden fear,  
And at her call is Wicliffe disinhumed.  
Yea, his dry bones to ashes are consumed  
And flung into the brook that travels near,  
Forthwith, that ancient Voice which Streams can hear  
Thus speaks (that Voice which walks upon the wind,  
Though seldom heard by busy human kind)—  
"As thou these ashes, little Brook ! wilt bear  
Into the Avon, Avon to the tide  
Of Severn, Severn to the narrow seas,  
Into main Ocean they, this deed accurst  
An emblem yields to friends and enemies  
How the bold Teacher's Doctrine, sanctified  
By truth, shall spread, throughout the world dispersed."

## XVIII

## CORRUPTIONS OF THE HIGHER CLERGY

"Woe to you, Prelates ! rioting in ease  
And cumbrous wealth—the shame of your estate,  
You, on whose progress dazzling trains await  
Of pompous horses, whom vain titles please;  
Who will be served by others on their knees,  
Yet will yourselves to God no service pay,  
Pastors who neither take nor point the way  
To Heaven, for, either lost in vanities  
Ye have no skill to teach, or if ye know  
And speak the word——" Alas ! of fearful things  
'Tis the most fearful when the people's eye  
Abuse hath cleared from vain imaginings,  
And taught the general voice to prophesy  
Of justice aimed, and Pride to be laid low.

## XIX

## ABUSE OF MONASTIC POWER

AND what is Penance with her knotted thong;  
Mortification with the shirt of hair,

Wan cheek, and knees indurated with prayer,  
 Vigils, and fastings rigorous as long ;  
 If cloistered Avarice scruple not to wrong  
 The pious, humble, useful Secular,  
 And rob the people of his daily care,  
 Scorning that world whose blindness makes her strong;  
 Inversion strange ! that, unto One who lives  
 For self, and struggles with himself alone,  
 The amplest share of heavenly favour gives ,  
 That to a Monk allots, both in the esteem  
 Of God and man, place higher than to him  
 Who on the good of others builds his own !

## XX

## MONASTIC VOLUPTUOUSNESS

YET more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire  
 Unhallowed threads of revelry are spun ,  
 There Venus sits disguisèd like a Nun,—  
 While Bacchus, clothed in semblance of a Friar,  
 Pours out his choicest beverage high and higher  
 Sparkling, until it cannot choose but run  
 Over the bowl, whose silver lip hath won  
 An instant kiss of masterful desire—  
 To stay the precious waste. Through every brain  
 The domination of the sprightly juice  
 Spreads high conceits to madding Fancy dear,  
 Till the arched roof, with resolute abuse  
 Of its grave echoes, swells a choral strain,  
 Whose votive burthen is—"OUR KINGDOM'S HERE!"

## XXI

## DISSOLUTION OF THE MONASTERIES

THREATS come which no submission may assuage,  
 No sacrifice avert, no power dispute ,  
 The tapers shall be quenched, the belfries mute,  
 And, 'mid their choirs unroofed by selfish rage,  
 The warbling wren shall find a leafy cage ,  
 The gadding bramble hang her purple fruit ,  
 And the green lizard and the gilded newt  
 Lead unmolested lives, and die of age  
 The owl of evening and the woodland fox  
 For their abode the shrines of Waltham choose  
 Proud Glastonbury can no more refuse  
 To stoop her head before these desperate shocks—  
 She whose high pomp displaced, as story tells,  
 Armathean Joseph's wattled cells.

## XXII

## THE SAME SUBJECT

THE lovely Nun (submissive, but more meek  
Through saintly habit than from effort due  
To unrelenting mandates that pursue  
With equal wrath the steps of strong and weak)  
Goes forth—unveiling timidly a cheek  
Suffused with blushes of celestial hue,  
While through the Convent's gate to open view  
Softly she glides, another home to seek  
Not Iris, issuing from her cloudy shrine,  
An Apparition more divinely bright !  
Not more attractive to the dazzled sight  
Those watery glories, on the stormy brine  
Poured forth, while summer suns at distance shine,  
And the green vales lie hushed in sober light !

## XXIII

## CONTINUED

YET many a Novice of the cloistral shade,  
And many chained by vows, with eager glee  
The warrant hail, exulting to be free ,  
Like ships before whose keels, full long embayed  
In polar ice, propitious winds have made  
Unlooked-for outlet to an open sea,  
Their liquid world, for bold discovery,  
In all her quarters temptingly displayed !  
Hope guides the young , but when the old must pass  
The threshold, whither shall they turn to find  
The hospitality—the alms (alas !  
Alms may be needed) which that House bestowed ?  
Can they, in faith and worship, train the mind  
To keep this new and questionable road ?

## XXIV

## SAINTS

YE, too, must fly before a chasing hand,  
Angels and Saints, in every hamlet mourned !  
Ah ! if the old idolatry be spurned,  
Let not your radiant Shapes desert the Land  
Her adoration was not your demand,  
The fond heart proffered it—the servile heart ,  
And therefore are ye summoned to depart,  
Michael, and thou, St. George, whose flaming brand



The Dragon quelled , and valiant Margaret  
 Whose rival sword a like Opponent slew  
 And rapt Cecilia seraph-haunted Queen  
 Of harmony, and weeping Magdalene,  
 Who in the penitential desert met  
 Gales sweet as those that over Eden blew !

## XXV

## THE VIRGIN

MOTHER ! whose virgin bosom was uncrost  
 With the least shade of thought to sin allied ,  
 Woman ! above all women glorified,  
 Our tainted nature's solitary boast ,  
 Purer than foam on central ocean tost ,  
 Brighter than eastern skies at daybreak strewn  
 With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon  
 Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast ,  
 Thy Image falls to earth Yet some, I ween,  
 Not unforgiven the suppliant knee might bend,  
 As to a visible Power, in which did blend  
 All that was mixed and reconciled in Thee  
 Of mother's love with maiden purity,  
 Of high with low, celestial with terrene !

## XXVI

## APOLOGY

NOT utterly unworthy to endure  
 Was the supremacy of crafty Rome ;  
 Age after age to the arch of Christendom  
 Aerial keystone haughtily secure ,  
 Supremacy from Heaven transmitted pure,  
 As many hold , and, therefore, to the tomb  
 Pass, some through fire—and by the scaffold some—  
 Like saintly Fisher, and unbending More  
 "Lightly for both the bosom's lord did sit  
 Upon his throne , " unsoftened, undismayed  
 By aught that mingled with the tragic scene  
 Of pity or fear and More's gay genius played  
 With the inoffensive sword of native wit,  
 Than the bare axe more luminous and keen.

## XXVII

## IMAGINATIVE REGRETS

DEEP is the lamentation ! Not alone  
 From Sages justly honoured by mankind ,

But from the ghostly tenants of the wind,  
 Demons and Spirits, many a dolorous groan  
 Issues for that dominion overthrown  
 Proud Tiber grieves, and far-off Ganges, blind  
 As his own worshippers and Nile, reclined  
 Upon his monstrous urn, the farewell moan  
 Renews Through every forest, cave, and den,  
 Where frauds were hatched of old, hath sorrow past-  
 Hangs o'er the Arabian Prophet's native Waste,  
 Where once his airy helpers schemed and planned  
 'Mid spectral lakes bemocking thirsty men,  
 And stalking pillars built of fiery sand

## XXVIII

## REFLECTIONS

GRANT, that by this unsparing hurricane  
 Green leaves with yellow mixed are torn away,  
 And goodly fruitage with the mother spray,  
 'Twere madness—wished we, therefore, to detain,  
 With hands stretched forth in mollified disdain,  
 The “trumpery” that ascends in bare display—  
 Bulls, pardons, relics, cowls black, white, and grey—  
 Upwhirled, and flying o'er the ethereal plain  
 Fast bound for Limbo Lake And yet not choice  
 But habit rules the unreflecting herd,  
 And any bonds are hardest to disown,  
 Hence, with the spiritual sovereignty transferred  
 Unto itself, the Crown assumes a voice  
 Of reckless mastery, hitherto unknown.

## XXIX

## TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE

BUT, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book,  
 In dusty sequestration wrapt too long,  
 Assumes the accents of our native tongue,  
 And he who guides the plough, or wields the crook,  
 With understanding spirit now may look  
 Upon her records, listen to her song,  
 And sift her laws—much wondering that the wrong,  
 Which Faith has suffered, Heaven could calmly brook  
 Transcendent boon ! noblest that earthly King  
 Ever bestowed to equalize and bless  
 Under the weight of mortal wretchedness !  
 But passions spread like plagues, and thousands wild  
 With bigotry shall tread the Offering  
 Beneath their feet, detested and defiled.

## XXX

## THE POINT AT ISSUE

FOR what contend the wise?—for nothing less  
 Than that the Soul, freed from the bonds of Sense,  
 And to her God restored by evidence  
 Of things not seen, drawn forth from their recess,  
 Root there, and not in forms, her holiness,—  
 For Faith, which to the Patriarchs did dispense  
 Sure guidance, ere a ceremonial fence  
 Was needful round men thrusting to transgress,—  
 For Faith, more perfect still, with which the Lord  
 Of all, himself a Spirit, in the youth  
 Of Christian aspiration, deigned to fill  
 The temples of their hearts who, with his word  
 Informed, were resolute to do his will,  
 And worship him in spirit and in truth

## XXXI

## EDWARD VI

"SWEET is the holiness of Youth"—so felt  
 Time-honoured Chaucer speaking through that Lay  
 By which the Prioress beguiled the way,  
 And many a Pilgrim's rugged heart did melt  
 Hadst thou, loved Bard ! whose spirit often dwelt  
 In the clear land of vision, but foreseen  
 King, child, and seraph, blended in the mien  
 Of pious Edward kneeling as he knelt  
 In meek and simple infancy, what joy  
 For universal Christendom had thrilled  
 Thy heart ! what hopes inspired thy genius, skilled  
 (O great Precursor, genuine morning Star)  
 The lucid shafts of reason to employ,  
 Piercing the Papal darkness from afar !

## XXXII

EDWARD SIGNING THE WARRANT FOR THE  
 EXECUTION OF JOAN OF KENT

THE tears of man in various measure gush  
 From various sources, gently overflow  
 From blissful transport some—from clefts of woe  
 Some with ungovernable impulse rush,  
 And some, coeval with the earliest blush  
 Of infant passion, scarcely dare to show  
 Their pearly lustre—coming but to go,  
 And some break forth when others' sorrows crush

The sympathising heart Nor these, nor yet  
The noblest drops to admiration known,  
To gratitude, to injuries forgiven—  
Claim Heaven's regard like waters that have wet  
The innocent eyes of youthful Monarchs driven  
To pen the mandates, nature doth disown.

## XXXIII

## REVIVAL OF POPY

THE saintly Youth has ceased to rule, disowned  
By unrelenting Death O People keen  
For change, to whom the new looks always green !  
Rejoicing did they cast upon the ground  
Their Gods of wood and stone , and, at the sound  
Of counter-proclamation, now are seen,  
(Proud triumph is it for a sullen Queen !)  
Lifting them up, the worship to confound  
Of the Most High Again do they invoke  
The Creature, to the Creature glory give ;  
Again with frankincense the altars smoke  
Like those the Heathen served , and mass is sung ;  
And prayer, man's rational prerogative,  
Runs through blind channels of an unknown tongue.

## XXXIV

## LATIMER AND RIDLEY

How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled !  
See Latimer and Ridley in the night  
Of Faith stand coupled for a common flight !  
One (like those prophets whom God sent of old)  
Transfigured, from this kindling hath foretold  
A torch of inextinguishable light ,  
The Other gains a confidence as bold ;  
And thus they foil their enemy's despite  
The penal instruments, the shows of crime,  
Are glorified while this once-mitred pair  
Of saintly Friends the "murderer's chain partake,  
Corded, and burning at the social stake "  
Earth never witnessed object more sublime  
In constancy, in fellowship more fair !

## XXXV

## CRANMER

OUTSTRETCHING flameward his upbraided hand  
(O God of mercy, may no earthly Seat

Of judgment such presumptuous doom repeat !  
 Amid the shuddering throng doth Cianmer stand,  
 Firm as the stake to which with iron band  
 His frame is tied , firm from the naked feet  
 To the bare head The victory is complete ,  
 The shrouded Body to the Soul's command  
 Answers with more than Indian fortitude,  
 Through all her nerves with finer sense endued,  
 Till breath departs in blissful aspiration  
 Then, 'mid the ghastly ruins of the fire,  
 Behold the unalterable heart entire,  
 Emblem of faith untouched, miraculous attestation !

## XXXVI

## GENERAL VIEW OF THE TROUBLES OF THE REFORMATION

AID, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light,  
 Our mortal ken ! Inspire a perfect trust  
 (While we look round) that Heaven's decrees are just  
 Which few can hold committed to a fight  
 That shows, ev'n on its better side, the might  
 Of proud Self-will, Rapacity, and Lust,  
 'Mid clouds enveloped of polemic dust,  
 Which showers of blood seem rather to incite  
 Than to allay. Anathemas are hurled  
 From both sides , veteran thunders (the brute test  
 Of truth) are met by fulminations new—  
 Tartarean flags are caught at, and unfuiled—  
 Friends strike at friends—the flying shall pursue—  
 And Victory sickens, ignorant where to rest !

## XXXVII

## ENGLISH REFORMERS IN EXILE

SCATTERING, like birds escaped the fowler's net,  
 Some seek with timely flight a foreign strand ,  
 Most happy, re-assembled in a land  
 By dauntless Luther freed, could they forget  
 Their Country's woes But scarcely have they met,  
 Partners in faith, and brothers in distress,  
 Free to pour forth their common thankfulness,  
 Ere hope declines —their union is beset  
 With speculative notions rashly sown,  
 Whence thickly-sprouting growth of poisonous weeds ,  
 Their forms are broken staves , their passions, steeds  
 That master them How enviably blest

Is he who can, by help of grace, enthrone  
The peace of God within his single breast !

## XXXVIII

## ELIZABETH

HAIL, Virgin Queen ! o'er many an envious bar  
Triumphant, snatched from many a treacherous wile !  
All hail, sage Lady, whom a grateful Isle  
Hath blest, respiring from that dismal war  
Stilled by thy voice ! But quickly from afar  
Defiance breathes with more malignant aim ,  
And alien storms with home-bred ferments claim  
Portentous fellowship    Her silver car,  
By sleepless prudence ruled, glides slowly on ,  
Unhurt by violence, from menaced taint  
Emerging pure, and seemingly more bright  
Ah ! wherefore yields it to a foul constraint  
Black as the clouds its beams dispersed, while shone,  
By men and angels blest, the glorious light ?

## XXXIX

## EMINENT REFORMERS

METHINKS that I could trip o'er heaviest soil,  
Light as a buoyant bark from wave to wave,  
Were mine the trusty staff that JEWEL gave  
To youthful HOOKER, in familiar style  
The gift exalting, and with playful smile  
For thus equipped, and bearing on his head  
The Donor's farewell blessing, can he dread  
Tempest, or length of way, or weight of toil ?—  
More sweet than odours caught by him who sails  
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,  
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,  
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,  
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales  
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein  
they rest

## XL

## THE SAME

HOLY and heavenly Spirits as they are,  
Spotless in life, and eloquent as wise,  
With what entire affection do they prize  
Their Church reformed ! labouring with earnest care

To baffle all that may her strength impair,  
 That Church, the unperverted Gospel's seat;  
 In their afflictions a divine retreat,  
 Source of their liveliest hope, and tenderest prayer;  
 The truth exploring with an equal mind,  
 In doctrine and communion they have sought  
 Firmly between the two extremes to steer,  
 But theirs the wise man's ordinary lot—  
 To trace right courses for the stubborn blind,  
 And prophesy to ears that will not hear.

## XLI

## DISTRACTIONS

MEN, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy,  
 Their forefathers, lo! sects are formed, and split  
 With morbid restlessness;—the ecstatic fit  
 Spreads wide, though special mysteries multiply,  
*The Saints must govern*, is their common cry,  
 And so they labour, deeming Holy Writ  
 Disgraced by aught that seems content to sit  
 Beneath the roof of settled Modesty.  
 The Romanist exults, fresh hope he draws  
 From the confusion, craftily incites  
 The overweening, personates the mad—  
 To heap disgust upon the worthier Cause  
 Totters the Throne, the new-born Church is sad,  
 For every wave against her peace unites

## XLII

## GUNPOWDER PLOT

FEAR hath a hundred eyes that all agree  
 To plague her beating heart, and there is one  
 (Nor idlest that!) which holds communion  
 With things that were not, yet were *meant* to be.  
 Aghast within its gloomy cavity  
 That eye (which sees as if fulfilled and done  
 Crimes that might stop the motion of the sun)  
 Beholds the horrible catastrophe  
 Of an assembled Senate unredeemed  
 From subterraneous Treason's darkling power  
 Merciless act of sorrow infinite!  
 Worse than the product of that dismal night,  
 When gushing, copious as a thunder-shower,  
 The blood of Huguenots through Paris streamed

## XLIH

## ILLUSTRATION

THE JUNG-FRAU AND THE FALL OF THE RHINE NEAR  
SCHAFFHAUSEN

THE Virgin Mountain,<sup>1</sup> wearing like a Queen  
A brilliant crown of everlasting snow,  
Sheds ruin from her sides, and men below  
Wonder that aught of aspect so serene  
Can link with desolation. Smooth and green,  
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,  
The waters of the Rhine, but on they go  
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen;  
Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,  
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe  
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherewith he tries  
To hide himself, but only magnifies,  
And doth in more conspicuous torment writh,  
Deafening the region in his ireful mood

## XLIV

## TROUBLES OF CHARLES THE FIRST

EVEN such the contrast that, where'er we move,  
To the mind's eye Religion doth present,  
Now with her own deep quietness content,  
Then, like the mountain, thundering from above  
Against the ancient pine-trees of the grove  
And the Land's humblest comforts. Now her mood  
Recalls the transformation of the flood,  
Whose rage the gentle skies in vain reprove,  
Earth cannot check. O terrible excess  
Of headstrong will! Can this be Piety?  
No—some fierce Maniac hath usurped her name;  
And scourges England struggling to be free.  
Her peace destroyed! her hopes a wilderness!  
Her blessings cursed—her glory turned to shame!

## XLV

## LAUD

PREJUDGED by foes determined not to spare,  
An old weak Man for vengeance thrown aside  
Laud, "in the painful art of dying" tried,  
(Like a poor bird entangled in a snare  
Whose heart still flutters, though his wings forbear  
To stir in useless struggle) hath relied

<sup>1</sup> The Jung-frau



On hope that conscious innocence supplied,  
 And in his prison breathes celestial air  
 Why taries then thy chariot? Wherefore stay,  
 O Death! the ensanguined yet triumphant wheels,  
 Which thou prepar'st, full often, to convey  
 (What time a State with madding faction reels)  
 The Saint or Patriot to the world that heals  
 All wounds, all perturbations doth allay?

## XLVI

## AFFLICTIONS OF ENGLAND

HARP! could'st thou venture, on thy boldest string,  
 The faintest note to echo which the blast  
 Caught from the hand of Moses as it passed  
 O'er Smar's top, or from the Shepherd-king,  
 Early awake, by Siloa's brook, to sing  
 Of dread Jehovah, then, should wood and waste  
 Hear also of that name, and mercy cast  
 Off to the mountains, like a covering  
 Of which the Lord was weary Weep, oh! weep,  
 Weep with the good, beholding King and Priest  
 Despised by that stern God to whom they raise  
 Their suppliant hands, but holy is the feast  
 He keepeth, like the firmament his ways  
 His statutes like the chambers of the deep

## PART III

FROM THE RESTORATION TO THE PRESENT TIMES<sup>1</sup>

## I

I saw the figure of a lovely Maid  
 Seated alone beneath a darksome tree,  
 Whose fondly-overhanging canopy  
 Set off her brightness with a pleasing shade.  
 No Spirit was she, *that* my heart betrayed,  
 For she was one I loved exceedingly,  
 But while I gazed in tender reverie  
 (Or was it sleep that with my Fancy played?)  
 The bright corporeal presence—form and face—  
 Remaining still distinct grew thin and rare,

<sup>1</sup> When I came to this part of the series I had the dream described in this Sonnet. The figure was that of my daughter, and the whole passed exactly as here represented. The Sonnet was composed on the middle road leading from Gasmere to Ambleside it was begun as I left the last house of the vale, and finished, word for word as it now stands, before I came in view of Rydal.

Like sunny mist,—at length the golden hair,  
 Shape, limbs, and heavenly features, keeping pace  
 Each with the other in a lingering race  
 Of dissolution, melted into air

## II

## PATRIOTIC SYMPATHIES

LAST night, without a voice, that Vision spake  
 Fear to my Soul, and sadness which might seem  
 Wholly dissevered from our present theme,  
 Yet, my belovèd Country! I partake  
 Of kindred agitations for thy sake,  
 Thou, too, dost visit oft my midnight dream,  
 Thy glory meets me with the earliest beam  
 Of light, which tells that Morning is awake  
 If aught impair thy beauty or destroy,  
 Or but forebode destruction, I deplore  
 With filial love the sad vicissitude,  
 If thou hast fallen, and righteous Heaven restore  
 The prostrate, then my spring-time is renewed,  
 And sorrow bartered for exceeding joy

## III

## CHARLES THE SECOND

WHO comes—with rapture greeted, and caressed  
 With frantic love—his kingdom to regain?  
 Him Virtue's Nourse, Adversity, in vain  
 Received, and fostered in her non breast  
 For all she taught of hardest and of best,  
 Or would have taught, by discipline of pain  
 And long privation, now dissolves amain,  
 Or is remembered only to give zest  
 To wantonness—Away, Cicean revels!  
 But for what gain? if England soon must sink  
 Into a gulf which all distinction levels—  
 That bigotry may swallow the good name,  
 And, with that draught, the life-blood misery, shame,  
 By Poets loathed, from which Historians shrink!

## IV

## LATITUDINARIANISM

YET Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind  
 Charged with rich words poured out in thought's defence,  
 Whether the Church inspire that eloquence,  
 Or a Platonic Piety confined

To the sole temple of the inward mind ,  
 And One there is who builds immortal lays,  
 Though doomed to tread in solitary ways,  
 Darkness before and danger's voice behind ;  
 Yet not alone, nor helpless to repel  
 Sad thoughts , for from above the starry sphere  
 Come secrets, whispered nightly to his ear ,  
 And the pure spirit of celestial light  
 Shines through his soul—"that he may see and tell  
 Of things invisible to mortal sight "

## V

## WALTON'S BOOK OF LIVES

THERE are no colours in the fairest sky  
 So fair as these The feather, whence the pen  
 Was shaped that traced the lives of these good men,  
 Dropped from an Angel's wing With moistened eye  
 We read of faith and purest charity  
 In Statesman, Priest, and humble Citizen .  
 Oh could we copy their mild virtues, then  
 What joy to live, what blessedness to die !  
 Methinks their very names shine still and bright ;  
 Apart—like glow-worms on a summer night ,  
 Or lonely tapers when from far they fling  
 A guiding ray , or seen—like stars on high,  
 Satellites burning in a lucid ring  
 Around meek Walton's heavenly memory

## VI

## CLERICAL INTEGRITY

NOR shall the eternal roll of praise reject  
 Those Unconforming , whom one rigorous day  
 Drives from their Cures, a voluntary prey  
 To poverty, and grief, and disrespect  
 And some to want—as if by tempests wrecked  
 On a wild coast , how destitute ! did They  
 Feel not that Conscience never can betray,  
 That peace of mind is Virtue's sure effect.  
 Their altars they forego, their homes they quit,  
 Fields which they love, and paths they daily trod,  
 And cast the future upon Providence ;  
 As men the dictate of whose inward sense  
 Outweighs the world , whom self-deceiving wit  
 Lures not from what they deem the cause of God

## VII

## PERSECUTION OF THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS

WHEN Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry,  
The Majesty of England interposed  
And the sword stopped, the bleeding wounds were closed,  
And Faith preserved her ancient purity  
How little boots that precedent of good,  
Scorned or forgotten, Thou canst testify,  
For England's shame, O Sister Realm ! from wood,  
Mountain, and moor, and crowded street, where lie  
The headless martyrs of the Covenant,  
Slain by Compatriot-protestants that draw  
From councils senseless as intolerant  
Their warrant Bodies fall by wild sword-law,  
But who would force the Soul, tilts with a straw  
Against a Champion cased in adamant.

## VIII

## ACQUITTAL OF THE BISHOPS

A VOICE, from long-expecting thousands sent,  
Shatters the air, and troubles tower and spire,  
For Justice hath absolved the innocent,  
And Tyranny is balked of her desire  
Up, down, the busy Thames—rapid as fire  
Coursing a train of gunpowder—it went,  
And transport finds in every street a vent,  
Till the whole City rings like one vast quire.  
The Fathers urge the People to be still,  
With outstretched hands and earnest speech—in vain !  
Yea, many, haply wont to entertain  
Small reverence for the mitre's offices,  
And to Religion's self no friendly will,  
A Prelate's blessing ask on bended knees.

## IX

## WILLIAM THE THIRD

CALM as an under-current, strong to draw  
Millions of waves into itself, and run,  
From sea to sea, impervious to the sun  
And ploughing storm, the spirit of Nassau  
Swerves not, (how blest if by religious awe  
Swayed, and thereby enabled to contend  
With the wide world's commotions) from its end  
Swerves not—diverted by a casual law

Had mortal action e're a nobler scope ?  
 The Hero comes to liberate, not defy ,  
 And, while he marches on with steadfast hope,  
 Conqueror beloved ! expected anxiously !  
 The vacillating Bondman of the Pope  
 Shrinks from the verdict of his steadfast eye

## X

## OBLIGATIONS OF CIVIL TO RELIGIOUS LIBERTY

UNGRATEFUL County, if thou e'er forget  
 The sons who for thy civil rights have bled !  
 How, like a Roman, Sidney bowed his head,  
 And Russel's milder blood the scaffold wet ,  
 But these had fallen for profitless regret  
 Had not thy holy Church her champions bred  
 And claims from other worlds inspired  
 The star of Liberty to rise Nor yet  
 (Grave this within thy heart !) if spiritual things  
 Be lost, through apathy, or scorn, or fear,  
 Shalt thou thy humbler franchises support,  
 However hardly won or justly dear  
 What came from heaven to heaven by nature clings  
 And, if dissevered thence, its course is short

## XI

## SACHEVEREL

A SUDDEN conflict rises from the swell  
 Of a proud slavery met by tenets strained  
 In Liberty's behalf Fears, true or feigned,  
 Spread through all ranks , and lo ! the Sentinel  
 Who loudest rang his pulpit 'larum bell,  
 Stands at the Bar, absolved by female eyes  
 Mingling their glances with grave flatteries  
 Lavished on *Him*—that England may rebel  
 Against her ancient virtue HIGH and LOW  
 Watchwords of Party, on all tongues are rife ,  
 As if a Church, though sprung from heaven, must owe  
 To opposites and fierce extremes her life,—  
 Not to the golden mean, and quiet flow  
 Of truths that soften hatred, temper strife

## XII

DOWN a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design  
 Have we pursued, with livelier stir of heart  
 Than his who sees, borne forward by the Rhine,  
 The living landscapes greet him, and depart ,

Sees spires fast sinking—up again to start !  
 And strives the towers to number, that incline  
 O'er the dark steeps, or on the horizon line  
 Striding with shattered crests his eye athwart,  
 So have we hurried on with troubled pleasure .  
 Henceforth, as on the bosom of a stream  
 That slackens, and spreads wide a watery gleam,  
 We, nothing loth a lingering course to measure,  
 May gather up our thoughts, and mark at leisure  
 How widely spread the interests of our theme

## XIII

## ASPECTS OF CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA

I THE PILGRIM FATHERS<sup>1</sup>

WELL worthy to be magnified are they  
 Who, with sad hearts, of friends and country took  
 A last farewell, their loved abodes forsook,  
 And hallowed ground in which their fathers lay,  
 Then to the new-found World explored their way,  
 That so a Church, unforced, uncalled to brook  
 Ritual restraints, within some sheltering nook  
 Her Lord might worship and his word obey  
 In freedom. Men they were who could not bend,  
 Blest Pilgrims, surely, as they took for guide  
 A will by sovereign Conscience sanctified,  
 Blest while their Spirits from the woods ascend  
 Along a Galaxy that knows no end,  
 But in His glory who for Sinners died

## XIV

## II CONTINUED

FROM Rite and Ordinance abused they fled  
 To Wilds where both were utterly unknown,  
 But not to them had Providence foreshown  
 What benefits are missed, what evils bred,  
 In worship neither raised nor limited  
 Save by Self-will Lo ! from that distant shore,  
 For Rite and Ordinance, Piety is led  
 Back to the Land those Pilgrims left of yore,  
 Led by her own free choice So Truth and Love  
 By Conscience governed do their steps retrace —  
 Fathers ! your Virtues, such the power of grace,  
 Their spirit, in your Children, thus approve.

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following were added in 1842

Transcendent over time, unbound by place,  
Concord and Charity in circles move

## XV

## III. CONCLUDED —AMERICAN EPISCOPACY

PATRIOTS informed with Apostolic light  
Were they, who, when their Country had been freed,  
Bowing with reverence to the ancient creed,  
Fixed on the frame of England's Church their sight,  
And strove in filial love to reunite  
What force had severed Thence they fetched the seed  
Of Christian unity, and won a meed  
Of praise from Heaven. To Thee, O saintly WHITE,  
Patriarch of a wide-spreading family,  
Remotest lands and unborn times shall turn,  
Whether they would restore or build—to Thee,  
As one who rightly taught how zeal should burn,  
As one who drew from out Faith's holiest urn  
The purest stream of patient Energy.

## XVI

BISHOPS and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep  
(As yours above all offices is high)  
Deep in your hearts the sense of duty lie ;  
Charged as ye are by Christ to feed and keep  
From wolves your portion of his chosen sheep :  
Labouring as ever in your Master's sight,  
Making your hardest task your best delight,  
What perfect glory ye in Heaven shall reap !—  
But, in the solemn Office which ye sought  
And undertook premonished, if unsound  
Your practice prove, faithless though but in thought,  
Bishops and Priests, think what a gulf profound  
Awaits you then, if they were rightly taught  
Who framed the Ordinance by your lives disowned !

## XVII

## PLACES OF WORSHIP

As star that shines dependent upon star  
Is to the sky while we look up and love ,  
As to the deep fair ships which though they move  
Seem fixed, to eyes that watch them from afar ,  
As to the sandy desert fountains are,  
With palm-groves shaded at wide intervals,  
Whose fruit around the sun-burnt Native falls

Of roving tired or desultory war—  
 Such to this British Isle her christian Fanes,  
 Each linked to each for kindred services,  
 Her Spires, her Steeple-towers with glittering vanes  
 Far-kenned, her Chapels lurking among trees,  
 Where a few villagers on bended knees  
 Find solace which a busy world disdains.

## XVIII

## PASTORAL CHARACTER

A GENIAL hearth, a hospitable board,  
 And a refined rusticity, belong  
 To the neat mansion, where, his flock among,  
 The learned Pastor dwells, their watchful Lord  
 Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword,  
 Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong  
 To human kind, though peace be on his tongue,  
 Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford  
 Such genuine state, pre-eminence so free,  
 As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,  
 He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand,  
 Conjures, implores, and labours all he can  
 For re-subjecting to divine command  
 The stubborn spirit of rebellious man?

## XIX

## THE LITURGY

YES, if the intensities of hope and fear  
 Attract us still, and passionate exercise  
 Of lofty thoughts, the way before us lies  
 Distinct with signs, through which in set career  
 As through a zodiac, moves the ritual year  
 Of England's Church stupendous mysteries!  
 Which whoso travels in her bosom eyes,  
 As he approaches them, with solemn cheer  
 Upon that circle traced from sacred story  
 We only dare to cast a transient glance,  
 Trusting in hope that Others may advance  
 With mind intent upon the King of Glory,  
 From his mild advent till his countenance  
 Shall dissipate the seas and mountains hoary.

## XX

## BAPTISM

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the needs  
 Of Infancy, provides a timely shower



Whose virtue changes to a chistian Flower  
 A Growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds !—  
 Fittest beneath the sacred roof proceeds  
 The ministration, while parental Love  
 Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above  
 As the high service pledges now, now pleads  
 There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and  
 To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,  
 The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,  
 The Infant's notice of his second birth—  
 Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy  
 With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth

## XXI

## SPONSORS

FATHER !—to God himself we cannot give  
 A holier name ! then lightly do not bea'  
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care  
 Be duly mindful still more sensitive  
 Do Thou, in truth a second Mother, strive  
 Against disheartening custom, that by Thee  
 Watched, and with love and pious industry  
 Tended at need, the adopted Plant may thrive  
 For everlasting bloom Benign and pure  
 This Ordinance, whether, loss it would supply,  
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,  
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure  
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found  
 An idle form, the Word an empty sound !

## XXII

## CATECHISING

FROM Little down to Least, in due degree,  
 Around the Pastor, each in new-wrought vest  
 Each with a vernal posy at his breast,  
 We stood, a trembling, earnest Company !  
 With low soft murmur, like a distant bee,  
 Some spake, by thought-perplexing fears betrayed,  
 And some a bold unerring answer made  
 How fluttered then thy anxious heart for me,  
 Belovèd Mother ! Thou whose happy hand  
 Had bound the flowers I wore, with faithful tie.  
 Sweet flowers ! at whose inaudible command  
 Her countenance, phantom-like, doth re-appear.

O lost too early for the frequent tear,  
And ill requited by this heartfelt sigh !

## XXIII

## CONFIRMATION

THE Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale,  
With holiday delight on every brow  
'Tis passed away, far other thoughts prevail,  
For they are taking the baptismal Vow  
Upon their conscious selves, their own lips speak  
The solemn promise Strongest sinews fail,  
And many a blooming, many a lovely, cheek  
Under the holy fear of God turns pale,  
While on each head his lawn-robed Servant lays  
An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals  
The Covenant The Omnipotent will raise  
Their feeble Souls, and bear with *his* regrets,  
Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels  
That ere the Sun goes down their childhood sets.

## XXIV

## CONFIRMATION CONTINUED

I SAW a Mother's eye intensely bent  
Upon a Maiden trembling as she knelt;  
In and for whom the pious Mother felt  
Things that we judge of by a light too faint  
Tell, if ye may, some star-crowned Muse, or Saint !  
Tell what rushed in, from what she was relieved—  
Then, when her Child the hallowing touch received,  
And such vibration through the Mother went  
That tears burst forth amain. Did gleams appear?  
Opened a vision of that blissful place  
Where dwells a Sister-child? And was power given  
Part of her lost One's glory back to trace  
Even to this Rite? For thus *She* knelt, and, ere  
The summer-leaf had faded, passed to Heaven

## XXV

## SACRAMENT

By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied.  
One duty more, last stage of this ascent,  
Brings to thy food, mysterious Sacrament !  
The Offspring, haply, at the Parent's side;  
But not till They, with all that do abide  
In Heaven, have lifted up their hearts to laud

And magnify the glorious name of God,  
 Fountain of grace, whose Son for sinners died  
 Ye, who have duly weighed the summons, pause  
 No longer, ye, whom to the saving rite  
 The Altar calls, come early under laws  
 That can secure for you a path of light  
 Through gloomiest shade, put on (nor dread its weight)  
 Armour divine, and conquer in your cause !

## XXVI

## THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

THE Vested Priest before the Altar stands,  
 Approach, come gladly, ye prepared, in sight  
 Of God and chosen friends, your troth to plight  
 With the symbolic ring, and willing hands  
 Solemnly joined Now sanctify the bands  
 O Father !—to the Espoused thy blessing give,  
 That mutually assisted they may live  
 Obedient, as here taught, to thy commands  
 So prays the Church, to consecrate a Vow  
 “The which would endless matrimony make,”  
 Union that shadows forth and doth partake  
 A mystery potent human love to endow  
 With heavenly, each more prized for the other's sake,  
 Weep not, meek Bride ! uplift thy timid brow.

## XXVII

## THANKSGIVING AFTER CHILDBIRTH

WOMAN ! the Power who left his throne on high,  
 And deigned to wear the robe of flesh we wear,  
 The Power that thro' the straits of Infancy  
 Did pass dependent on maternal care,  
 His own humanity with Thee will share,  
 Pleased with the thanks that in his People's eye  
 Thou offerest up for safe Delivery  
 From Childbirth's perilous throes And should the Hero  
 Of thy fond hopes hereafter walk inclined  
 To courses fit to make a mother rue  
 That ever he was born, a glance of mind  
 Cast upon this observance may renew  
 A better will, and, in the imagined view  
 Of thee thus kneeling, safety he may find.

## XXVIII

## VISITATION OF THE SICK

THE Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal ;  
Glad music ! yet there be that, worn with pain  
And sickness, listen where they long have lain,  
In sadness listen With maternal zeal  
Inspired, the Church sends ministers to kneel  
Beside the afflicted ; to sustain with prayer,  
And soothe the heart confession hath laid bare—  
That pardon, from God's throne, may set its seal  
On a true Penitent When breath departs  
From one disburthened so, so comforted,  
His Spirit Angels greet , and ours be hope  
That, if the Sufferer rise from his sick-bed,  
Hence he will gain a firmer mind, to cope  
With a bad world, and foil the Tempter's arts

## XXIX

## THE COMMINATION SERVICE

SHUN not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred,  
By some of unreflecting mind, as calling  
Man to curse man, (thought monstrous and appalling )  
Go thou and hear the threatenings of the LORD ,  
Listening within his Temple see his sword  
Unsheathed in wrath to strike the offender's head,  
Thy own, if sorrow for thy sin be dead,  
Guilt unrepented, pardon unimplored  
Two aspects bears Truth needful for salvation ,  
Who knows not *that* ?—yet would this delicate age  
Look only on the Gospel's brighter page .  
Let light and dark duly our thoughts employ ,  
So shall the fearful words of Commination  
Yield timely fruit of peace and love and joy

## XXX

## FORMS OF PRAYER AT SEA

To kneeling Worshippers no earthly floor  
Gives holier invitation than the deck  
Of a storm-shattered Vessel saved from Wreck  
(When all that Man could do availed no more)  
By him who raised the Tempest and restrains .  
Happy the crew who this have felt, and pour  
Forth for his mercy, as the Church ordains,  
Solemn thanksgiving Nor will *they* implore

In vain who, for a rightful cause, give breath  
 To words the Church prescribes aiding the lip  
 For the heart's sake, ere ship with hostile ship  
 Encounters, armed for work of pain and death  
 Suppliants ' the God to whom your cause ye trust  
 Will listen, and ye know that He is just.

## XXXI

## FUNERAL SERVICE

FROM the Baptismal hour, thro' weal and woe,  
 The Church extends her care to thought and deed;  
 Nor quits the Body when the Soul is freed,  
 The mortal weight cast off to be laid low  
 Blest Rite for him who hears in faith, "I know  
 That my Redeemer liveth,"—hears each word  
 That follows—striking on some kindred chord  
 Deep in the thankful heart,—yet tears will flow.  
 Man is as grass that springeth up at morn,  
 Grows green, and is cut down and withereth  
 Ere nightfall—truth that well may claim a sigh,  
 Its natural echo, but hope comes reborn  
 At Jesu's bidding. We rejoice, "O Death,  
 Where is thy Sting?—O Grave, where is thy Victory?"

## XXXII

## RURAL CEREMONY

CLOSING the sacred Book which long has fed  
 Our meditations, give we to a day  
 Of annual joy one tributary lay,  
 This day, when, forth by rustic music led,  
 The village Children, while the sky is red  
 With evening lights, advance in long array  
 Through the still churchyard, each with garland gay,  
 That, carried sceptre-like, o'ertops the head  
 Of the proud Bearer. To the wide church-door,  
 Charged with these offerings which their fathers bore  
 For decoration in the Papal time,  
 The innocent procession softly moves —  
 The spirit of Laud is pleased in heaven's pure clime,  
 And Hooker's voice the spectacle approves!

## XXXIII

## REGRETS

WOULD that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave  
 Less scanty measure of those graceful rites

And usages, whose due return invites  
A stir of mind too natural to deceive ,  
Giving to Memory help when she would weave  
A crown for Hope !—I dread the boasted lights  
That all too often are but fiery blights,  
Killing the bud o'er which in vain we grieve  
Go, seek, when Christmas snows discomfort bring,  
The counter Spirit found in some gay church  
Green with fresh holly, every pew a perch  
In which the linnet or the thrush might sing,  
Merry and loud and safe from prying search,  
Strains offered only to the genial Spring.

## XXXIV

## MUTABILITY

FROM low to high doth dissolution climb,  
And sink from high to low, along a scale  
Of awful notes, whose concord shall not fail ;  
A musical but melancholy chime,  
Which they can hear who meddle not with crime,  
Nor avarice, nor over-anxious care  
Truth fails not . but her outward forms that bear  
The longest date do melt like frosty rime,  
That in the morning whitened hill and plain  
And is no more , drop like the tower sublime  
Of yesterday, which royally did wear  
His crown of weeds, but could not even sustain  
Some casual shout that broke the silent air,  
Or the unimaginable touch of Time.

## XXXV

## OLD ABBEYS

MONASTIC Domes ! following my downward way,  
Untouched by due regret I marked your fall !  
Now, ruin, beauty, ancient stillness, all  
Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay  
On our past selves in life's declining day .  
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,  
We learn to tolerate the infirmities  
And faults of others—gently as he may,  
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,  
Teaching us to forget them or forgive  
Perversely curious, then, for hidden ill  
Why should we break Time's charitable seals?

Once ye were holy, ye are holy still,  
Your spirit freely let me drink, and live !

## XXXVI

## EMIGRANT FRENCH CLERGY

EVEN while I speak, the sacred roofs of Fiance  
Are shattered into dust, and self-exiled  
From altars threatened, levelled, or defiled,  
Wander the Ministers of God, as chance  
Opens a way for life, or consonance  
Of faith invites More welcome to no land  
The fugitives than to the British strand,  
Where priest and layman with the vigilance  
Of true compassion greet them. Creed and test  
Vanish before the unreserved embrace  
Of catholic humanity —distrest  
They came,—and, while the moral tempest roars  
Throughout the Country they have left, our shores  
Give to their Faith a fearless resting-place

## XXXVII

## CONGRATULATION

THUS all things lead to Charity secured  
By THEM who blessed the soft and happy gale  
That landward urged the great Deliverer's sail,  
Till in the sunny bay his fleet was moored !  
Propitious hour !—had we, like them, endured  
Sore stress of apprehension, with a mind  
Sickened by injuries, dreading worse designed,  
From month to month trembling and unassured,  
How had we then rejoiced ! But we have felt,  
As a loved substance, their futurity  
Good, which they dared not hope for, we have seen,  
A State whose generous will through earth is dealt,  
A State—which, balancing herself between  
Licence and slavish order, dares be free.

## XXXVIII

## NEW CHURCHES

BUT liberty, and triumphs on the Main,  
And laurelled armies, not to be withstood—  
What serve they? if, on transitory good  
Intent, and sedulous of abject gain,  
The State (ah, surely not preserved in vain !)  
Forbear to shape due channels which the Flood

Of sacred truth may enter—till it brood  
O'er the wide realm, as o'er the Egyptian plain  
The all-sustaining Nile. No more—the time  
Is conscious of her want, through England's bounds,  
In rival haste, the wished-for Temples rise !  
I hear their sabbath bells' harmonious chime  
Float on the breeze—the heavenliest of all sounds  
That vale or hill prolongs or multiplies !

## XXXIX

## CHURCH TO BE ERECTED

BE this the chosen site, the virgin sod,  
Moistened from age to age by dewy eve,  
Shall disappear, and grateful earth receive  
The corner-stone from hands that build to God  
Yon reverend hawthorns, hardened to the rod  
Of winter storms, yet budding cheerfully,  
Those forest oaks of Druid memory,  
Shall long survive, to shelter the Abode  
Of genuine Faith Where, haply, 'mid this band  
Of daisies, shepherds sate of yore and wove  
May-garlands, there let the holy altar stand  
For kneeling adoration,—while—above,  
Broods, visibly portrayed, the mystic Dove,  
That shall protect from blasphemy the Land.

## XL

## CONTINUED

MINE ear has rung, my spirit sunk subdued,  
Sharing the strong emotion of the crowd,  
When each pale brow to dread hosannas bowed  
While clouds of incense mounting veiled the rood,  
That glimmered like a pine-tree dimly viewed  
Through Alpine vapours Such appalling rite  
Our Church prepares not, trusting to the might  
Of simple truth with grace divine imbued,  
Yet will we not conceal the precious Cross,  
Like men ashamed the Sun with his first smile  
Shall greet that symbol crowning the low Pile.  
And the fresh air of incense-breathing morn  
Shall wooingly embrace it, and green moss  
Creep round its arms through centuries unborn.



## XLI

## NEW CHURCHYARD

THE encircling ground, in native turf arrayed,  
 Is now by solemn consecration given  
 To social interests, and to favouring Heaven,  
 And where the rugged colts their gambols played,  
 And wild deer bounded through the forest glade,  
 Unchecked as when by merry Outlaw driven,  
 Shall hymns of praise resound at morn and even,  
 And soon, full soon, the lonely Sexton's spade  
 Shall wound the tender sod    Encincture small,  
 But infinite its grasp of weal and woe!  
 Hopes, fears, in never-ending ebb and flow,—  
 The spousal trembling, and the "dust to dust,"  
 The prayers, the contrite struggle, and the trust  
 That to the Almighty Father looks through all

## XLII

## CATHEDRALS, ETC

OPEN your gates, ye everlasting Piles!  
 Types of the spiritual Church which God hath reared,  
 Not loth we quit the newly-hallowed sward  
 And humble altar, 'mid your sumptuous aisles  
 To kneel, or thrud your intricate defiles,  
 Or down the nave to pace in motion slow;  
 Watching, with upward eye, the tall tower grow  
 And mount, at every step, with living wiles  
 Instinct—to rouse the heart and lead the will  
 By a bright ladder to the world above  
 Open your gates, ye Monuments of love  
 Divine! thou Lincoln, on thy sovereign hill!  
 Thou, stately York! and Ye, whose splendours cheer  
 Isis and Cam, to patient Science dear!

## XLIII

## INSIDE OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense,  
 With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned—  
 Albert labouring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense  
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence!  
 Give all thou canst, high Heaven rejects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more,  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality

## XLIV

## THE SAME

WHAT awful perspective ! while from our sight  
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide  
Their Portraitures, their stone-work glimmers, dyed  
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light  
Martyr, or King, or sainted Eremite,  
Whoe'er ye be, that thus, yourselves unseen,  
Imbue your prison-bars with solemn sheen,  
Shine on, until ye fade with coming Night !—  
But, from the arms of silence—list ! O list !  
The music bursteth into second life,  
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife,  
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye  
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy !

## XLV

## CONTINUED

THEY dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build Be mine, in hours of fear  
Or grovelling thought, to seek a refuge here,  
Or through the aisles of Westminster to roam  
Where bubbles burst, and folly's dancing foam  
Melts, if it cross the threshold, where the wreath  
Of awe-struck wisdom droops or let my path  
Lead to that younger Pile, whose sky-like dome  
Hath typified by reach of daring art  
Infinity's embrace, whose guardian crest,  
The silent Cross, among the stars shall spread  
As now, when She hath also seen her breast  
Filled with mementos, satiate with its part  
Of grateful England's overflowing Dead

## XLVI

## EJACULATION

GLORY to God ! and to the Power who came  
In filial duty, clothed with love divine,

That made his human tabernacle shine  
 Like Ocean burning with purpureal flame,  
 Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name  
 From roseate hues, far kenne'd at morn and even  
 In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven  
 Along the nether region's rugged frame!  
 Earth prompts—Heaven urges, let us seek the light,  
 Studious of that pure intercourse begun  
 When first our infant brows then lustre won,  
 So, like the Mountain, may we grow more bright  
 From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,  
 At the approach of all-involving night

## XLVII

## CONCLUSION

WHY sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled,  
 Coil within coil, at noon-tide? For the WORD  
 Yields, if with unpretentious faith explored,  
 Power at whose touch the sluggard shall unfold  
 His drowsy rings Look forth!—that Stream behold,  
 THAT STREAM upon whose bosom we have passed  
 Floating at ease while nations have effaced  
 Nations, and Death has gathered to his fold  
 Long lines of mighty Kings—look forth, my Soul!  
 (Nor in this vision be thou slow to trust)  
 The living Waters, less and less by guilt  
 Stained and polluted, brighten as they roll,  
 Till they have reached the eternal City—built  
 For the perfected Spirit of the just!

## MEMORY

A PEN—to register, a key—  
 That winds through secret wards  
 Are well assigned to Memory  
 By allegoric Bards  
 As aptly, also, might be given  
 A Pencil to her hand,  
 That, softening objects, sometimes even  
 Outstrips the heart's demand,  
 That smooths foregone distress, the lines  
 Of lingering care subdues,  
 Long-vanished happiness refines,  
 And clothes in brighter hues,

Yet, like a tool of Fancy, works  
 Those Spectres to dilate  
 That startle Conscience, as she lurks  
 Within her lonely seat  
 Oh ! that our lives, which flee so fast,  
 In purity were such,  
 That not an image of the past  
 Should fear that pencil's touch !  
 Retirement then might hourly look  
 Upon a soothing scene,  
 Age steal to his allotted nook  
 Contented and serene ;  
 With heart as calm as lakes that sleep,  
 In frosty moonlight glistening ,  
 Or mountain rivers, where they creep  
 Along a channel smooth and deep,  
 To their own far-off murmurs listening.

(1823)

## TO THE LADY FLEMING

ON SEEING THE FOUNDATION PREPARING FOR THE  
 ERECTION OF RYDAL CHAPEL, WESTMORELAND

## I

BLEST is this Isle—our native Land ,  
 Where battlement and moated gate  
 Are objects only for the hand  
 Of hoary Time to decorate ,  
 Where shady hamlet, town that breathes  
 Its busy smoke in social wreaths,  
 No rampart's stern defence require,  
 Nought but the heaven-directed spire,  
 And steeple tower (with pealing bells  
 Far-heard)—our only citadels.

## II

O Lady <sup>1</sup> from a noble line  
 Of chieftains sprung, who stoutly bore  
 The spear, yet gave to works divine  
 A bounteous help in days of yore,  
 (As records mouldering in the Dell  
 Of Nightshade <sup>1</sup> haply yet may tell ,)

<sup>1</sup> Bekangs Ghyll—or the dell of Nightshade—in which stands St. Mary's Abbey in Low Furness

## To the Lady Fleming

Thee kindred aspirations moved  
To build, within a vale beloved,  
For Him upon whose high behests  
All peace depends, all safety rests

## III

How fondly will the woods embrace  
This daughter of thy pious care,  
Lifting her front with modest grace  
To make a fan recess more fair,  
And to exalt the passing hour,  
Or soothe it with a healing power  
Drawn from the Sacrifice fulfilled,  
Before this rugged soil was tilled,  
Or human habitation rose  
To interrupt the deep repose !

## IV

Well may the villagers rejoice !  
Nor heat, nor cold, nor weary ways,  
Will be a hindrance to the voice  
That would unite in prayer and praise,  
More duly shall wild wandering Youth  
Receive the curb of sacred truth,  
Shall tottering Age, bent earthward, hear  
The Promise, with uplifted ear,  
And all shall welcome the new ray  
Imparted to their sabbath-day.

## V

Nor deem the Poet's hope misplaced,  
His fancy cheated—that can see  
A shade upon the future cast,  
Of time's pathetic sanctity,  
Can hear the monitory clock  
Sound o'er the lake with gentle shock  
At evening, when the ground beneath  
Is ruffled o'er with cells of death,  
Where happy generations lie,  
Here tutored for eternity.

## VI

Lives there a man whose sole delights  
Are trivial pomp and city noise,  
Hardening a heart that loathes or slights  
What every natural heart enjoys ?

Who never caught a noon-tide dream  
From murmur of a running stream,  
Could strip, for aught the prospect yields  
To him, then verdure from the fields,  
And take the radiance from the clouds  
In which the sun his setting shrouds

## VII

A soul so pitiably forlorn,  
If such do on this earth abide,  
May season apathy with scorn,  
May turn indifference to pride,  
And still be not unblest—compared  
With him who grovels, self-debarred  
From all that lies within the scope  
Of holy faith and christian hope,  
Or, shipwrecked, kindles on the coast  
False fires, that others may be lost

## VIII

Alas ! that such perverted zeal  
Should spread on Britain's favoured ground  
That public order, private weal,  
Should e'er have felt or feared a wound  
From champions of the desperate law  
Which from their own blind hearts they draw ;  
Who tempt their reason to deny  
God, whom their passions dare defy,  
And boast that they alone are free  
Who reach this dire extremity !

## IX

But turn we from these "bold bad" men ;  
The way, mild Lady ! that hath led  
Down to their "dark opprobrious den,"  
Is all too rough for Thee to tread  
Softly as morning vapours glide  
Down Rydal-cove from Fairfield's side,  
Should move the tenor of *his* song  
Who means to charity no wrong,  
Whose offering gladly would accord  
With this day's work, in thought and word

## X

Heaven prosper it ! may peace, and love,  
And hope, and consolation, fall,

Through its meek influence, from above,  
 And penetrate the hearts of all ,  
 All who, around the hallowed Fane,  
 Shall sojourn in this fair domain ,  
 Grateful to Thee, while service pure,  
 And ancient ordinance, shall endure,  
 For opportunity bestowed  
 To kneel together, and adore their God !

(1823)

## ON THE SAME OCCASION

Oh ! gather whencesoe'er ye safely may  
 The help which slackening Piety requires ,  
 Nor deem that he perforce must go astray  
 Who treads upon the footmarks of his sires

WHEN in the antique age of bow and spear  
 And feudal rapine clothed with iron mail,  
 Came ministers of peace, intent to rear  
 The Mother Church in yon sequestered vale ,  
 Then, to her Patron Saint a previous rite  
 Resounded with deep swell and solemn close,  
 Through unremitting vigils of the night,  
 Till from his couch the wished-for Sun uprose.  
 He rose, and straight—as by divine command,  
 They, who had waited for that sign to trace  
 Their work's foundation, gave with careful hand  
 To the high altar its determined place ,  
 Mindful of Him who in the Orient born  
 There lived, and on the cross his life resigned,  
 And who, from out the regions of the morn,  
 Issuing in pomp, shall come to judge mankind  
 So taught *their* creed ,—nor failed the eastern sky,  
 'Mid these more awful feelings, to infuse  
 The sweet and natural hopes that shall not die,  
 Long as the sun his gladsome course renews  
 For us hath such prelusive vigil ceased ,  
 Yet still we plant, like men of elder days,  
 Our christian altar faithful to the east,  
 Whence the tall window drinks the morning rays ;  
 That obvious emblem giving to the eye  
 Of meek devotion, which erewhile it gave,  
 That symbol of the dayspring from on high,  
 Triumphant o'er the darkness of the grave.

(1823)

“A VOLANT TRIBE OF BARDS ON EARTH  
ARE FOUND”

A VOLANT Tribe of Bards on earth are found,  
Who, while the flattering Zephyrs round them play,  
On “coignes of vantage” hang their nests of clay  
How quickly from that airy hold unbound,  
Dust for oblivion! To the solid ground  
Of nature trusts the Mind that builds for aye,  
Convinced that there, there only, she can lay  
Secure foundations As the year runs round,  
Apart she toils within the chosen ring,  
While the stars shine, or while day’s purple eye  
Is gently closing with the flowers of spring,  
Where even the motion of an Angel’s wing  
Would interrupt the intense tranquillity  
Of silent hills, and more than silent sky.

(1823)

“NOT LOVE, NOT WAR, NOR THE  
TUMULTUOUS SWELL”

NOT Love, not War, nor the tumultuous swell  
Of civil conflict, nor the wrecks of change,  
Nor Duty struggling with afflictions strange—  
Not these *alone* inspire the tuneful shell,  
But where untroubled peace and concord dwell,  
There also is the Muse not loth to range,  
Watching the twilight smoke of cot or grange,  
Skyward ascending from a woody dell  
Meek aspirations please her, lone endeavour,  
And sage content, and placid melancholy,  
She loves to gaze upon a crystal river—  
Diaphanous because it travels slowly,  
Soft is the music that would charm for ever,  
The flower of sweetest smell is shy and lowly.

(1823)

TO ———<sup>1</sup>

I

LET other bards of angels sing,  
Bright suns without a spot,  
But thou art no such perfect thing:  
Rejoice that thou art not!

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount To Mrs. Wordsworth



Heed not tho' none should call thee fair ;  
 So, Maïy, let it be  
 If nought in loveliness compare  
 With what thou art to me.  
 True beauty dwells in deep retreats,  
 Whose veil is unremoved  
 Till heart with heart in concord beats,  
 And the lover is beloved.

## II

O DEARER far than light and life are dear,  
 Full oft our human foresight I deplore ,  
 Trembling, through my unworthiness, with fear  
 That friends, by death disjoined, may meet no more!  
 Misgivings, hard to vanquish or control,  
 Mix with the day, and cross the hour of rest ,  
 While all the future, for thy purer soul,  
 With "sober certainties" of love is blest.

That sigh of thine, not meant for human ear,  
 Tells that these words thy humbleness offend ,  
 Yet bear me up—else faltering in the rear  
 Of a steep march support me to the end.

Peace settles where the intellect is meek,  
 And Love is dutiful in thought and deed ;  
 Through Thee communion with that Love I seek  
 The faith Heaven strengthens where *he* moulds the Creed.

(1824)

"HOW RICH THAT FOREHEAD'S CALM  
 EXPANSE" <sup>1</sup>

How rich that forehead's calm expanse !  
 How bright that heaven-directed glance !  
 —Waft her to glory, wingèd Powers,  
 Ere sorrow be renewed,  
 And intercourse with mortal hours  
 Bring back a humbler mood !  
 So looked Cecilia when she died  
 An Angel from his station ,  
 So looked , not ceasing to pursue  
 Her tuneful adoration !  
 But hand and voice alike are still ,  
 No sound *here* sweeps away the will

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by a Print at Coleorton Hall.

That gave it birth . in service meek  
 One upright arm sustains the cheek,  
 And one across the bosom lies—  
 That rose, and now forgets to rise,  
 Subdued by breathless harmonies  
 Of meditative feeling ,  
 Mute strains from worlds beyond the skies,  
 Through the pure light of female eyes,  
 Their sanctity revealing !

(1824)

TO ———<sup>1</sup>

Look at the fate of summer flowers,  
 Which blow at daybreak, droop e'er evensong ;  
 And, grieved for their brief date, confess that ours,  
 Measured by what we are and ought to be,  
 Measured by all that, trembling, we foresee,  
     Is not so long !

If human Life do pass away,  
 Perishing yet more swiftly than the flower,  
 If we are creatures of a *winter's* day ,  
 What space hath Virgin's beauty to disclose  
 Her sweets, and triumph o'er the breathing rose ?  
     Not even an hour !

The deepest grove whose foliage hid  
 The happiest lovers Arcady might boast,  
 Could not the entrance of this thought forbid .  
 O be thou wise as they, soul-gifted Maid !  
 Nor rate too high what must so quickly fade,  
     So soon be lost

Then shall love teach some virtuous Youth  
 " To draw, out of the object of his eyes,"  
 The while on thee they gaze in simple truth,  
 Hues more exalted, " a refinèd Form,"  
 That dreads not age, nor suffers from the worm,  
     And never dies.

(1824)

## A FLOWER GARDEN

AT COLEORTON HALL, LEICESTERSHIRE

TELL me, ye Zephyrs ! that unfold,  
 While fluttering o'er this gay Recess,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount.

Pimions that fanned the teeming mould  
 Of Eden's blissful wilderness,  
 Did only *softly-stealing hours*  
 There close the peaceful lives of flowers ?

Say, when the *moving* creatures saw  
 All kinds commingled without fear,  
 Prevailed a like indulgent law  
 For the still growths that prosper here ?  
 Did wanton fawn and kid forbear  
 The half-blown rose, the lily spare ?

Or peeped they often from their beds  
 And prematurely disappeared,  
 Devoured like pleasure ere it spreads  
 A bosom to the sun endeared ?  
 If such their harsh untimely doom,  
 It falls not *here* on bud or bloom

All summer long the happy Eve  
 Of this fair Spot her flowers may bind,  
 Nor e'er, with ruffled fancy, grieve,  
 From the next glance she casts, to find  
 That love for little things by Fate  
 Is rendered vain as love for great

Yet, where the guardian fence is wound,  
 So subtly are our eyes beguiled  
 We see not nor suspect a bound,  
 No more than in some forest wild,  
 The sight is free as air—or crost  
 Only by art in nature lost

And, though the jealous turf refuse  
 By random footsteps to be prest,  
 And feed on never-sullied dews,  
 Ye, gentle breezes from the west,  
 With all the ministers of hope  
 Are tempted to this sunny slope

And hither throngs of birds resort,  
 Some, inmates lodged in shady nests,  
 Some, perched on stems of stately port  
 That nod to welcome transient guests,  
 While hare and leveret, seen at play,  
*Appear* not more shut out than they.

Apt emblem (for reproof of pride)  
 This delicate Enclosure shows

To Lady E. B. and Hon Miss P. 463

Of modest kindness, that would hide  
The firm protection she bestows ,  
Of manners, like its viewless fence,  
Ensuing peace to innocence  
Thus spake the moral Muse—her wing  
Abruptly spreading to depart,  
She left that farewell offering,  
Memento for some docile heart ,  
That may respect the good old age  
When Fancy was Truth's willing Page ;  
And Truth would skim the flowery glade,  
Though entering but as Fancy's Shade

(1824)

TO THE LADY E. B AND THE HON. MISS P.

Composed in the Grounds of Plas Newydd, near Llangollen, 1824 <sup>1</sup>

A STREAM, to mingle with your favourite Dee,  
Along the VALE OF MEDITATION <sup>2</sup> flows ,  
So styled by those fierce Britons, pleased to see  
In Nature's face the expression of repose ,  
Or haply there some pious hermit chose  
To live and die, the peace of heaven his aim ,  
To whom the wild sequestered region owes  
At this late day, its sanctifying name  
GLYN CAFAILLGAROCH, in the Cambrian tongue,  
In ours, the VALE OF FRIENDSHIP, let *this* spot  
Be named , where, faithful to a low-roofed Cot,  
On Deva's banks, ye have abode so long ,  
Sisters in love, a love allowed to climb,  
Even on this earth, above the reach of Time <sup>1</sup>

TO THE TORRENT AT THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE,  
NORTH WALES, 1824

How art thou named ? In search of what strange land  
From what huge height, descending ? Can such force  
Of waters issue from a British source,  
Or hath not Pindus fed thee, where the band

<sup>1</sup> In this Vale of Meditation my friend Jones resided, having been allowed by his diocesan to fix himself there without resigning his Living in Oxfordshire. He was with my wife and daughter and me when we visited these celebrated ladies who had retired, as one may say, into notice in this vale [Cafailgaroch, *e. g.* should be "Cyfaillgarwch"—*Ed*]

<sup>2</sup> Glyn Myrvr

## 464 Composed among Ruins of a Castle

Of Patriots scoop their freedom out, with hand  
Desperate as thine? Or come the incessant shocks  
From that young Stream, that smites the throbbing rocks  
Of Viamala? There I seem to stand,  
As in life's morn, permitted to behold,  
From the dread chasm, woods climbing above woods,  
In pomp that fades not, everlasting snows,  
And skies that ne'er relinquish their repose,  
Such power possess the family of floods  
Over the minds of Poets, young or old!

### COMPOSED AMONG THE RUINS OF A CASTLE IN NORTH WALES

THROUGH shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls,  
Wandering with timid footsteps oft betrayed,  
The Stranger sighs, nor scruples to upbraid  
Old Time, though he, gentlest among the Thralls  
Of Destiny, upon these wounds hath laid  
His lenient touches, soft as light that falls,  
From the wan Moon, upon the towers and walls,  
Light deepening the profoundest sleep of shade.  
Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars,  
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,  
Time *loves* Thee! at his call the Seasons twine  
Luxuriant wreaths around thy forehead hoar,  
And, though vast pomp no changes can restore,  
A soothing recompence, his gift, is thine!  
(1824)

### ELEGIAC STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO SIR G. H. B. UPON THE DEATH OF HIS  
SISTER-IN-LAW<sup>1</sup>

O FOR a dirge! But why complain?  
Ask rather a triumphal strain  
When FERMOR's race is run,  
A garland of immortal boughs  
To twine around the Christian's brows,  
Whose glorious work is done  
We pay a high and holy debt:  
No tears of passionate regret  
Shall stain this votive lay,  
Ill-worthy, Beaumont! were the grief  
That flings itself on wild relief  
When Saints have passed away

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Fermor

Sad doom, at Sorrow's shrine to kneel,  
For ever covetous to feel,  
And impotent to bear !  
Such once was hers—to think and think  
On severed love, and only sink  
From anguish to despair !

But nature to its inmost part  
Faith had refined, and to her heart  
A peaceful cradle given  
Calm as the dew-drop's, free to rest  
Within a breeze-fanned rose's breast  
Till it exhales to Heaven

Was ever Spirit that could bend  
So graciously?—that could descend,  
Another's need to suit,  
So promptly from her lofty throne?—  
In works of love, in these alone,  
How restless, how minute !

Pale was her hue, yet mortal cheek  
Ne'er kindled with a livelier streak  
When aught had suffered wrong,—  
When aught that breathes had felt a wound,  
Such look the Oppressor might confound,  
However proud and strong

But hushed be every thought that springs  
From out the bitterness of things;  
Her quiet is secure,  
No thorns can pierce her tender feet,  
Whose life was, like the violet, sweet,  
As climbing jasmine, pure—  
As snowdrop on an infant's grave,  
Or lily heaving with the wave  
That feeds it and defends,  
As Vesper, ere the star hath kissed  
The mountain top, or breathed the mist  
That from the vale ascends

Thou takest not away, O Death !  
Thou strikest—absence perisheth,  
Indifference is no more,  
The future brightens on our sight,  
For on the past hath fallen a light  
That tempts us to adore.

CENOTAPH<sup>1</sup>

By vain affections unenthralled,  
 Though resolute when duty called  
 To meet the world's broad eye,  
 Pure as the holiest cloistered nun  
 That ever feared the tempting sun,  
 Did Fermor live and die  
 This Tablet, hallowed by her name,  
 One heart-relieving tear may claim,  
 But if the pensive gloom  
 Of fond regret be still thy choice,  
 Exalt thy spirit, hear the voice  
 Of Jesus from her tomb !

"I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE"  
 (1824)

EPITAPH<sup>2</sup>

IN THE CHAPEL-YARD OF LANGDALE, WESTMORELAND

By playful smiles, (alas ! too oft  
 A sad heart's sunshine, by a soft  
 And gentle nature, and a free  
 Yet modest hand of charity,  
 Through life was OWEN LLOYD endeared  
 To young and old, and how revered

<sup>1</sup> See "Elegiac Stanzas Addressed to Sir G H B upon the death of his Sister-in-Law" (p 464)

In affectionate remembrance of Frances Fermor, whose remains are deposited in the church of Claines, near Worcester, this stone is erected by her sister, Dame Margaret, wife of Sir George Beaumont, Bart, who, feeling not less than the love of a brother for the deceased, commends this memorial to the care of his heirs and successors in the possession of this place

<sup>2</sup> Owen Lloyd, the subject of this epitaph, was born at Old Brathay, near Ambleside, and was the son of Charles Lloyd and his wife Sophia (née Pemberton), both of Birmingham, who came to reside in this part of the country soon after their marriage. They had many children, both sons and daughters, of whom the most remarkable was the subject of this epitaph. He was educated under Mr Dawes, at Ambleside, Dr Butler, of Shrewsbury, and lastly at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he would have been greatly distinguished as a scholar but for inherited infirmities of bodily constitution, which, from early childhood, affected his mind. His love for the neighbourhood in which he was born, and his sympathy with the habits and characters of the mountain yeomanry, in conjunction with irregular spirits, that unfitted him for facing duties in situations to which he was unaccustomed, induced him to accept the retired curacy of Langdale. How much he was beloved and honoured there, and with what feelings he discharged his duty under the oppression of severe malady, is set forth, though imperfectly, in the epitaph

Had been that pious spirit, a tide  
 Of humble mourners testified,  
 When, after pains dispensed to prove  
 The measure of God's chastening love,  
 Here, brought from far, his corse found rest,—  
 Fulfilment of his own request,—  
 Urged less for this Yew's shade, though he  
 Planted with such fond hope the tree,  
 Less for the love of stream and rock,  
 Dear as they were, than that his Flock,  
 When they no more their Pastor's voice  
 Could hear to guide them in their choice  
 Through good and evil, help might have,  
 Admonished, from his silent grave,  
 Of righteousness, of sins forgiven,  
 For peace on earth and bliss in heaven  
 (1824)

## THE CONTRAST

## THE PARROT AND THE WREN

## I

WITHIN her gilded cage confined,  
 I saw a dazzling Belle,  
 A Parrot of that famous kind  
 Whose name is NON-PAREIL  
 Like beads of glossy jet her eyes,  
 And, smoothed by Nature's skill,  
 With pearl or gleaming agate vies  
 Her finely-curved bill.  
 Her plummy mantle's living hues  
 In mass opposed to mass,  
 Outshine the splendour that imbues  
 The robes of pictured glass  
 And, sooth to say, an apter Mate  
 Did never tempt the choice  
 Of feathered Thing most delicate  
 In figure and in voice  
 But, exiled from Australian bowers,  
 And singleness her lot,  
 She trills her song with tutored powers,  
 Or mocks each casual note  
 No more of pity for regrets  
 With which she may have striven!



Now but in wantonness she frets,  
 Or spite, if cause be given ;  
 Arch, volatile, a sportive bird  
 By social glee inspired ;  
 Ambitious to be seen or heard,  
 And pleased to be admired !

## II

This moss-lined shed, green, soft, and dry,  
 Harbours a self-contented Wren,  
 Not shunning man's abode, though shy,  
 Almost as thought itself, of human ken  
 Strange places, coverts unendeared,  
 She never tried, the very nest  
 In which this Child of Spring was reared,  
 Is warmed, thro' winter, by her feathery breast.  
 To the bleak winds she sometimes gives  
 A slender unexpected strain,  
 Proof that the hermitess still lives,  
 Though she appear not, and be sought in vain  
 Say, Dora ! tell me, by yon placid moon,  
 If called to choose between the favoured pair,  
 Which would you be,—the bird of the saloon  
 By lady-fingers tended with nice care,  
 Caressed, applauded, upon dainties fed,  
 Or Nature's DARKLING of this mossy shed ?

(1825)

TO A SKYLARK<sup>1</sup>

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !  
 Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?  
 Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye  
 Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?  
 Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still !  
 Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine ;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine,  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam,  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

(1825)

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount.

“ERE WITH COLD BEADS OF MIDNIGHT  
DEW”<sup>1</sup>

ERE with cold beads of midnight dew  
Had mingled tears of thine,  
I grieved, fond Youth ! that thou shouldst sue  
To haughty Geraldine  
Immoveable by generous sighs  
She glories in a train  
Who drag, beneath our native skies,  
An oriental chain  
Pine not like them with arms across,  
Forgetting in thy care  
How the fast-rooted trees can toss  
Their branches in mid air  
The humblest rivulet will take  
Its own wild liberties,  
And, every day, the imprisoned lake  
Is flowing in the breeze  
Then, crouch no more on suppliant knee,  
But scorn with scorn outbrave,  
A Briton, even in love, should be  
A subject, not a slave !

(1826)

ODE

COMPOSED ON MAY MORNING<sup>2</sup>

WHILE from the purpling east departs  
The star that led the dawn,  
Blithe Flora from her couch upstarts,  
For May is on the lawn  
A quickening hope, a freshening glee,  
Foreran the expected Power,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount Suggested by the condition of a friend.

<sup>2</sup> This and the following poem originated in the lines “How delicate the leafy veil,” etc —My daughter and I left Rydal Mount upon a tour through our mountains with Mr and Mrs Carr in the month of May 1826, and as we were going up the vale of Newlands I was struck with the appearance of the little chapel gleaming through the veil of half-opened leaves, and the feeling which was then conveyed to my mind was expressed in the stanza referred to above. As in the case of “Liberty” and “Humanity,” my first intention was to write only one poem, but subsequently I broke it into two, making additions to each part so as to produce a consistent and appropriate whole.

Whose first-drawn breath, from bush and tree,  
Shakes off that pearly shower

All Nature welcomes Her whose sway  
Tempers the year's extremes ,  
Who scattereth lustres o'er noon-day,  
Like morning's dewy gleams ,  
While mellow warble, sprightly trill,  
The tremulous heart excite ,  
And hums the balmy air to still  
The balance of delight

Time was, blest Power ! when youths and maids  
At peep of dawn would rise,  
And wander forth, in forest glades  
Thy birth to solemnize  
Though mute the song—to grace the rite  
Untouched the hawthorn bough,  
Thy Spirit triumphs o'er the slight ,  
Man changes, but not Thou !

Thy feathered Lieges bill and wings  
In love's disport employ ,  
Warmed by thy influence, creeping things  
Awake to silent joy  
Queen art thou still for each gay plant  
Where the slim wild deer roves ;  
And served in depths where fishes haunt  
Their own mysterious groves

Cloud-piercing peak, and trackless heath,  
Instinctive homage pay ,  
Nor wants the dim-lit cave a wreath  
To honour thee, sweet May !  
Where cities fanned by thy brisk airs  
Behold a smokeless sky,  
Their puniest flower-pot-nursling dares  
To open a bright eye

And if, on this thy natal morn,  
The pole, from which thy name  
Hath not departed, stands forlorn  
Of song and dance and game ,  
Still from the village-green a vow  
Aspires to thee address,  
Wherever peace is on the brow,  
Or love within the breast

Yes ! where Love nestles thou canst teach  
 The soul to love the more ,  
 Hearts also shall thy lessons reach  
 That never loved before  
 Stript is the haughty one of pride,  
 The bashful freed from fear,  
 While rising, like the ocean-tide,  
 In flows the joyous year

Hush, feeble lyre ! weak words refuse  
 The service to prolong !  
 To yon exulting thrush the Muse  
 Entrusts the imperfect song ,  
 His voice shall chant, in accents clear,  
 Throughout the live-long day,  
 Till the first silver star appear,  
 The sovereignty of May

## II

THOUGH many suns have risen and set  
 Since thou, blithe May, wert born,  
 And Bards, who hailed thee, may forget  
 Thy gifts, thy beauty scorn ,  
 There are who to a birthday strain  
 Confine not harp and voice,  
 But evermore throughout thy reign  
 Are grateful and rejoice !

Delicious odours ! music sweet,  
 Too sweet to pass away !  
 Oh for a deathless song to meet  
 The soul's desire—a lay  
 That, when a thousand years are told,  
 Should praise thee, genial Power !  
 Through summer heat, autumnal cold,  
 And winter's dreariest hour

Earth, sea, thy presence feel—nor less,  
 If yon ethereal blue  
 With its soft smile the truth express,  
 The heavens have felt it too  
 The inmost heart of man if glad  
 Partakes a livelier cheer ,  
 And eyes that cannot but be sad  
 Let fall a brightened tear

Since thy return, through days and weeks  
 Of hope that grew by stealth,  
 How many wan and faded cheeks  
 Have kindled into health !  
 The Old, by thee revived, have said,  
 " Another year is ours ,"  
 And wayworn Wanderers, poorly fed,  
 Have smiled upon thy flowers.

Who tripping lisps a merry song  
 Amid his playful peers ?  
 The tender Infant who was long  
 A prisoner of fond fears ,  
 But now, when every sharp-edged blast  
 Is quiet in its sheath,  
 His Mother leaves him free to taste  
 Earth's sweetness in thy breath.

Thy help is with the weed that creeps  
 Along the humblest ground ,  
 No cliff so bare but on its steeps  
 Thy favours may be found ,  
 But most on some peculiar nook  
 That our own hands have drest,  
 Thou and thy train are proud to look,  
 And seem to love it best

And yet how pleased we wander forth  
 When May is whispering, " Come !  
 Choose from the bowers of virgin earth  
 The happiest for your home ,  
 Heaven's bounteous love through me is spread  
 From sunshine, clouds, winds, waves,  
 Drops on the mouldering turret's head,  
 And on your turf-clad graves ! "

Such greeting heard, away with sighs  
 For lilies that must fade,  
 Or " the rathe primrose as it dies  
 Forsaken " in the shade !  
 Vernal fruitions and desires  
 Are linked in endless chase ,  
 While, as one kindly growth retires,  
 Another takes its place

And what if thou, sweet May, hast known  
 Mishap by worm and blight ,

If expectations newly blown  
 Have perished in thy sight ;  
 If loves and joys, while up they sprung,  
 Were caught as in a snare ,  
 Such is the lot of all the young,  
 However bright and fair  
 Lo ! Streams that April could not check  
 Are patient of thy rule ,  
 Gurgling in foamy water-break,  
 Loitering in glassy pool  
 By thee, thee only, could be sent  
 Such gentle mists as glide,  
 Curling with unconfirmed intent,  
 On that green mountain's side.  
 How delicate the leafy veil  
 Through which yon house of God  
 Gleams, 'mid the peace of this deep dale  
 By few but shepherds trod !  
 And lowly huts, near beaten ways,  
 No sooner stand attired  
 In thy fresh wreaths, than they for praise  
 Peep forth, and are admired.  
 Season of fancy and of hope,  
 Permit not for one hour,  
 A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
 Nor add to it a flower !  
 Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
 Of self-restraining art,  
 This modest charm of not too much,  
 Part seen, imagined part !  
 (1826-1834)

"ONCE I COULD HAIL (HOWE'ER SERENE  
 THE SKY)"<sup>1</sup>

ONCE I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)  
 The Moon re-entering her monthly round,

<sup>1</sup> "No faculty yet given me to espy  
 The dusky Shape within her arms imbound"

Afterwards, when I could not avoid seeing it, I wondered at this, and the more so because, like most children, I had been in the habit of watching the moon through all her changes, and had often continued to gaze at it when at the full, till half blinded

"Late, late yestreen I saw the new moone  
 Wi' the auld moone in hir arme"

*Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, Percy's Reliques*

No faculty yet given me to espy  
 The dusky Shape within her arms imbound,  
 That thin memento of effulgence lost  
 Which some have named her Predecessor's ghost.

Young, like the Crescent that above me shone,  
 Nought I perceived within it dull or dim,  
 All that appeared was suitable to One  
 Whose fancy had a thousand fields to skim;  
 To expectations spreading with wild growth,  
 And hope that kept with me her plighted troth

I saw (ambition quickening at the view)  
 A silver boat launched on a boundless flood,  
 A pearly crest, like Dian's when it threw  
 Its brightest splendour round a leafy wood;  
 But not a hint from under-ground, no sign  
 Fit for the glimmering brow of Proserpine

Or was it Dian's self that seemed to move  
 Before me?—nothing blemished the fair sight,  
 On her I looked whom jocund Fairies love,  
 Cynthia, who puts the *little* stars to flight,  
 And by that thinning magnifies the great,  
 For exaltation of her sovereign state

And when I learned to mark the spectral Shape  
 As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,  
 If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape,  
 Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,  
 To see or not to see, as best may please  
 A buoyant Spirit, and a heart at ease

Now, dazzling Stranger! when thou meet'st my glance,  
 Thy dark Associate ever I discern,  
 Emblem of thoughts too eager to advance  
 While I salute my joys, thoughts sad or stern,  
 Shades of past bliss, or phantoms that, to gain  
 Their fill of promised lustre, wait in vain

So changes mortal Life with fleeting years;  
 A mournful change, should Reason fail to bring  
 The timely insight that can temper fears,  
 And from vicissitude remove its sting,  
 While Faith aspires to seats in that domain  
 Where joys are perfect—neither wax nor wane

"THE MASSY WAYS, CARRIED ACROSS THESE  
HEIGHTS" <sup>1</sup>

THE massy Ways, carried across these heights  
By Roman perseverance, are destroyed,  
Or hidden under ground, like sleeping worms  
How venture then to hope that Time will spare  
This humble Walk? Yet on the mountain's side  
A POET's hand first shaped it, and the steps  
Of that same Bard—repeated to and fro  
At morn, at noon, and under moonlight skies  
Through the vicissitudes of many a year—  
Forbade the weeds to creep o'er its grey line  
No longer, scattering to the heedless winds  
The vocal raptures of fresh poesy,  
Shall he frequent these precincts, locked no more  
In earnest converse with belovèd Friends,  
Here will he gather stores of ready bliss,  
As from the beds and borders of a garden  
Choice flowers are gathered! But, if Power may spring  
Out of a farewell yearning—favoured more  
Than kindred wishes mated suitably  
With vain regrets—the Exile would consign  
This Walk, his loved possession, to the care  
Of those pure Minds that reverence the Muse  
(1826)

THE PILLAR OF TRAJAN

WHERE towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds  
O'er mutilated arches shed their seeds,  
And temples, doomed to mulder change, unfold  
A new magnificence that vies with old,  
Firm in its pristine majesty hath stood  
A votive Column, spared by fire and flood—  
And, though the passions of man's fretful race  
Have never ceased to eddy round its base,  
Not injured more by touch of meddling hands  
Than a lone obelisk, 'mid Nubian sands,  
Or aught in Syrian deserts left to save  
From death the memory of the good and brave.  
Historic figures round the shaft embost  
Ascend, with lineaments in air not lost

<sup>1</sup> The walk is what we call the *Fai-ter-ace*, beyond the summer-house at Rydal Mount. The lines were written when we were afraid of being obliged to quit the place to which we were so much attached



Still as he turns, the charmed spectator sees  
 Group winding after group with dream-like ease ,  
 Triumphs in sunbright gratitude displayed,  
 Or softly stealing into modest shade

—So, pleased with purple clusters to entwine  
 Some lofty elm-tree, mounts the daring vine ,  
 The woodbine so, with spiral grace, and breathes  
 Wide-spreading odours from her flowery wreaths.

Borne by the Muse from hills in shepherds' ears  
 Murmuring but one smooth story for all years,  
 I gladly commune with the mind and heart  
 Of him who thus survives by classic art,  
 His actions witness, venerate his mien,  
 And study Trajan as by Pliny seen ;  
 Behold how fought the Chief whose conquering sword  
 Stretched far as earth might own a single lord ,  
 In the delight of moral prudence schooled,  
 How feelingly at home the Sovereign ruled ,  
 Best of the good—in pagan faith allied  
 To more than Man, by virtue deified

Memorial Pillar ! 'mid the wrecks of Time  
 Preserve thy charge with confidence sublime—  
 The exultations, pomps, and cares of Rome,  
 Whence half the breathing world received its doom ,  
 Things that recoil from language , that, if shown  
 By apter pencil, from the light had flown.  
 A Pontiff, Trajan *here* the Gods implores,  
*There* greets an Embassy from Indian shores ,  
 Lo ! he harangues his cohorts—*there* the storm  
 Of battle meets him in authentic form !  
 Unharnessed, naked, troops of Moorish horse  
 Sweep to the charge , more high, the Dacian force,  
 To hoof and finger mailed,—yet, high or low,  
 None bleed, and none lie prostrate but the foe ,  
 In every Roman, through all turns of fate,  
 Is Roman dignity inviolate ,  
 Spirit in him pre-eminent, who guides,  
 Supports, adorns, and over all presides ;  
 Distinguished only by inherent state  
 From honoured Instruments that round him wait ,  
 Rise as he may, his grandeur scorns the test  
 Of outward symbol, nor will deign to rest  
 On aught by which another is deprest  
 —Alas ! that One thus disciplined could toil  
 To enslave whole nations on their native soil ,

# On Seeing a Needlecase 477

So emulous of Macedonian fame,  
That, when his age was measured with his aim,  
He drooped, 'mid else unclouded victories,  
And turned his eagles back with deep-drawn sighs  
O weakness of the Great ! O folly of the Wise !

Where now the haughty Empire that was spread  
With such fond hope ? her very speech is dead ,  
Yet glorious Art the power of Time defies,  
And Trajan still, through various enterprise,  
Mounts, in this fine illusion, toward the skies :  
Still are we present with the imperial Chief,  
Nor cease to gaze upon the bold Relief  
Till Rome, to silent marble unconfined,  
Becomes with all her years a vision of the Mind.

(1826)

## ON SEEING A NEEDLECASE IN THE FORM OF A HARP

THE WORK OF E. M. S.

Frowns are on every Muse's face,  
Reproaches from their lips are sent,  
That mimicry should thus disgrace  
The noble Instrument  
A very Harp in all but size !  
Needles for strings in apt gradation !  
Minerva's self would stigmatize  
The unclassic profanation  
Even her *own* needle that subdued  
Arachne's rival spirit,  
Though wrought in Vulcan's happiest mood,  
Such honour could not merit  
And this, too, from the Laureate's Child,  
A living lord of melody !  
How will her Sire be reconciled  
To the refined indignity ?  
I spake, when whispered a low voice,  
"Bard ! moderate your ire ;  
Spirits of all degrees rejoice  
In presence of the lyre  
The Minstrels of Pygmean bands,  
Dwarf Genu, moonlight-loving Fays,  
Have shells to fit their tiny hands  
And suit their slender lays

Some, still more delicate of ear,  
 Have lutes (believe my words)  
 Whose framework is of gossamer,  
 While sunbeams are the chords  
 Gay Sylphs this miniature will court,  
 Made vocal by their brushing wings,  
 And sullen Gnomes will learn to sport  
 Around its polished strings ,  
 Whence strains to love-sick maiden dear,  
 While in her lonely bower she tries  
 To cheat the thought she cannot cheer,  
 By fanciful embroideries  
 Trust, angry Bard ! a knowing Sprite,  
 Nor think the Harp her lot deploras !  
 Though 'mid the stars the Lyre shine bright,  
 Love *stoops* as fondly as he soars "

(1827)

## TO ———

HAPPY the feeling from the bosom thrown  
 In perfect shape (whose beauty Time shall spare  
 Though a breath made it) like a bubble blown  
 For summer pastime into wanton air ,  
 Happy the thought best likened to a stone  
 Of the sea-beach, when, polished with nice care,  
 Veins it discovers exquisite and rare,  
 Which for the loss of that moist gleam atone  
 That tempted first to gather it    That here,  
 O chief of Friends ! such feelings I present,  
 To thy regard, with thoughts so fortunate,  
 Were a vain notion , but the hope is dear,  
 That thou, if not with partial joy elate,  
 Wilt smile upon this gift with more than mild content !<sup>1</sup>

(1827)

## "HER ONLY PILOT THE SOFT BREEZE"

HER only pilot the soft breeze, the boat  
 Lingers, but Fancy is well satisfied ,  
 With keen-eyed Hope, with Memory, at her side,  
 And the glad Muse at liberty to note  
 All that to each is precious, as we float  
 Gently along , regardless who shall chide

<sup>1</sup> "Something less than joy, but more than dull content"

If the heavens smile, and leave us free to glide,  
 Happy Associates breathing air remote  
 From trivial cares But, Fancy and the Muse,  
 Why have I crowded this small bark with you  
 And others of your kind, ideal crew !  
 While here sits One whose brightness owes its hues  
 To flesh and blood , no Goddess from above,  
 No fleeting Spirit, but my own true love ?  
 (1827)

“WHY, MINSTREL, THESE UNTUNEFUL  
 MURMURINGS ”

“WHY, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—  
 Dull, flagging notes that with each other jar ? ”  
 “ Think, gentle Lady, of a Harp so far  
 From its own country, and forgive the strings.”  
 A simple answer ! but even so forth springs,  
 From the Castalian fountain of the heart,  
 The Poetry of Life, and all *that* Art  
 Divine of words quickening insensate things.  
 From the submissive necks of guiltless men  
 Stretched on the block, the glittering axe recoils ;  
 Sun, moon, and stars, all struggle in the toils  
 Of mortal sympathy , what wonder then  
 That the poor Harp distempered music yields  
 To its sad Lord, far from his native fields ?  
 (1827)

TO S H.

Excuse is needless when with love sincere  
 Of occupation, not by fashion led,  
 Thou turn'st the Wheel that slept with dust o'erspread ;  
 My nerves from no such murmur shrink,—tho' near,  
 Soft as the Dorhawk's to a distant ear,  
 When twilight shades darken the mountain's head.  
 Even She who toils to spin our vital thread  
 Might smile on work, O Lady, once so dear  
 To household virtues Venerable Art,  
 Torn from the Poor ! yet shall kind Heaven protect  
 Its own , though Rulers, with undue respect,  
 Trusting to crowded factory and mart  
 And proud discoveries of the intellect,  
 Heed not the pillage of man's ancient heart.  
 (1827)

## DECAY OF PIETY

Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek  
 Matrons and Sires—who, punctual to the call  
 Of their loved Church, on fast or festival  
 Through the long year the house of Prayer would seek;  
 By Christmas snows, by visitation bleak  
 Of Easter winds, unscared, from hut or hall  
 They came to lowly bench or sculptured stall,  
 But with one fervour of devotion meek  
 I see the places where they once were known,  
 And ask, surrounded even by kneeling crowds,  
 Is ancient Piety for ever flown?  
 Alas! even then they seemed like fleecy clouds  
 That, struggling through the western sky, have won  
 Their pensive light from a departed sun!

(1827)

## “SCORN NOT THE SONNET”

SCORN not the Sonnet, Critic, you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honours, with this key  
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart, the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound,  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound,  
 With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief,  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
 His visionary brow. a glow-worm lamp,  
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faeryland  
 To struggle through dark ways, and, when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

(1827)

“FAIR PRIME OF LIFE! WERE IT ENOUGH  
TO GILD”

FAIR Prime of life! were it enough to gild  
 With ready sunbeams every straggling shower;  
 And, if an unexpected cloud should lower,  
 Swiftly thereon a rainbow arch to build  
 For Fancy's errands,—then, from fields half-tilled  
 Gathering green weeds to mix with poppy flower,  
 Thee might thy Minions crown, and chant thy power,  
 Unpitied by the wise, all censure stilled

## 'Pleasure in Poetic Pains' 481

Ah ! show that worthier honours are thy due  
Fair Prime of life ! arouse the deeper heart ,  
Confirm the Spirit glorying to pursue  
Some path of steep ascent and lofty aim ,  
And, if there be a joy that slights the claim  
Of grateful memory, bid that joy depart.  
(1827)

### RETIREMENT

If the whole weight of what we think and feel,  
Save only far as thought and feeling blend  
With action, were as nothing, patriot Friend !  
From thy remonstrance would be no appeal ,  
But to promote and fortify the weal  
Of our own Being is her paramount end ,  
A truth which they alone shall comprehend  
Who shun the mischief which they cannot heal  
Peace in these feverish times is sovereign bliss .  
Here, with no thirst but what the stream can slake,  
And startled only by the rustling brake,  
Cool an I breathe , while the unincumbered mind  
By some weak aims at services assigned  
To gentle Natures, thanks not Heaven amiss  
(1827)

### "THERE IS A PLEASURE IN POETIC PAINS"

*THERE is a pleasure in poetic pains  
Which only Poets know,—'twas rightly said ,  
Whom could the Muses else allure to tread  
Their smoothest paths, to wear their lightest chains?  
When happiest Fancy has inspired the strains,  
How oft the malice of one luckless word  
Pursues the Enthusiast to the social board,  
Haunts him belated on the silent plains !  
Yet he repines not, if his thought stand clear,  
At last, of hindrance and obscurity,  
Fresh as the star that crowns the brow of morn ,  
Bright, speckless, as a softly-moulded tear  
The moment it has left the virgin's eye,  
Or rain-drop lingering on the pointed thorn.  
(1827)*

### RECOLLECTION OF THE PORTRAIT OF KING HENRY EIGHTH, TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE

THE imperial Statue, the colossal stride,  
Are yet before me , yet do I behold

## 482 'Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle'

The broad full visage, chest of amplest mould,  
 The vestments 'broidered with barbaric pride.  
 And lo ! a poniard, at the Monarch's side,  
 Hangs ready to be grasped in sympathy  
 With the keen threatenings of that fulgent eye,  
 Below the white-rimmed bonnet, far-descried  
 Who trembles now at thy capricious mood ?  
 'Mid those surrounding Worthies, haughty King,  
 We rather think, with grateful mind sedate,  
 How Providence educeth, from the spring  
 Of lawless will, unlooked-for streams of good,  
 Which neither force shall check nor time abate !  
 (1827)

### "WHEN PHILOCTETES IN THE LEMNIAN ISLE"

WHEN Philoctetes in the Lemnian isle  
 Like a form sculptured on a monument  
 Lay couched, on him or his dread bow unbent  
 Some wild Bird oft might settle and beguile  
 The rigid features of a transient smile,  
 Disperse the tear, or to the sigh give vent,  
 Slackening the pains of ruthless banishment  
 From his loved home, and from heroic toil.  
 And trust that spiritual Creatures round us move,  
 Griefs to allay which Reason cannot heal,  
 Yea, veriest reptiles have sufficed to prove  
 To fettered wretchedness, that no Bastile  
 Is deep enough to exclude the light of love,  
 Though man for brother man has ceased to feel  
 (1827)

### "WHILE ANNA'S PEERS AND EARLY PLAY- MATES TREAD"

WHILE Anna's peers and early playmates tread,  
 In freedom, mountain-turf and river's marge,  
 Or float with music in the festal barge,  
 Rein the proud steed, or through the dance are led,  
 Her doom it is to press a weary bed—  
 Till oft her guardian Angel, to some charge  
 More urgent called, will stretch his wings at large,  
 And friends too rarely prop the languid head.  
 Yet, helped by Genius—untired comforter,  
 The presence even of a stuffed Owl for her

Can cheat the time , sending her fancy out  
 To ivied castles and to moonlight skies,  
 Though he can neither stir a plume, nor shout ,  
 Nor veil, with restless film, his staring eyes.  
 (1827)

## TO THE CUCKOO

Nor the whole warbling grove in concert heard  
 When sunshine follows shower, the breast can thrill  
 Like the first summons, Cuckoo ! of thy bill,  
 With its twin notes inseparably paired  
 The captive 'mid damp vaults unsunned, unaided,  
 Measuring the periods of his lonely doom,  
 That cry can reach , and to the sick man's room  
 Sends gladness, by no languid smile declared  
 The lordly eagle-race through hostile search  
 May perish , time may come when never more  
 The wilderness shall hear the lion roar ,  
 But, long as cock shall crow from household perch  
 To rouse the dawn, soft gales shall speed thy wing,  
 And thy erratic voice be faithful to the Spring !  
 (1827)

THE INFANT M—— M——<sup>1</sup>

UNQUIET Childhood here by special grace  
 Forgets her nature, opening like a flower  
 That neither feeds nor wastes its vital power  
 In painful struggles Months each other chase,  
 And nought untunes that Infant's voice , no trace  
 Of fretful temper sullies her pure cheek ,  
 Prompt, lively, self-sufficing, yet so meek  
 That one enrapt with gazing on her face  
 (Which even the placid innocence of death  
 Could scarcely make more placid, heaven more bright)  
 Might learn to picture, for the eye of faith,  
 The Virgin, as she shone with kindred light ,  
 A nursling couched upon her mother's knee,  
 Beneath some shady palm of Galilee.  
 (1827)

TO ROTH Q——<sup>2</sup>

ROTHA, my Spiritual Child ! this head was grey  
 When at the sacred font for thee I stood ,

<sup>1</sup> The infant was Mary Monkhouse, the only daughter of my friend and cousin, Thomas Monkhouse

<sup>2</sup> Rotha, the daughter of my son-in-law, Mr. Quillinan.



## 484 To ——, in her Seventieth Year

Pledged till thou reach the verge of womanhood,  
 And shalt become thy own sufficient stay  
 Too late, I feel, sweet Orphan<sup>1</sup> was the day  
 For stedfast hope the contract to fulfil,  
 Yet shall my blessing hover o'er thee still,  
 Embodied in the music of this Lay,  
 Breathed forth beside the peaceful mountain Stream<sup>1</sup>  
 Whose murmur soothed thy languid Mother's ear  
 After her throes, this Stream of name more dear  
 Since thou dost bear it,—a memorial theme  
 For others, for thy future self, a spell  
 To summon fancies out of Time's dark cell  
 (1827)

### TO ——, IN HER SEVENTIETH YEAR<sup>2</sup>

SUCH age how beautiful! O Lady bright,  
 Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined  
 By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind  
 To something purer and more exquisite  
 Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,  
 When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,  
 Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,  
 And head that droops because the soul is meek,  
 Thee with the welcome Snowdrop I compare,  
 That child of winter, prompting thoughts that climb  
 From desolation toward the genial prime,  
 Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,  
 And filling more and more with crystal light  
 As pensive Evening deepens into night.  
 (1827)

### "IN MY MIND'S EYE A TEMPLE, LIKE A CLOUD"

IN my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud  
 Slowly surmounting some invidious hill,  
 Rose out of darkness the bright Work stood still.  
 And might of its own beauty have been proud,  
 But it was fashioned and to God was vowed  
 By Virtues that diffused, in every part,  
 Spirit divine through forms of human art.  
 Faith had her arch—her arch, when winds blow loud,

<sup>1</sup> The river Rotha, that flows into Windermere from the lakes of Grasmere and Rydal

<sup>2</sup> Lady Fitzgerald, as described to me by Lady Beaumont.

## ‘Go back to Antique Ages’ 485

Into the consciousness of safety thrilled,  
 And Love her towers of dread foundation laid  
 Under the grave of things, Hope had her spire  
 Star-high, and pointing still to something higher  
 Trembling I gazed, but heard a voice—it said,  
 “Hell-gates are powerless Phantoms when *we* build”  
 (1827)

### “GO BACK TO ANTIQUE AGES, IF THINE EYES”

Go back to antique ages, if thine eyes  
 The genuine mien and character would trace  
 Of the rash Spirit that still holds her place,  
 Prompting the world’s audacious vanities !  
 Go back, and see the Tower of Babel rise,  
 The pyramid extend its monstrous base,  
 For some Aspirant of our short-lived race,  
 Anxious an aery name to immortalise  
 There, too, ere wiles and politic dispute  
 Gave specious colouring to aim and act,  
 See the first mighty Hunter leave the brute—  
 To chase mankind, with men in armies packed  
 For his field pastime high and absolute,  
 While, to dislodge his game, cities are sacked !  
 (1827)

### IN THE WOODS OF RYDAL

WILD Redbreast ! hadst thou at Jemima’s lip  
 Pecked, as at mine, thus boldly, Love might say,  
 A half-blown rose had tempted thee to sip  
 “ ‘Tis but a flower,” but hallowed is the clay  
 “ ‘Tis but a flower,” warms, and I, whose head is grey,  
 Am not unworthy of thy fellowship,  
 Nor could I let one thought—one notion—slip  
 That might thy sylvan confidence betray  
 For are we not all His without whose care  
 Vouchsafed no sparrow falleth to the ground ?  
 Who gives his Angels wings to speed through air,  
 And rolls the planets through the blue profound,  
 Then peck or perch, fond Flutterer ! nor forbear  
 To trust a Poet in still musings bound.  
 (1827)

"IF THESE BRIEF RECORDS :"

TO —

If these brief Records, by the Muses' art  
 Produced as lonely Nature or the strife  
 That animates the scenes of public life  
 Inspired, may in thy leisure claim a part ;  
 And if these Transcripts of the private heart  
 Have gained a sanction from thy falling tears ,  
 Then I repent not But my soul hath fears  
 Breathed from eternity , for, as a dart  
 Cleaves the blank air, Life flies now every day  
 Is but a glimmering spoke in the swift wheel  
 Of the revolving week. Away, away,  
 All fitful cares, all transitory zeal !  
 So timely Grace the immortal wing may heal,  
 And honour rest upon the senseless clay.

(1827)

#### A MORNING EXERCISE <sup>1</sup>

FANCY, who leads the pastimes of the glad,  
 Full oft is pleased a wayward dart to throw ;  
 Sending sad shadows after things not sad,  
 Peopling the harmless fields with signs of woe .  
 Beneath her sway, a simple forest cry  
 Becomes an echo of man's misery

Blithe ravens croak of death , and when the owl  
 Tries his two voices for a favourite strain—  
*Tu-whit—Tu-whoo !* the unsuspecting fowl  
 Forebodes mishap or seems but to complain ,  
 Fancy, intent to harass and annoy,  
 Can thus pervert the evidence of joy.

Through border wilds where naked Indians stray,  
 Myriads of notes attest her subtle skill ,  
 A feathered task-master cries, "WORK AWAY !" <sup>2</sup>  
 And, in thy iteration, "WHIP POOR WILL !" <sup>2</sup>  
 Is heard the spirit of a toil-worn slave,  
 Lashed out of life, not quiet in the grave

What wonder ? at her bidding, ancient lays  
 Steeped in dire grief the voice of Philomel ,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount I could wish the last five stanzas of this  
 to be read with the poem addressed to the skylark

<sup>2</sup> See Waterton's *Wanderings in South America*

And that fleet messenger of summer days,  
The Swallow, twittered subject to like spell,  
But ne'er could Fancy bend the buoyant Lark  
To melancholy service—hark ! O hark !

The daisy sleeps upon the dewy lawn,  
Not lifting yet the head that evening bowed ;  
But *He* is risen, a later star of dawn,  
Glittering and twinkling near yon rosy cloud ,  
Bright gem instinct with music, vocal spark ,  
The happiest bird that sprang out of the Ark !

Hail, blest above all kinds !—Supremely skilled  
Restless with fixed to balance, high with low,  
Thou leav'st the halcyon free her hopes to build  
On such forbearance as the deep may show ,  
Perpetual flight, unchecked by earthly ties,  
Leav'st to the wandering bird of paradise

Faithful, though swift as lightning, the meek dove ;  
Yet more hath Nature reconciled in thee ,  
So constant with thy downward eye of love,  
Yet, in aerial singleness, so free ,  
So humble, yet so ready to rejoice  
In power of wing and never-wearied voice

To the last point of vision, and beyond,  
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain,  
(Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)  
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain  
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing  
All independent of the leafy spring

How would it please old Ocean to partake,  
With sailors longing for a breeze in vain,  
The harmony thy notes most gladly make  
Where earth resembles most his own domain !  
Urania's self might welcome with pleased ear  
These matins mounting towards her native sphere.

Chanter by heaven attracted, whom no bars  
To day-light known deter from that pursuit,  
'Tis well that some sage instinct, when the stars  
Come forth at evening, keeps Thee still and mute ,  
For not an eyelid could to sleep incline  
Wert thou among them, singing as they shine !

## The Wishing-gate

THE WISHING-GATE<sup>1</sup>

HOPE rules a land for ever green  
 All powers that serve the bright-eyed Queen  
     Are confident and gay,  
 Clouds at her bidding disappear.  
 Points she to aught?—the bliss draws near,  
     And Fancy smooths the way

Not such the land of Wishes—there  
 Dwell fruitless day-dreams, lawless prayer,  
     And thoughts with things at strife,  
 Yet how forlorn, should *ye* depart,  
 Ye superstitions of the *heart*,  
     How poor, were human life !

When magic lore abjured its might,  
 Ye did not forfeit one dear right,  
     One tender claim abate,  
 Witness this symbol of your sway,  
 Surviving near the public way,  
     The rustic Wishing-gate !

Inquire not if the faery race  
 Shed kindly influence on the place,  
     Ere northward they retired,  
 If here a warrior left a spell,  
 Panting for glory as he fell,  
     Or here a saint expired.

Enough that all around is fair,  
 Composed with Nature's finest care,  
     And in her fondest love—  
 Peace to embosom and content—  
 To overawe the turbulent,  
     The selfish to reprove

Yea ! even the Stranger from afar,  
 Reclining on this moss-grown bar,  
     Unknowing, and unknown,  
 The infection of the ground partakes,  
 Longing for his Beloved—who makes  
     All happiness her own

<sup>1</sup> In the vale of Grasmere, by the side of the old ' ' ' ' to Ambleside, is a gate, which, time out of mind, the Wishing-gate, from a belief that wishes formed or indulged there have a favourable issue

## The Wishing-gate Destroyed 489

Then why should conscious Spirits fear  
The mystic stirrings that are here,  
The ancient faith disclaim?  
The local Genius ne'er befriends  
Desires whose course in folly ends,  
Whose just reward is shame

Smile if thou wilt, but not in scorn,  
If some, by ceaseless pains outworn,  
Here crave an easier lot,  
If some have thirsted to renew  
A broken vow, or bind a true,  
With firmer, holier knot

And not in vain, when thoughts are cast  
Upon the irrevocable past,  
Some Penitent sincere  
May for a worthier future sigh,  
While trickles from his downcast eye  
No unavailing tear

The Worldling, pining to be freed  
From turmoil, who would turn or speed  
The current of his fate,  
Might stop before this favoured scene,  
At Nature's call, nor blush to lean  
Upon the Wishing-gate

The Sage, who feels how blind, how weak  
Is man, though loth such help to *seek*,  
Yet, passing, here might pause,  
And thirst for insight to allay  
Misgiving, while the crimson day  
In quietness withdraws,

Or when the church-clock's knell profound  
To Time's first step across the bound  
Of midnight makes reply,  
Time pressing on with starry crest,  
To filial sleep upon the breast  
Of dead eternity.

(1828)

### THE WISHING-GATE DESTROYED

'Tis gone—with old belief and dream  
That round it clung, and tempting scheme  
Released from fear and doubt,

## 490    The Wishing-gate Destroyed

And the bright landscape too must lie,  
By this blank wall, from every eye,  
    Relentlessly shut out

Bear witness ye who seldom passed  
That opening—but a look ye cast  
    Upon the lake below,  
What spirit-stirring power it gained  
From faith which here was entertained,  
    Though reason might say no

Blest is that ground, where, o'er the springs  
Of history, Glory claps her wings,  
    Fame sheds the exulting tear,  
Yet earth is wide, and many a nook  
Unheard of is, like this, a book  
    For modest meanings dear

It was in sooth a happy thought  
That grafted, on so fair a spot,  
    So confident a token  
Of coming good,—the charm is fled,  
Indulgent centuries spun a thread,  
    Which one harsh day has broken

Alas! for him who gave the word,  
Could he no sympathy afford,  
    Derived from earth or heaven,  
To hearts so oft by hope betrayed,  
Their very wishes wanted aid  
    Which here was freely given?

Where, for the love-lorn maiden's wound,  
Will now so readily be found  
    A balm of expectation?  
Anxious for far-off children, where  
Shall mothers breathe a like sweet air  
    Of home-felt consolation?

And not unfelt will prove the loss  
'Mid trivial care and petty cross  
    And each day's shallow grief;  
Though the most easily beguiled  
Were oft among the first that smiled  
    At their own fond belief.

If still the reckless change we mourn,  
A reconciling thought may turn  
    To harm that might lurk here,

Ere judgment prompted from within  
 Fit aims, with courage to begin,  
     And strength to persevere  
 Not Fortune's slave is Man our state  
 Enjoins, while firm resolves await  
     On wishes just and wise  
 That strenuous action follow both,  
 And life be one perpetual growth  
     Of heaven-ward enterprise  
 So taught, so trained, we boldly face  
 All accidents of time and place,  
     Whatever props may fail,  
 Trust in that sovereign law can spread  
 New glory o'er the mountain's head,  
     Fresh beauty through the vale  
 That truth informing mind and heart,  
 The simplest cottager may part,  
     Ungrieved, with charm and spell;  
 And yet, lost Wishing-gate, to thee  
 The voice of grateful memory  
     Shall bid a kind farewell!

(1828)

## A JEWISH FAMILY

IN A SMALL VALLEY OPPOSITE ST GOAR, UPON THE  
 RHINE<sup>1</sup>

GENIUS of Raphael! if thy wings  
 Might bear thee to this glen,  
 With faithful memory left of things  
     To pencil dear and pen,  
 Thou would'st forego the neighbouring Rhine,  
     And all his majesty—  
 A studious forehead to incline  
     O'er this poor family  
 The Mother—her thou must have seen,  
     In spirit, ere she came  
 To dwell these lifted rocks between,  
     Or found on earth a name,

<sup>1</sup> Coleridge, my daughter and I in 1808, passed a fortnight upon the banks of the Rhine. We were hospitably roofed of Mr Aders of Gotesburg, but I did not spend at St Goar in rambles among the neighbouring valleys. It was at St. Goar that I saw the Jewish family here described. Though exceedingly poor, and in rags, they were not less beautiful than I have endeavoured to make them appear.



## The Gleaner

An image, too, of that sweet Boy,  
 Thy inspirations give—  
 Of playfulness, and love, and joy,  
 Predestined here to live  
 Downcast, or shooting glances far,  
 How beautiful his eyes,  
 That blend the nature of the star  
 With that of summer skies !  
 I speak as if of sense beguiled ,  
 Uncounted months are gone,  
 Yet am I with the Jewish Child,  
 That exquisite Saint John.  
 I see the dark-brown curls, the brow,  
 The smooth transparent skin,  
 Refined, as with intent to show  
 The holiness within ,  
 The grace of pausing Infancy  
 By blushes yet untamed ,  
 Age faithful to the mother's knee,  
 Not of her arms ashamed.  
 Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet  
 As flowers, stand side by side ,  
 Their soul-subduing looks might cheat  
 The Christian of his pride  
 Such beauty hath the Eternal poured  
 Upon them not forlorn,  
 Though of a lineage once abhorred,  
 Nor yet redeemed from scorn  
 Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite  
 Of poverty and wrong,  
 Doth here preserve a living light,  
 From Hebrew fountains sprung ;  
 That gives this ragged group to cast  
 Around the dell a gleam  
 Of Palestine, of glory past,  
 And proud Jerusalem !

(1828)

## THE GLEANER

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE

THAT happy gleam of vernal eyes,  
 Those locks from summer's golden skies,  
 That o'er thy brow are shed ,

That cheek—a kindling of the morn,  
 That lip—a rose-bud from the thorn,  
     I saw ; and Fancy sped  
 To scenes Arcadian, whispering, through soft air,  
 Of bliss that grows without a care,  
 And happiness that never flies—  
 (How can it where love never dies ?)  
 Whispering of promise, where no blight  
 Can reach the innocent delight,  
 Where pity, to the mind conveyed  
 In pleasure, is the darkest shade  
 That Time, unwrinkled grandsire, flings  
 From his smoothly gliding wings  
     What mortal form, what earthly face  
 Inspired the pencil, lines to trace,  
 And mingle colours, that should breed  
 Such rapture, nor want power to feed,  
 For had thy charge been idle flowers,  
 Fair Damsel ! o'er my captive mind,  
 To truth and sober reason blind,  
 'Mid that soft air, those long-lost bowers,  
 The sweet illusion might have hung, for hours.  
     Thanks to this tell-tale sheaf of corn,  
 That touchingly bespeaks thee born  
 Life's daily tasks with them to share  
 Who, whether from their lowly bed  
 They rise, or rest the weary head,  
 Ponder the blessing they entreat  
 From Heaven, and *feel* what they repeat,  
 While they give utterance to the prayer  
 That asks for daily bread

(1828)

## ON THE POWER OF SOUND<sup>1</sup>

### I

THY functions are ethereal,  
 As if within thee dwelt a glancing mind,  
 Organ of vision ! And a Spirit aerial  
 Informs the cell of Hearing, dark and blind ;  
 Intricate labyrinth, more dread for thought  
 To enter than oracular cave ,

<sup>1</sup> The lines "Thou too be heard, lone eagle !" were suggested near the Giant's Causeway, or rather at the promontory of Fairhead, where a pair of eagles wheeled above our heads and dived off as if to hide themselves in a blaze of sky made by the setting sun

## 494      On the Power of Sound

Strict passage, through which sighs are brought,  
 And whispers for the heart, their slave,  
 And shrieks, that revel in abuse  
 Of shivering flesh, and warbled air,  
 Whose piercing sweetness can unloose  
 The chains of frenzy, or entice a smile  
*Into the ambush of despair,*  
 Hosannas pealing down the long-drawn aisle,  
 And requiems answered by the pulse that beats  
 Devoutly, in life's last retreats !

### II

The headlong streams and fountains  
 Serve Thee, invisible Spirit, with untired powers,  
 Cheering the wakeful tent on Syrian mountains,  
 They lull perchance ten thousand thousand flowers  
*That* roar, the prowling lion's *Here I am,*  
 How fearful to the desert wide !  
 That bleat, how tender ! of the dam  
 Calling a straggler to her side  
 Shout, cuckoo !—let the vernal soul  
 Go with thee to the frozen zone,  
 Toll from thy loftiest perch, lone bell-bird, toll !  
 At the still hour to Mercy dear,  
 Mercy from her twilight throne  
 Listening to nun's faint throb of holy fear,  
 To sailor's prayer breathed from a darkening sea,  
 Or widow's cottage-lullaby

### III

Ye Voices, and ye Shadows  
 And Images of voice—to hound and horn  
 From rocky steep and rock-bestudded meadows  
 Flung back, and, in the sky's blue caves, reborn—  
 On with your pastime ! till the church-tower bells  
 A greeting give of measured glee,  
 And milder echoes from their cells  
 Repeat the bridal symphony.  
 Then, or far earlier, let us rove  
 Where mists are breaking up or gone,  
 And from aloft look down into a cove  
 Besprinkled with a careless quire,  
 Happy milk-maids, one by one  
 Scattering a ditty each to her desire,  
 A liquid concert matchless by nice Art,  
 A stream as if from one full heart.

IV

Blest be the song that brightens  
 The blind man's gloom, exalts the veteran's mirth ;  
 Unscorned the peasant's whistling breath, that lightens  
 His duteous toil of furrowing the green earth  
 For the tired slave, Song lifts the languid oar,  
 And bids it aptly fall, with chime  
 That beautifies the fairest shore,  
 And mitigates the harshest clime.  
 Yon pilgrims see—in lagging file  
 They move , but soon the appointed way  
 A choral *Ave Marie* shall beguile,  
 And to their hope the distant shrine  
 Glisten with a livelier ray  
 Nor friendless he, the prisoner of the mine,  
 Who from the well-spring of his own clear breast  
 Can draw, and sing his griefs to rest.

V

When civic renovation  
 Dawns on a kingdom, and for needful haste  
 Best eloquence avails not, Inspiration  
 Mounts with a tune, that travels like a blast  
 Piping through cave and battlemented tower  
 Then starts the sluggard, pleased to meet  
 That voice of Freedom, in its power  
 Of promises, shrill, wild, and sweet !  
 Who, from a martial *pageant*, spreads  
 Incitements of a battle-day,  
 Thrilling the unweaponed crowd with plumeless heads ?—  
 Even She whose Lydian airs inspire  
 Peaceful striving, gentle play  
 Of timid hope and innocent desire  
 Shot from the dancing Graces, as they move  
 Fanned by the plausible wings of Love

VI

How oft along thy mazes,  
 Regent of sound, have dangerous Passions trod !  
 O Thou, through whom the temple rings with praises,  
 And blackening clouds in thunder speak of God,  
 Betray not by the cozenage of sense  
 Thy votaries, woefully resigned  
 To a voluptuous influence

That taints the purer better, mind,  
 But lead sick Fancy to a harp  
 That hath in noble tasks been tried,  
 And, if the virtuous feel a pang too sharp  
 Soothe it into patience,—stay  
 The uplifted arm of Suicide,  
 And let some mood of thine in firm array  
 Knit every thought the impending issue needs,  
 Ere martyr burns, or patriot bleeds !

## VII

As Conscience, to the centre  
 Of being, smites with irresistible pain  
 So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter  
 The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,  
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—  
 Convulsed as by a jarring din,  
 And then aghast, as at the world  
 Of reason partially let in  
 By concords winding with a sway  
 Terrible for sense and soul !  
 Or, awed he weeps, struggling to quell dismay.  
 Point not these mysteries to an Art  
 Lodged above the starry pole,  
 Pure modulations flowing from the heart  
 Of divine Love, where Wisdom, Beauty, Truth  
 With Order dwell, in endless youth ?

## VIII

Oblivion may not cover  
 All treasures hoarded by the miser, Time  
 Orphean Insight ! truth's undaunted lover,  
 To the first leagues of tutored passion climb,  
 When Music deigned within this grosser sphere  
 Her subtle essence to enfold,  
 And voice and shell drew forth a tear  
 Softer than Nature's self could mould.  
 Yet *strenuous* was the infant Age  
 Art, daring because souls could feel,  
 Stirred nowhere but an urgent equipage  
 Of rapt imagination sped her march  
 Through the realms of woe and weal  
 Hell to the lyre bowed low, the upper arch  
 Rejoiced that clamorous spell and magic verse  
 Her wan disasters could disperse

IX

The GIFT to king Amphion  
That walled a city with its melody  
Was for belief no dream —thy skill, Arion !  
Could humanise the creatures of the sea,  
Where men were monsters A last grace he craves,  
Leave for one chant,—the dulcet sound  
Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,  
And listening dolphins gather round  
Self-cast, as with a desperate course,  
'Mid that strange audience, he bestrides  
A proud One docile as a managed horse,  
And singing, while the accordant hand  
Sweeps his harp, the Master rides ;  
So shall he touch at length a friendly strand,  
And he, with his preserver, shine stai-bright  
In memory, through silent night.

X

The pipe of Pan, to shepherds  
Couched in the shadow of Mænahan pines,  
Was passing sweet, the eyeballs of the leopards,  
That in high triumph drew the Lord of vines,  
How did they sparkle to the cymbal's clang !  
While Fauns and Satyrs beat the ground  
In cadence,—and Silenus swang  
This way and that, with wild-flowers crowned.  
To life, to *life* give back thine ear.  
Ye who are longing to be rid  
Of fable, though to truth subservient, hear  
The little sprinkling of cold earth that fell  
Echoed from the coffin-lid,  
The convict's summons in the steeple's knell,  
"The vain distress-gun," from a leeward shore,  
Repeated—heard, and heard no more !

XI

For terror, joy, or pity,  
Vast is the compass and the swell of notes.  
From the babe's first cry to voice of regal city,  
Rolling a solemn sea-like bass, that floats  
Far as the woodlands—with the trill to blend  
Of that shy songstress, whose love-tale  
Might tempt an angel to descend,  
While hovering o'er the moonlight vale  
Ye wandering Utterances, has earth no scheme,

## 498      On the Power of Sound

No scale of moral music—to unite  
 Powers that survive but in the faintest dream  
 Of memory?—O that ye might stoop to bear  
 Chains, such precious chains of sight  
 As laboured minstrelsies through ages wear !  
 O for a balance fit the truth to tell  
 Of the Unsubstantial, pondered well !

### XII

By one pervading spirit  
 Of tones and numbers all things are controlled,  
 As sages taught, where faith was found to merit  
 Initiation in that mystery old  
 The heavens, whose aspect makes our minds as still  
 As they themselves appear to be,  
 Innumerable voices fill  
 With everlasting harmony,  
 The towering headlands, crowned with mist,  
 Their feet among the billows, know  
 That Ocean is a mighty harmonist,  
 Thy pinions, universal Air,  
 Ever waving to and fro,  
 Are delegates of harmony, and bear  
 Strains that support the Seasons in their round,  
 Stern Winter loves a dirge-like sound.

### XIII

Break forth into thanksgiving,  
 Ye banded instruments of wind and chords  
 Unite, to magnify the Ever-living,  
 Your inarticulate notes with the voice of words !  
 Nor hushed be service from the lowing mead,  
 Nor mute the forest hum of noon,  
 Thou too be heard, lone eagle ! freed  
 From snowy peak and cloud, attune  
 Thy hungry baskings to the hymn  
 Of joy, that from her utmost walls  
 The six-days' Work, by flaming Seraphim  
 Transmits to Heaven ! As Deep to Deep  
 Shouting through one valley calls,  
 All worlds, all natures, mood and measure keep  
 For praise and ceaseless gratulation, poured  
 Into the ear of God, their Lord !

### XIV

A Voice to Light gave Being ;  
 To Time, and Man, his earth-born chronicler ;

A Voice shall finish doubt and dim foreseeing,  
 And sweep away life's visionary stir,  
 The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,  
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)  
 To archangelic lips applied,  
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.  
 O Silence ! are Man's noisy years  
 No more than moments of thy life?  
 Is Harmony, blest queen of smiles and tears,  
 With her smooth tones and discords just,  
 Tempered into rapturous strife,  
 Thy destined bond-slave? No ! though earth be dust  
 And vanish, though the heavens dissolve, her stay  
 Is in the WORD, that shall not pass away.

(1828)

INCIDENT AT BRUGÈS<sup>1</sup>

IN Brugès town is many a street  
 Whence busy life hath fled,  
 Where, without hurry, noiseless feet  
 The grass-grown pavement tread.  
 There heard we, halting in the shade  
 Flung from a Convent-tower,  
 A harp that tuneful prelude made  
 To a voice of thrilling power  
 The measure, simple truth to tell,  
 Was fit for some gay throng,  
 Though from the same grim turret fell  
 The shadow and the song  
 When silent were both voice and chords,  
 The strain seemed doubly dear,  
 Yet sad as sweet,—for *English* words  
 Had fallen upon the ear  
 It was a breezy hour of eve,  
 And pinnacle and spire  
 Quivered and seemed almost to heave,  
 Clothed with innocuous fire,  
 But, where we stood, the setting sun  
 Showed little of his state,

<sup>1</sup> This occurred at Brugès in 1828 Mr Coleridge, my Daughter, and I made a tour together in Flanders, upon the Rhine, and returned by Holland Dora and I, while taking a walk along a retired part of the town, heard the voice as here described, and were afterwards informed it was a Convent in which were many English We were both much touched, I might say affected, and Dora moved as appears in the verses



## 500 Gold and Silver Fishes in a Vase

And, if the glory reached the Nun,  
'Twas through an iron grate.  
Not always is the heart unwise,  
Nor pity idly born,  
If even a passing Stranger sighs  
For them who do not mourn.  
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,  
Captive, whoe'er thou be !  
Oh ! what is beauty, what is love,  
And opening life to thee ?  
Such feeling pressed upon my soul,  
A feeling sanctified  
By one soft trickling tear that stole  
From the Maiden at my side ,  
Less tribute could she pay than this,  
Borne gaily o'er the sea,  
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss  
Of English liberty ?

(1828)

### GOLD AND SILVER FISHES IN A VASE

THE soaring lark is blest as proud  
When at heaven's gate she sings ;  
The roving bee proclaims aloud  
Her flight by vocal wings ,  
While Ye, in lasting durance pent,  
Your silent lives employ  
For something more than dull content,  
Though haply less than joy  
Yet might your glassy prison seem  
A place where joy is known,  
Where golden flash and silver gleam  
Have meanings of their own ,  
While, high and low, and all about,  
Your motions, glittering Elves !  
Ye weave—no danger from without,  
And peace among yourselves  
Type of a sunny human breast  
Is your transparent cell ,  
Where Fear is but a transient guest,  
No sullen Humours dwell ,  
Where, sensitive of every ray  
That smites this tiny sea,  
Your scaly panoplies repay  
The loan with usury.

How beautiful !—Yet none knows why  
 This ever-graceful change,  
 Renewed—renewed incessantly—  
 Within your quiet range.  
 Is it that ye with conscious skill  
 For mutual pleasure glide,  
 And sometimes, not without your will,  
 Are dwarfed, or magnified ?  
 Fays, Gnomes of gigantic size !  
 And now, in twilight dim,  
 Clustering like constellated eyes,  
 In wings of Cherubim,  
 When the fierce orbs abate their glare ;—  
 Whate'er your forms express,  
 Whate'er ye seem, whate'er ye are—  
 All leads to gentleness  
 Cold though your nature be, 'tis pure ;  
 Your birthright is a fence  
 From all that haughtier kinds endure  
 Through tyranny of sense  
 Ah ! not alone by colours bright  
 Are Ye to heaven allied,  
 When, like essential Forms of light,  
 Ye mingle, or divide  
 For day-dreams soft as e'er beguiled  
 Day-thoughts while limbs repose ;  
 For moonlight fascinations mild,  
 Your gift, ere shutters close—  
 Accept, mute Captives ! thanks and praise ;  
 And may this tribute prove  
 That gentle admirations raise  
 Delight resembling love

(1829)

## LIBERTY

(SEQUEL TO THE ABOVE)

ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND, THE GOLD AND SILVER FISHES HAVING  
 BEEN REMOVED TO A POOL IN THE PLEASURE-GROUND OF RYDAL  
 MOUNT

"The liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which  
 they have made for themselves, under whatever form it be of govern-  
 ment. The liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time  
 and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God and of his  
 country. Of this latter we are here to discourse"—COWLEY.

THOSE breathing Tokens of your kind regard,  
 (Suspect not, Anna, that their fate is hard,

Not soon does aught to which mild fancies cling  
 In lonely spots, become a slighted thing,) )  
 Those silent Inmates now no longer share,  
 Nor do they need, our hospitable care,  
 Removed in kindness from their glassy Cell  
 To the fresh waters of a living Well—  
 An elfin pool so sheltered that its rest  
 No winds disturb, the mirror of whose breast  
 Is smooth as clear, save where with dimples small  
 A fly may settle, or a blossom fall  
 —*There* swims, of blazing sun and beating shower  
 Fearless (but how obscured!) the golden Power,  
 That from his bauble prison used to cast  
 Gleams by the richest jewel unsurpast,  
 And near him, darkling like a sullen Gnome,  
 The silver Tenant of the crystal dome,  
 Dissevered both from all the mysteries  
 Of hue and altering shape that charmed all eyes.  
 Alas! they pined, they languished while they shone;  
 And, if not so, what matters beauty gone  
 And admiration lost, by change of place  
 That brings to the inward creature no disgrace?  
 But if the change restore his birthright, then,  
 Whate'er the difference, boundless is the gain  
 Who can divine what impulses from God  
 Reach the caged lark, within a town-abode,  
 From his poor inch or two of daisied sod?  
 O yield him back his privilege!—No sea  
 Swells like the bosom of a man set free,  
 A wilderness is rich with liberty  
 Roll on, ye spouting whales, who die or keep  
 Your independence in the fathomless Deep!  
 Spread, tiny nautilus, the living sail,  
 Dive, at thy choice, or brave the freshening gale!  
 If unproved the ambitious eagle mount  
 Sunward to seek the daylight in its fount,  
 Bays, gulfs, and ocean's Indian width, shall be,  
 Till the world perishes, a field for thee!

While musing here I sit in shadow cool,  
 And watch these mute Companions, in the pool,  
 (Among reflected boughs of leafy trees)  
 By glimpses at their ease,  
 Enlivened, . . . . . curies,  
 I ask what warrant fixed them (like a spell  
 Of witchcraft fixed them) in the crystal cell,

To wheel with languid motion round and round,  
Beautiful, yet in mournful durance bound  
Their peace, perhaps, our lightest footfall marred,  
On their quick sense our sweetest music jarred,  
And whither could they dart, if seized with fear?  
No sheltering stone, no tangled root was near  
When fire or taper ceased to cheer the room,  
They wore away the night in starless gloom,  
And, when the sun first dawned upon the streams,  
How faint their portion of his vital beams!  
Thus, and unable to complain, they fared,  
While not one joy of ours by them was shared

Is there a cherished bird (I venture now  
To snatch a sprig from Chaucer's reverend brow)—  
Is there a brilliant fondling of the cage,  
Though sure of plaudits on his costly stage,  
Though fed with dainties from the snow-white hand  
Of a kind mistress, fairest of the land,  
But gladly would escape; and, if need were,  
Scatter the colours from the plumes that bear  
The emancipated captive through blithe air  
Into strange woods, where he at large may live  
On best or worst which they and Nature give?  
The beetle loves his unpretending track,  
The snail the house he carries on his back;  
The far-fetched worm with pleasure would disown  
The bed we give him, though of softest down,  
A noble instinct, in all kinds the same,  
All ranks! What Sovereign, worthy of the name,  
If doomed to breathe against his lawful will  
An element that flatters him—to kill,  
But would rejoice to barter outward show  
For the least boon that freedom can bestow?

But most the Bard is true to inborn right,  
Lark of the dawn, and Philomel of night,  
Exults in freedom, can with rapture vouch  
For the dear blessings of a lowly couch,  
A natural meal—days, months, from Nature's hand;  
Time, place, and business, all at his command!—  
Who bends to happier duties, who more wise  
Than the industrious Poet, taught to prize,  
Above all grandeur, a pure life uncrossed  
By cares in which simplicity is lost?  
That life—the flowery path that winds by stealth—  
Which Horace needed for his spirit's health,

Sighed for, in heart and genius, overcome  
 By noise and strife, and questions wearsome,  
 And the vain splendours of Imperial Rome?—  
 Let easy mirth his social hours inspire,  
 And fiction animate his sportive lyre,  
 Attuned to verse that, crowning light Distress  
 With garlands, cheats her into happiness,  
 Give *me* the humblest note of those sad strains  
 Drawn forth by pressure of his gilded chains,  
 As a chance-sunbeam from his memory fell  
 Upon the Sabine farm he loved so well,  
 Or when the prattle of Blandusia's spring  
 Haunted his ear—he only listening—  
 He, proud to please, above all rivals, fit  
 To win the palm of gaiety and wit,  
 He, doubt not, with involuntary dread,  
 Shrinking from each new favour to be shed,  
 By the world's Ruler, on his honoured head !

In a deep vision's intellectual scene,  
 Such earnest longings and regrets as keen  
 Depressed the melancholy Cowley, laid  
 Under a fancied yew-tree's luckless shade,  
 A doleful bower for penitential song,  
 Where Man and Muse complained of mutual wrong ;  
 While Cam's ideal current glided by,  
 And antique towers nodded their foreheads high,  
 Citadels dear to studious privacy  
 But Fortune, who had long been used to sport  
 With this tried Servant of a thankless Court,  
 Relenting met his wishes, and to you  
 The remnant of his days at least was true ;  
 You, whom, though long deserted, he loved best,  
 You, Muses, books, fields, liberty, and rest !

Far happier they who, fixing hope and aim  
 On the humanities of peaceful fame,  
 Enter betimes with more than martial fire  
 The generous course, aspire, and still aspire,  
 Upheld by warnings heeded not too late  
 Stifle the contradictions of their fate,  
 And to one purpose cleave, their Being's godlike mate !

Thus, gifted Friend, but with the placid brow  
 That woman ne'er should forfeit, keep *thy* vow ;  
 With modest scorn reject whate'er would blind  
 The ethereal eyesight, cramp the wingèd mind !  
 Then, with a blessing granted from above

To every act, word, thought, and look of love,  
 Life's book for Thee may lie unclosed, till age  
 Shall with a thankful tear bedrop its latest page.

1829)

#### HUMANITY<sup>1</sup>

WHAT though the Accused, upon his own appeal  
 To righteous Gods when man has ceased to feel,  
 Or at a doubting Judge's stern command,  
 Before the STONE OF POWER no longer stand—  
 To take his sentence from the balanced Block,  
 As, at his touch, it rocks, or seems to rock,  
 Though, in the depths of sunless groves, no more  
 The Druid-priest the hallowed Oak adore,  
 Yet, for the Initiate, rocks and whispering trees  
 Do still perform mysterious offices!  
 And functions dwell in beast and bird that swar  
 The reasoning mind, or with the fancy play,  
 Inviting, at all seasons, ears and eyes  
 To watch for undelusive auguries —  
 Not uninspired appear their simplest ways,  
 Their voices mount symbolical of praise—  
 To mix with hymns that Spirits make and hear;  
 And to fallen man their innocence is dear  
 Enraptured Art draws from those sacred springs  
 Streams that reflect the poetry of things!  
 Where christian Martyrs stand in hues portrayed,  
 That, might a wish avail, would never fade,  
 Borne in their hands the lily and the palm  
 Shed round the altar a celestial calm,  
 There, too, behold the lamb and guileless dove  
 Prest in the tenderness of virgin love  
 To saintly bosoms!—Glorious is the blending  
 Of right affections climbing or descending  
 Along a scale of light and life, with cares  
 Alternate, carrying holy thoughts and prayers  
 Up to the sovereign seat of the Most High,  
 Descending to the worm in charity,  
 Like those good Angels whom a dream of night  
 Gave, in the field of Luz, to Jacob's sight,

<sup>1</sup> These verses and those entitled "Liberty" were composed as one piece, which Mrs Wordsworth complained of as unwieldy and ill-proportioned, and accordingly it was divided into two on her judicious recommendation. The Rocking-stones, alluded to in the beginning of the following verses, are supposed to have been used, by our British ancestors, both for judicial and religious purposes. Such stones are not uncommonly found, at this day, both in Great Britain and in Ireland.

All, while *he* slept, treading the pendent stairs  
 Earthward or heavenward, radiant messengers,  
 That, with a perfect will in one accord  
 Of strict obedience, serve the Almighty Lord,  
 And with untired humility forebore  
 To speed their errand by the wings they wore.

What a fair world were ours for verse to paint,  
 If Power could live at ease with self-restraint !  
 Opinion bow before the naked sense  
 Of the great Vision,—faith in Providence,  
 Merciful over all his creatures, just  
 To the least particle of sentient dust .  
 But, fixing by immutable decrees,  
 Seedtime and harvest for his purposes !  
 Then would be closed the restless oblique eye  
 That looks for evil like a treacherous spy,  
 Disputes would then relax, like stormy winds  
 That into breezes sink, impetuous minds  
 By discipline endeavour to grow meek  
 As Truth herself, whom they profess to seek  
 Then Genius, shunning fellowship with Pride,  
 Would braid his golden locks at Wisdom's side,  
 Love ebb and flow untroubled by caprice,  
 And not alone *harsh* tyranny would cease,  
 But unoffending creatures find release  
 From qualified oppression, whose defence  
 Rests on a hollow plea of recompence,  
 Thought-tempered wrongs, for each humane respect  
 Oft worse to bear, or deadlier in effect  
 Witness those glances of indignant scorn  
 From some high-minded Slave, impelled to spurn  
 The kindness that would make him less forlorn,  
 Or, if the soul to bondage be subdued,  
 His look of pitiable gratitude !

Alas for thee, bright Galaxy of Isles,  
 Whose day departs in pomp, returns with smiles—  
 To greet the flowers and fruitage of a land,  
 As the sun mounts, by sea-born breezes fanned;  
 A land whose azure mountain-tops are seats  
 For Gods in council, whose green vales, retreats  
 Fit for the shades of heroes, mingling there  
 To breathe Elysian peace in upper air

Though cold as winter, gloomy as the grave,  
 Stone-walls a prisoner make, but not a slave  
 Shall man assume a property in man ?

‘This Lawn, a Carpet all Alive’ 507

Lay on the moral will a withering ban ?  
Shame that our laws at distance still protect  
Enormities, which they at home reject !  
“Slaves cannot breathe in England”—yet that boast  
Is but a mockery ! when from coast to coast,  
Though *fettered* slave be none, her floors and soil  
Groan underneath a weight of slavish toil,  
For the poor Many, measured out by rules  
Fetched with cupidity from heartless schools,  
That to an Idol, falsely called “the Wealth  
Of Nations,” sacrifice a People’s health,  
Body and mind and soul , a thirst so keen  
Is ever urging on the vast machine  
Of sleepless Labour, ’mid whose dizzy wheels  
The Power least prized is that which thinks and feels.

Then, for the pastimes of this delicate age,  
And all the heavy or light vassalage  
Which for their sakes we fasten, as may suit  
Our varying moods, on human kind or brute,  
’Twere well in little, as in great, to pause,  
Lest Fancy trifle with eternal laws.  
Not from his fellows only man may learn  
Rights to compare and duties to discern !  
All creatures and all objects, in degree,  
Are friends and patrons of humanity.  
There are to whom the garden, grove, and field,  
Perpetual lessons of forbearance yield ,  
Who would not lightly violate the grace  
The lowliest flower possesses in its place ,  
Nor shorten the sweet life, too fugitive,  
Which nothing less than Infinite Power could give.

(1829)

“THIS LAWN, A CARPET ALL ALIVE”

THIS Lawn, a carpet all alive  
With shadows flung from leaves—to strive  
In dance, amid a press  
Of sunshine, an apt emblem yields  
Of Worldlings revelling in the fields  
Of strenuous idleness ,  
  
Less quick the stir when tide and breeze  
Encounter, and to narrow seas  
Forbid a moment’s rest ,



## 508      Thought on the Seasons

The medley less when boreal Lights  
Glance to and fro, like aery Sprites  
To feats of arms address !

Yet, spite of all this eager strife,  
This ceaseless play, the genuine life  
That serves the stedfast hours,  
Is in the grass beneath, that grows  
Unheeded, and the mute repose  
Of sweetly-breathing flowers

(1829)

### THOUGHT ON THE SEASONS

FLATTERED with promise of escape  
From every hurtful blast,  
Spring takes, O sprightly May ! thy shape,  
Her loveliest and her last

Less fair is summer riding high  
In fierce solstitial power,  
Less fair than when a lenient sky  
Brings on her parting hour

When earth repays with golden sheaves  
The labours of the plough,  
And ripening fruits and forest leaves  
All brighten on the bough ;

What pensive beauty autumn shows,  
Before she hears the sound  
Of winter rushing in, to close  
The emblematic round !

Such be our Spring, our Summer such  
So may our Autumn blend  
With hoary Winter, and Life touch,  
Through heaven-born hope, her end !

(1829)

### A GRAVESTONE UPON THE FLOOR IN THE CLOISTERS OF WORCESTER CATHEDRAL <sup>1</sup>

" *MISERRIMUS*," and neither name nor date,  
Prayer, text, or symbol, graven upon the stone

<sup>1</sup> " *Miserrimus* " Many conjectures have been formed as to the person who lies under this stone. Nothing appears to be known for a certainty. Query—The Rev Mr Moir, a nonconformist, a sufferer for conscience-sake, a worthy man who, having been deprived of his benefice after the accession of William III, lived to an old age in extreme destitution, on the alms of charitable Jacobites

## Tradition of Oker Hill 509

Nought but that word assigned to the unknown,  
That solitary word—to separate  
From all, and cast a cloud around the fate  
Of him who lies beneath Most wretched one,  
*Who* chose his epitaph?—Himself alone  
Could thus have dared the grave to agitate,  
And claim, among the dead, this awful crown,  
Nor doubt that He marked also for his own  
Close to these cloistral steps a burial-place,  
That every foot might fall with heavier tread,  
Trampling upon his vileness. Stranger, pass  
Softly!—To save the contrite, Jesus bled

(1829)

### A TRADITION OF OKER HILL IN DARLEY DALE, DERBYSHIRE <sup>1</sup>

'Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill  
Two Brothers clomb, and, turning face from face,  
Nor one look more exchanging, grief to still  
Or feed, each planted on that lofty place  
A chosen Tree, then, eager to fulfil  
Their courses, like two new-born rivers, they  
In opposite directions urged their way  
Down from the far-seen mount No blast might kill  
Or blight that fond memorial,—the trees grew,  
And now entwine their arms, but ne'er again  
Embraced those Brothers upon earth's wide plain,  
Nor aught of mutual joy or sorrow knew  
Until their spirits mingled in the sea  
That to itself takes all, Eternity

(1829)

### THE ARMENIAN LADY'S LOVE <sup>2</sup>

I

You have heard "a Spanish Lady  
How she wooed an English man," <sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This pleasing tradition was told me by the coachman at whose side I sat while he drove down the dale, he pointing to the trees on the hill as he related the story.

<sup>2</sup> The subject of the following poem is from the *Orlandus* of the author's friend, Kenelm Henry Digby and the liberty is taken of inscribing it to him as an acknowledgment, however unworthy, of pleasure and instruction derived from his numerous and valuable writings, illustrative of the piety and chivalry of the olden time

<sup>3</sup> See, in Percy's *Reliques*, that fine old ballad, "The Spanish Lady's Love;" from which Poem the form of stanza, as suitable to dialogue, is adopted

## 510 The Armenian Lady's Love

Hear now of a fair Armenian,  
Daughter of the proud Soldan ,  
How she loved a Christian slave, and told her pain  
By word, look, deed, with hope that he might love again

### II

"Pluck that rose, it moves my liking,"  
Said she, lifting up her veil ,  
"Pluck it for me, gentle gardener,  
Ere it wither and grow pale "  
"Princess fair, I till the ground, but may not take  
From twig or bed an humbler flower, even for your sake!"

### III

"Grieved am I, submissive Christian !  
To behold thy captive state ,  
Women, in your land, may pity  
(May they not ?) the unfortunate "  
"Yes, kind Lady ! otherwise man could not bear  
Life, which to every one that breathes is full of care "

### IV

"Worse than idle is compassion  
If it end in tears and sighs ,  
Thee from bondage would I rescue  
And from vile indignities ,  
Nurtured, as thy mien bespeaks, in high degree,  
Look up—and help a hand that longs to set thee free "

### V

"Lady ! dread the wish, nor venture  
In such peril to engage ,  
Think how it would stir against you  
Your most loving father's rage  
Sad deliverance would it be, and yoked with shame,  
Should troubles overflow on her from whom it came "

### VI

"Generous Frank ! the just in effort  
Are of inward peace secure  
Hardships for the brave encountered,  
Even the feeblest may endure  
If almighty grace through me thy chains unbind  
My father for slave's work may seek a slave in mind."

### VII

"Princess, at this burst of goodness,  
My long-frozen heart grows warm ! "

## The Armenian Lady's Love 511

"Yet you make all courage fruitless,  
Me to save from chance of harm  
Leading such companion I that gilded dome,  
Yon minarets, would gladly leave for his worst home"

### VIII

"Feeling tunes your voice, fair Princess,  
And your brow is free from scorn,  
Else these words would come like mockery,  
Sharper than the pointed thorn"  
"Whence the undeserved mistrust? Too wide apart  
Our faith hath been,—O would that eyes could see the  
heart!"

### IX

"Tempt me not, I pray, my doom is  
These base implements to wield,  
Rusty lance, I ne'er shall grasp thee,  
Ne'er assoil my cobwebbed shield!  
Never see my native land, nor castle towers,  
Nor Her who thinking of me there counts widowed hours"

### X

"Prisoner! pardon youthful fancies,  
Wedded? If you *can*, say no!  
Blessèd is and be your consort,  
Hopes I cherished—let them go!  
Handmaid's privilege would leave my purpose free,  
Without another link to my felicity"

### XI

"Wedded love with loyal Christians,  
Lady, is a mystery rare,  
Body, heart, and soul in union,  
Make one being of a pair"  
"Humble love in me would look for no return,  
Soft as a guiding star that cheers, but cannot burn"

### XII

"Gracious Allah! by such title  
Do I dare to thank the God,  
Him who thus exalts thy spirit,  
Flower of an unchristian sod!  
Or hast thou put off wings which thou in heaven dost wear?  
What have I seen, and heard, or dreamt? where am I?  
where?"

## 512 The Armenian Lady's Love

### XIII

Here broke off the dangerous converse ·  
 Less impassioned words might tell  
 How the pair escaped together,  
 Tears not wanting, nor a knell  
 Of sorrow in her heart while through her father's door,  
 And from her narrow world, she passed for evermore

### XIV

But affections higher, holier,  
 Urged her steps, she shrunk from trust  
 In a sensual creed that trampled  
 Woman's birthright into dust  
 Little be the wonder then, the blame be none,  
 If she, a timid Maid, hath put such boldness on.

### XV

Judge both Fugitives with knowledge ·  
 In those old romantic days  
 Mighty were the soul's commandments  
 To support, restrain, or raise  
 Foes might hang upon their path, snakes rustle near,  
 But nothing from their inward selves had they to fear.

### XVI

Thought infirm ne'er came between them,  
 Whether printing desert sands  
 With accordant steps, or gathering  
 Forest-fruit with social hands,  
 Or whispering like two reeds that in the cold moonbeam  
 Bend with the breeze their heads, beside a crystal stream

### XVII

On a friendly deck reposing  
 They at length for Venice steer,  
 There, when they had closed their voyage  
 One, who daily on the pier  
 Watched for tidings from the East, beheld his Lord,  
 Fell down and clasped his knees for joy, not uttering word

### XVIII

Mutual was the sudden transport;  
 Breathless questions followed fast,  
 Years contracting to a moment,  
 Each word greedier than the last  
 "Hie thee to the Countess, friend! return with speed,  
 And of this Stranger speak by whom her lord was freed

## The Armenian Lady's Love 513

### XIX

Say that I, who might have languished,  
Drooped and pined till life was spent,  
Now before the gates of Stolberg  
My Deliverer would present  
For a crowning recompence, the precious grace  
Of her who in my heart still holds her ancient place.

### XX

Make it known that my Companion  
Is of royal eastern blood,  
Thirsting after all perfection,  
Innocent, and meek, and good,  
Though with misbelievers bred, but that dark night  
Will holy Church disperse by means of gospel-light.'

### XXI

Swiftly went that grey-haired Servant,  
Soon returned a trusty Page  
Charged with greetings, benedictions,  
Thanks and praises, each a gage  
For a sunny thought to cheer the Stranger's way,  
Her virtuous scruples to remove, her fears allay

### XXII

And how blest the Reunited,  
While beneath their castle-walls,  
Runs a deafening noise of welcome !—  
Blest, though every tear that falls  
Doth in its silence of past sorrow tell,  
And makes a meeting seem most like a dear farewell.

### XXIII

Through a haze of human nature,  
Glorified by heavenly light,  
Looked the beautiful Deliverer  
On that overpowering sight,  
While across her virgin cheek pure blushes strayed,  
For every tender sacrifice her heart had made

### XXIV

On the ground the weeping Countess  
Knelt, and kissed the Stranger's hand,  
Act of soul-devoted homage,  
Pledge of an eternal band  
Nor did aught of future days that kiss belie,  
Which, with a generous shout, the crowd did ratify

# 514 The Poet and Caged Turtledove

xxv

Constant to the fair Armenian,  
Gentle pleasures round her moved,  
Like a tutelary spirit  
Reverenced, like a sister, loved,  
Christian meekness smoothed for all the path of life,  
Who, loving most, should wiseliest love, their only strife.

xxvi

Mute memento of that union  
In a Saxon church survives,  
Where a cross-legged Knight lies sculptured  
As between two wedded wives—  
Figures with armorial signs of race and birth,  
And the vain rank the pilgrims bore while yet on earth  
(1830)

## THE POET AND THE CAGED TURTLEDOVE

As often as I murmur here  
My half-formed melodies,  
Straight from her osier mansion near,  
The Turtledove replies  
Though silent as a leaf before,  
The captive promptly coos,  
Is it to teach her own soft lore,  
Or second my weak Muse?

I rather think, the gentle Dove  
Is murmuring a reproof,  
Displeased that I from lays of love  
Have dared to keep aloof,  
That I, a Bard of hill and dale,  
Have carolled, fancy free,  
As if nor dove nor nightingale,  
Had heart or voice for me

If such thy meaning, O forbear,  
Sweet Bird! to do me wrong,  
Love, blessed Love, is everywhere  
The spirit of my song  
'Mid grove, and by the calm fireside,  
Love animates my lyre—  
That coo again!—'tis not to chide,  
I feel, but to inspire

(1830)

## PRESENTIMENTS

PRESENTIMENTS ! they judge not right  
Who deem that ye from open light

Retire in fear of shame,  
All *heaven-born* Instincts shun the touch  
Of vulgar sense,—and, being such,  
Such privilege ye claim

The tear whose source I could not guess,  
The deep sigh that seemed fatherless,

Were mine in early days,  
And now, unforced by time to part  
With fancy, I obey my heart,  
And venture on your praise

What though some busy foes to good,  
Too potent over nerve and blood,

Lurk near you—and combine  
To taint the health which ye infuse,  
This hides not from the moral Muse  
Your origin divine

How oft from you, derided Powers !  
Comes Faith that in auspicious hours

Builds castles, not of air  
Bodings unsanctioned by the will  
Flow from your visionary skill,  
And teach us to beware

The bosom-weight, your stubborn gift,  
That no philosophy can lift,

Shall vanish, if ye please,  
Like morning mist and, where it lay,  
The spirits at your bidding play  
In gaiety and ease

Star-guided contemplations move  
Through space, though calm, not raised above

Prognostics that ye rule,  
The naked Indian of the wild,  
And haply, too, the cradled Child,  
Are pupils of your school

But who can fathom your intents,  
Number their signs or instruments ?

A rainbow, a sunbeam,  
A subtle smell that Spring unbinds,  
Dead pause abrupt of midnight winds,  
An echo, or a dream



The laughter of the Christmas hearth  
 With sighs of self-exhausted mirth

Ye feelingly reprove,  
 And daily, in the conscious breast,  
 Your visitations are a test  
 And exercise of love.

When some great change gives boundless scope  
 To an exulting Nation's hope,

Oft, startled and made wise  
 By your low-breathed interpretations,  
 The simply-meek foretaste the springs  
 Of bitter contraries

Ye daunt the proud array of war,  
 Pervade the lonely ocean far

As sail hath been unfurled,  
 For dancers in the festive hall  
 What ghastly partners hath your call  
 Fetched from the shadowy world

'Tis said, that warnings ye dispense,  
 Emboldened by a keener sense,

That men have lived for whom,  
 With dead precision, ye made clear  
 The hour that in a distant year  
 Should knell them to the tomb

Unwelcome insight! Yet there are,  
 Blest times when mystery is laid bare,

Truth shows a glorious face,  
 While on that isthmus which commands  
 The councils of both worlds, she stands,  
 Sage Spirits! by your grace

God, who instructs the brutes to scent  
 All changes of the element,

Whose wisdom fixed the scale  
 Of natures, for our wants provides  
 By higher, sometimes humbler, guides,  
 When lights of reason fail

(1830)

"IN THESE FAIR VALES HATH MANY  
 A TREE"<sup>1</sup>

IN these fair vales hath many a Tree  
 At Wordsworth's suit been spared,

<sup>1</sup> Engraven, during my absence in Italy, upon a brass plate inserted in the Stone.

And from the boulder's hand this Stone,  
 For some rude beauty of its own,  
 Was rescued by the Bard ·  
 So let it rest, and time will come  
 When here the tender-hearted  
 May heave a gentle sigh for him,  
 As one of the departed

(1830)

ELEGIAC MUSINGS<sup>1</sup>

IN THE GROUNDS OF COLEORTON HALL, THE SEAT OF THE  
 LATE SIR G. H. BEAUMONT, BART

With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme  
 Graven on the tomb we struggle against Time,  
 Alas, how feebly<sup>1</sup> but our feelings rise  
 And still we struggle when a good man dies  
 Such offering BEAUMONT dreaded and forbade,  
 A spirit meek in self-abasement clad  
 Yet *here* at least—though few have numbered days  
 That shunned so modestly the light of praise—  
 His graceful manners, and the temperate ray  
 Of that arch fancy which would round him play,  
 Brightening a converse never known to swerve  
 From courtesy and delicate reserve,  
 That sense, the bland philosophy of life,  
 Which checked discussion ere it warmed to strife—  
 Those rare accomplishments, and varied powers,  
 Might have their record among sylvan bowers  
 Oh, fled for ever! vanished like a blast  
 That shook the leaves in myriads as it passed,—  
 Gone from this world of earth, air, sea, and sky,  
 From all its spirit-moving imagery,  
 Intensely studied with a painter's eye,  
 A poet's heart, and, for congenial view,  
 Portrayed with happiest pencil, not untrue  
 To common recognitions while the line  
 Flowed in a course of sympathy divine,—  
 Oh! severed, too abruptly, from delights  
 That all the seasons shared with equal rights,—  
 Rapt in the grace of undismantled age,  
 From soul-felt music, and the treasured page

<sup>1</sup> In these grounds stands the Parish Church, wherein is a mural monument bearing an Inscription which, in deference to the earnest request of the deceased, is confined to name, dates, and these words —  
 "Enter not into judgment with thy servant, O LORD!"

Lit by that evening lamp which loved to shed  
 Its mellow lustre round thy honoured head ,  
 While Friends beheld thee give with eye, voice, mien,  
 More than theatric force to Shakspeare's scene ,—  
 If thou hast heard me—if thy Spirit know  
 Aught of these bowers and whence their pleasures flow ,  
 If things in our remembrance held so dear,  
 And thoughts and projects fondly cherished here,  
 To thy exalted nature only seem  
 Time's vanities, light fragments of earth's dream—  
 Rebuke us not !—The mandate is obeyed  
 That said, "Let praise be mute where I am laid ,"  
 The holier deprecation, given in trust  
 To the cold marble, waits upon thy dust ,  
 Yet have we found how slowly genuine grief  
 From *silent* admiration wins relief.  
 Too long abashed thy Name is like a rose  
 That doth "within itself its sweetness close ,"  
 A drooping daisy changed into a cup  
 In which her bright-eyed beauty is shut up  
 Within these groves, where still are fitting by  
 Shades of the Past, oft noticed with a sigh,  
 Shall stand a votive Tablet, haply free,  
 When towers and temples fall, to speak of Thee !  
 If sculptured emblems of our mortal doom  
 Recall not there the wisdom of the Tomb,  
 Green ivy risen from out the cheerful earth,  
 Will fling the lettered stone , and herbs spring forth,  
 Whose fragrance, by soft dews and rain unbound,  
 Shall penetrate the heart without a wound ,  
 While truth and love their purposes fulfil,  
 Commemorating genius, talent, skill,  
 That could not lie concealed where Thou wert known ,  
 Thy virtues *He* must judge, and *He* alone,  
 The God upon whose mercy they are thrown  
 (Nov 1830)

# "CHATSWORTH ! THY STATELY MANSION"

CHATSWORTH ! thy stately mansion, and the pride  
 Of thy domain, strange contrast do present  
 To house and home in many a craggy rent  
 Of the wild Peak , where new-born waters glide  
 Through fields whose thrifty occupants abide  
 As in a dear and chosen banishment,  
 With every semblance of entire content ,

## To the Author's Portrait 519

So kind is simple Nature, fairly tried<sup>1</sup>  
Yet He whose heart in childhood gave her troth  
To pastoral dales, thin-set with modest farms,  
May learn, if judgment strengthen with his growth,  
That, not for Fancy only, pomp hath charms,  
And, strenuous to protect from lawless harms  
The extremes of favoured life, may honour both  
(1830)

### TO THE AUTHOR'S PORTRAIT<sup>1</sup>

Go, faithful Portrait<sup>1</sup> and where long hath knelt  
Margaret, the Saintly Foundress, take thy place,  
And, if Time spare the colours for the grace  
Which to the work surpassing skill hath dealt,  
Thou, on thy rock reclined, though kingdoms melt  
And states be torn up by the roots, wilt seem  
To breathe in rural peace, to hear the stream,  
And think and feel as once the Poet felt  
Whate'er thy fate, those features have not grown  
Unrecognised through many a household tear  
More prompt, more glad, to fall than drops of dew  
By morning shed around a flower half-blown;  
Tears of delight, that testified how true  
To life thou art, and, in thy truth, how dear<sup>1</sup>  
(1830)

### THE PRIMROSE OF THE ROCK<sup>2</sup>

A Rock there is whose homely front  
The passing traveller slights,  
Yet there the glow-worms hang their lamps,  
Like stars, at various heights  
And one coy Primrose to that Rock  
The vernal breeze invites  
What hideous warfare hath been waged,  
What kingdoms overthrown,  
Since first I spied that Primrose-tuft  
And marked it for my own,  
A lasting link in Nature's chain  
From highest heaven let down<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Painted at Rydal Mount, by W Pickersgill, Esq, for St John's College, Cambridge

<sup>2</sup> Written at Rydal Mount. The Rock stands on the right hand a little way leading up the middle road from Rydal to Grasmere. We have been in the habit of calling it the glow-worm rock from the number of glow-worms we have often seen hanging on it as described. The tuft of primrose has, I fear, been washed away by the heavy rains

## 520      The Primrose of the Rock

The flowers, still faithful to the stems,  
 Their fellowship renew ;  
 The stems are faithful to the root,  
 That worketh out of view ,  
 And to the rock the root adheres  
 In every fibre true

Close clings to earth the living rock,  
 Though threatening still to fall ,  
 The earth is constant to her sphere ,  
 And God upholds them all  
 So blooms this lonely Plant, nor dreads  
 Her annual funeral

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*

Here closed the meditative strain ;  
 But air breathed soft that day,  
 The hoary mountain-heights were cheered,  
 The sunny vale looked gay ,  
 And to the Primrose of the Rock  
 I gave this after-lay.

I sang—Let myriads of bright flowers,  
 Like Thee, in field and grove  
 Revive unenvied,—mightier far,  
 Than tremblings that reprove  
 Our vernal tendencies to hope,  
 Is God's redeeming love ,  
 That love which changed—for wan disease,  
 For sorrow that had bent  
 O'er hopeless dust, for withered age—  
 Their moral element,  
 And turned the thistles of a curse  
 To types beneficent

Sin-blighted though we are, we too,  
 The reasoning Sons of Men,  
 From one oblivious winter called  
 Shall rise, and breathe again ,  
 And in eternal summer lose  
 Our threescore years and ten.  
 To humbleness of heart descends  
 This prescience from on high,  
 The faith that elevates the just,  
 Before and when they die ,  
 And makes each soul a separate heaven,  
 A court for Deity.

# Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems 521

## YARROW REVISITED, AND OTHER POEMS

COMPOSED (TWO EXCEPTED) DURING A TOUR IN SCOTLAND  
AND ON THE ENGLISH BORDER, IN THE AUTUMN OF  
1831<sup>1</sup>

TO

SAMUEL ROGERS, Esq.,

AS A TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP, AND

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

OF INTELLECTUAL OBLIGATIONS,

THESE MEMORIALS ARE AFFECTIONATELY

INSCRIBED

RYDAL MOUNT, Dec 11, 1834

I

### YARROW REVISITED<sup>2</sup>

THE gallant Youth, who may have gained

Or seeks, a "winsome Marrow,"

Was but an Infant in the lap

When first I looked on Yarrow,

Once more, by Newark's Castle-gate

Long left without a warder,

I stood, looked, listened, and with Thee,

Great Minstrel of the Border<sup>1</sup>

Grave thoughts ruled wide on that sweet day,

Their dignity installing

In gentle bosoms, while sere leaves

Were on the bough, or falling,

But breezes played, and sunshine gleamed—

The forest to embolden,

Reddened the fiery hues, and shot

Transparence through the golden.

For busy thoughts the Stream flowed on

In foamy agitation,

<sup>1</sup> In the autumn of 1831, my daughter and I set off from Rydal to visit Sir Walter Scott before his departure for Italy. How sadly changed did I find him from the man I had seen so healthy, gay, and hopeful, a few years before, when he said at the inn at Paterdale, in my presence, his daughter Anne also being there, with Mr Lockhart, my own wife and daughter, and Mr Quillinan,—“I mean to live till I am *eighty*, and shall write as long as I live.”

<sup>2</sup> The following Stanzas are a memorial of a day passed with Sir Walter Scott and other Friends visiting the Banks of the Yarrow under his guidance, immediately before his departure from Abbotsford, for Naples

## 522 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

And slept in many a crystal pool  
 For quiet contemplation  
 No public and no private care  
 The freeborn mind enthralling,  
 We made a day of happy hours,  
 Our happy days recalling

Brisk Youth appeared, the Morn of youth,  
 With freaks of graceful folly,—  
 Life's temperate Noon, her sober Eve,  
 Her Night not melancholy,  
 Past, present, future, all appeared  
 In harmony united,  
 Like guests that meet, and some from far,  
 By cordial love invited

And if, as Yarrow, through the woods  
 And down the meadow ranging,  
 Did meet us with unaltered face,  
 Though we were changed and changing;  
 If, *then*, some natural shadows spread  
 Our inward prospect over,  
 The soul's deep valley was not slow  
 Its brightness to recover

Eternal blessings on the Muse,  
 And her divine employment !  
 The blameless Muse, who trains her Sons  
 For hope and calm enjoyment,  
 Albeit sickness, lingering yet,  
 Has o'er their pillow brooded,  
 And Care waylays their steps—a Spite  
 Not easily eluded

For thee, O SCOTT ! compelled to change  
 Green Eildon-hill and Cheviot  
 For warm Vesuvio's pine-clad slopes,  
 And leave thy Tweed and Tiviot  
 For mild Sorrento's breezy waves,  
 May classic Fancy, linking  
 With native Fancy her fresh aid,  
 Preserve thy heart from sinking !

Oh ! while they minister to thee,  
 Each vying with the other,  
 May Health return to mellow Age  
 With Strength, her venturous brother ;

And Tiber, and each brook and rill  
Renowned in song and story,  
With unimagined beauty shine,  
Nor lose one ray of glory !

For Thou, upon a hundred streams,  
By tales of love and sorrow,  
Of faithful love, undaunted truth,  
Hast shed the power of Yarrow ;  
And streams unknown, hills yet unseen,  
Wherever they invite Thee,  
At parent Nature's grateful call,  
With gladness must requite Thee

A gracious welcome shall be thine,  
Such looks of love and honour  
As thy own Yarrow gave to me  
When first I gazed upon her ,  
Beheld what I had feared to see,  
Unwilling to surrender  
Dreams treasured up from early days,  
The holy and the tender

And what, for this frail world, were all  
That mortals do or suffer,  
Did no responsive harp, no pen,  
Memorial tribute offer ?  
Yea, what were mighty Nature's self ?  
Her features, could they win us,  
Unhelped by the poetic voice  
That hourly speaks within us ?

Nor deem that localised Romance  
Plays false with our affections ,  
Unsanctifies our tears—made sport  
For fanciful dejections  
Ah, no ! the visions of the past  
Sustain the heart in feeling  
Life as she is—our changeful Life,  
With friends and kindred dealing.

Bear witness, Ye, whose thoughts that day  
In Yarrow's groves were centred ,  
Who through the silent portal arch  
Of mouldering Newark entered ,  
And clomb the winding stair that once  
Too timidly was mounted



## 524 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

By the "last Minstrel," (not the last !)  
Ere he his Tale recounted

Flow on for ever, Yarrow Stream !  
Fulfil thy pensive duty,  
Well pleased that future Bards should chant  
For simple hearts thy beauty ,  
To dream-light dear while yet unseen,  
Dear to the common sunshine,  
And dearer still, as now I feel,  
To memory's shadowy moonshine !

### II

ON THE DEPARTURE OF SIR WALIER SCOTT FROM  
ABBOTSFORD, FOR NAPLES

A TROUBLE, not of clouds, or weeping rain,  
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light  
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height .  
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain  
For kindred Power departing from their sight ,  
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,  
Saddens his voice again, and yet again  
Lift up your hearts, ye Mourners ! for the might  
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes ,  
Blessings and prayers, in nobler retinue  
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows  
Follow this wondrous Potentate Be true,  
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,  
Wafting your Charge to soft Parthenope !

### III

A PLACE OF BURIAL IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND<sup>1</sup>

PART fenced by man, part by a rugged steep  
That cuibs a foaming brook, a Grave-yard lies ,  
The hare's best couching-place for fearless sleep ,  
Which moonlit elves, far seen by credulous eyes,  
Enter in dance Of church, or sabbath ties,  
No vestige now remains, yet thither creep  
Bereft Ones, and in lowly anguish weep  
Their prayers out to the wind and naked skies  
Proud tomb is none , but rudely-sculptured knights,  
By humble choice of plain old times, are seen

<sup>1</sup> Similar places for burial are not unfrequent in Scotland The one that suggested this Sonnet lies on the banks of a small stream called the Wauchope that flows into the Esk near Langholm

## Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems 525

Level with earth, among the hillocks green  
Union not sad, when sunny daybreak smites  
The spangled turf, and neighbouring thickets ring  
With *jubilate* from the choirs of spring !

### IV

#### ON THE SIGHT OF A MANSE IN THE SOUTH OF SCOTLAND

SAY, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills—  
Among the happiest-looking homes of men  
Scattered all Britain over, through deep glen,  
On airy upland, and by forest rills,  
And o'er wide plains cheered by the lark that trills  
His sky-born warblings—does aught meet your ken  
More fit to animate the Poet's pen,  
Aught that more surely by its aspect fills  
Pure minds with sinless envy, than the Abode  
Of the good Priest who, faithful through all hours  
To his high charge, and truly serving God,  
Has yet a heart and hand for trees and flowers,  
Enjoys the walks his predecessors trod,  
Nor covets lineal rights in lands and towers.

#### COMPOSED IN ROSLIN CHAPEL DURING A STORM<sup>1</sup>

THE wind is now thy organist, —a clank  
(We know not whence) ministers for a bell  
To mark some change of service As the swell  
Of music reached its height, and even when sank  
The notes, in prelude, ROSLIN<sup>1</sup> to a blank  
Of silence, how it thrilled thy sumptuous roof,  
Pillars, and arches,—not in vain time-proof,  
Though Christian rites be wanting<sup>1</sup> From what bank  
Came those live herbs ? by what hand were they sown  
Where dew falls not, where rain-drops seem unknown ?  
Yet in the Temple they a friendly niche  
Share with their sculptured fellows, that, green-grown,  
Copy their beauty more and more, and preach,  
Though mute, of all things blending into one.

<sup>1</sup> We were detained by incessant rain and storm at the small inn near Roslin Chapel, and I passed a great part of the day pacing to and fro in this beautiful structure, which, though not used for public service, is not allowed to go to ruin Here this Sonnet was composed

## 526 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

### VI

#### THE TROSACHS

THERE's not a nook within this solemn Pass,  
But were an apt confessional for One  
Taught by his summer spent, his autumn gone,  
That Life is but a tale of morning grass  
Withered at eve From scenes of art which chase  
That thought away, turn, and with watchful eyes  
Feed it 'mid Nature's old felicities,  
Rocks, rivers, and smooth lakes more clear than glass  
Untouched, unbreathed upon Thrice happy quest,  
If from a golden perch of aspen spray  
(October's workmanship to rival May)  
The pensive warbler of the ruddy breast  
That moral sweeten by a heaven-taught lay,  
Lulling the year, with all its cares, to rest !

### VII

#### THE PIBROCH'S NOTE

THE pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute,  
The Roman kilt, degraded to a toy  
Of quaint apparel for a half-spoilt boy,  
The target mouldering like ungathered fruit,  
The smoking steam-boat eager in pursuit,  
As eagerly pursued, the umbrella spread  
To weather-fend the Celtic herdsman's head—  
All speak of manners withering to the root,  
And of old honours, too, and passions high.  
Then may we ask, though pleased that thought should  
    range  
Among the conquests of civility,  
Survives imagination—to the change  
Superior? Help to virtue does she give?  
If not, O Mortals, better cease to live !

### VIII

#### COMPOSED IN THE GLEN OF LOCH ETIVE <sup>1</sup>

"This Land of Rainbows spanning glens whose walls,  
Rock-built, are hung with rainbow-coloured mists—  
Of far-stretched Meres whose salt flood never rests—  
Of tuneful Caves and playful Waterfalls—

"That make the Patriot-spirit " It was mortifying to have frequent occasions to observe the bitter hatred of the lower orders of the Highlands to their superiors, love of country seemed to have passed into its opposite. Emigration was the only relief looked to with hope.

## Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems 527

Of Mountains varying momentarily their crests—  
Proud be this Land ! whose poorest huts are halls  
Where Fancy entertains becoming guests ,  
While native song the heroic Past recalls ”  
Thus, in the net of her own wishes caught,  
The Muse exclaimed , but Story now must hide  
Her trophies, Fancy crouch , the course of pride  
Has been diverted, other lessons taught,  
That make the Patriot-spirit bow her head  
Where the all-conquering Roman feared to tread

### IX

#### EAGLES

COMPOSED AT DUNOLLIE CASTLE IN THE BAY OF OBAN

DISHONOURED Rock and Ruin ! that, by law  
Tyrannic, keep the Bird of Jove embarr'd  
Like a lone criminal whose life is spared  
Vexed is he, and screams loud. The last I saw  
Was on the wing , stooping, he struck with awe  
Man, bird, and beast , then, with a consort paired,  
From a bold headland, their loved aery's guard,  
Flew high above Atlantic waves, to draw  
Light from the fountain of the setting sun  
Such was this Prisoner once , and, when his plumes  
The sea-blast ruffles as the storm comes on,  
Then, for a moment, he, in spirit, resumes  
His rank 'mong freeborn creatures that live free,  
His power, his beauty, and his majesty.

### X

#### IN THE SOUND OF MULL

TRADITION, be thou mute ! Oblivion, throw  
Thy veil in mercy o'er the records, hung  
Round strath and mountain, stamped by the ancient tongue  
On rock and ruin darkening as we go,—  
Spots where a word, ghostlike, survives to show  
What crimes from hate, or desperate love, have sprung  
From honour misconceived, or fancied wrong,  
What feuds, not quenched but fed by mutual woe  
Yet, though a wild vindictive Race, untamed  
By civil arts and labours of the pen,  
Could gentleness be scorned by those fierce Men,  
Who, to spread wide the reverence they claimed  
For patriarchal occupations, named  
Von towering Peaks, “Shepherds of Etive Glen” ?<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In Gaelic, *B. a' Lail Eile*

## 528 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

### XI

#### SUGGESTED AT TYNDRUM IN A STORM

ENOUGH of garlands, of the Arcadian crook;  
 And all that Greece and Italy have sung  
 Of Swains reposing myrtle groves among !  
*Ours* couch on naked rocks,—will cross a brook  
 Swoln with chill rains, nor ever cast a look  
 This way or that, or give it even a thought  
 More than by smoothest pathway may be brought  
 Into a vacant mind Can written book  
 Teach what *they* learn? Up, hardy Mountaineer !  
 And guide the Bard, ambitious to be One  
 Of Nature's privy council, as thou art,  
 On cloud-sequestered heights, that see and hear  
 To what dread Powers He delegates his part  
 On earth, who works in the heaven of heavens, alone.

### XII

#### THE EARL OF BREADALBANE'S RUINED MANSION AND FAMILY BURIAL-PLACE, NEAR KILLIN

WELL sang the Bard who called the grave, in strains  
 Thoughtful and sad, the "narrow house" No style  
 Of fond sepulchral flattery can beguile  
 Grief of her sting, nor cheat, where he detains  
 The sleeping dust, stern Death How reconcile  
 With truth, or with each other, decked remains  
 Of a once warm Abode, and that *new* Pile,  
 For the departed, built with curious pains  
 And mausolean pomp? Yet here they stand  
 Together,—mid tim walks and artful bowers,  
 To be looked down upon by ancient hills,  
 That, for the living and the dead, demand  
 And prompt a harmony of genuine powers ;  
 Concord that elevates the mind, and stills

### XIII

#### "REST AND BE THANKFUL !"

#### AT THE HEAD OF GLENCROE

DOUBLING and doubling with laborious walk,  
 Who, that has gained at length the wished-for Height,  
 This brief, this simple wayside Call can slight,  
 And rests not thankful? Whether cheered by talk

## Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems 529

With some loved friend, or by the unseen hawk  
Whistling to clouds and sky-born streams that shine,  
At the sun's outbreak, as with light divine,  
Ere they descend to nourish root and stalk  
Of valley flowers Nor, while the limbs repose,  
Will we forget that, as the fowl can keep  
Absolute stillness, poised aloft in air,  
And fishes front, unmoved, the torrent's sweep,—  
So may the Soul, through powers that Faith bestows,  
Win rest, and ease, and peace, with bliss that Angels share

### XIV

#### HIGHLAND HUT

SEE what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot,  
Whose smoke, forth-issuing whence and how it may,  
Shines in the greeting of the sun's first ray  
Like wreaths of vapour without stain or blot  
The limpid mountain rill avoids it not,  
And why shouldst thou?—If rightly trained and bred,  
Humanity is humble, finds no spot  
Which her Heaven-guided feet refuse to tread.  
The walls are cracked, sunk is the flowery roof,  
Undressed the pathway leading to the door,  
But love, as Nature loves, the lonely Poor,  
Search, for their worth, some gentle heart wrong-proof,  
Meek, patient, kind, and, were its trials fewer,  
Belike less happy —Stand no more aloof!

### XV

#### THE BROWNIE<sup>1</sup>

"How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad,  
Ask of his fellow-men, and they will tell  
How he was found, cold as an icicle,  
Under an arch of that forlorn abode;  
Where he, unpropped, and by the gathering flood  
Of years hemmed round, had dwelt, prepared to try  
Privation's worst extremities, and die  
With no one near save the omnipresent God

<sup>1</sup> Upon a small island, not far from the head of Loch Lomond, are some remains of an ancient building, which was for several years the abode of a solitary Individual, one of the last survivors of the clan of Macfarlane, once powerful in that neighbourhood. Passing along the shore opposite this island in the year 1814, the Author learned these particulars, and that this person then living there had acquired the appellation of "The Brownie." See "The Brownie's Cell," p. 274, to which the following is a sequel

## 530 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

Verily so to live was an awful choice—  
A choice that wears the aspect of a doom,  
But in the mould of mercy all is cast  
For Souls familiar with the eternal Voice;  
And this forgotten Taper to the last  
Drove from itself, we trust, all frightful gloom.

### XVI

#### TO THE PLANET VENUS, AN EVENING STAR COMPOSED AT LOCH LOMOND

THOUGH joy attend Thee orient at the birth  
Of dawn, it cheers the lofty spirit most  
To watch thy course when Daylight, fled from earth,  
In the grey sky hath left his lingering Ghost,  
Perplexed as if between a splendour lost  
And splendour slowly mustering Since the Sun,  
The absolute, the world-absorbing One,  
Relinquished half his empire to the host  
Emboldened by thy guidance, holy Star,  
Holy as princely—who that looks on thee,  
Touching, as now, in thy humility  
The mountain borders of this seat of care,  
Can question that thy countenance is bright,  
Celestial Power, as much with love as light?

### XVII

#### BOTHWELL CASTLE<sup>1</sup>

##### PASSED UNSEEN, ON ACCOUNT OF STORMY WEATHER

IMMURED in Bothwell's towers, at times the Brave  
(So beautiful is Clyde) forgot to mourn  
The liberty they lost at Bannockburn  
Once on those steeps I roamed at large, and have  
In mind the landscape, as if still in sight,  
The river glides, the woods before me wave,  
Then why repine that now in vain I crave  
Needless renewal of an old delight?  
Better to thank a dear and long-past day  
For joy its sunny hours were free to give  
Than blame the present, that our wish hath crost  
Memory, like sleep, hath powers which dreams obey,  
Dreams, vivid dreams, that are not fugitive  
How little that she cherishes is lost!

<sup>1</sup> In my Sister's Journal is an account of Bothwell Castle as it appeared to us at that time

## Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems 531

### XVIII

#### PICTURE OF DANIEL IN THE LIONS' DEN, AT HAMILTON PALACE

AMID a fertile region green with wood  
And fresh with rivers, well did it become  
The ducal Owner, in his palace-home  
To naturalise this tawny Lion brood,  
Childien of Art, that claim strange brotherhood  
(Couched in their den) with those that roam at large  
Over the burning wilderness, and charge  
The wind with terror while they roar for food.  
Satiate are *these*, and stilled to eye and ear,  
Hence, while we gaze, a more enduring fear!  
Yet is the Prophet calm, nor would the cave  
Daunt him—if his Companions, now bedrowsed  
Outstretched and listless, were by hunger roused  
Man placed him here, and God, he knows, can save.

### XIX

#### THE AVON

##### A FEEDER OF THE ANNAN

AVON—a precious, an immortal name!  
Yet is it one that other rivulets bear  
Like this unheard-of, and their channels wear  
Like this contented, though unknown to Fame:  
For great and sacred is the modest claim  
Of Streams to Nature's love, where'er they flow;  
And ne'er did Genius slight them, as they go,  
Tree, flower, and green herb, feeding without blame  
But Praise can waste her voice on work of tears,  
Anguish, and death full oft where innocent blood  
Has mixed its current with the limpid flood,  
Her heaven-offending trophies Glory rears:  
Never for like distinction may the good  
Shrink from *thy* name, pure Rill, with unpleased ears

### XX

#### SUGGESTED BY A VIEW FROM AN EMINENCE IN INGLEWOOD FOREST<sup>1</sup>

THE forest huge of ancient Caledon  
Is but a name, no more is Inglewood,

<sup>1</sup> The extensive forest of Inglewood has been enclosed within my memory. I was well acquainted with it in its ancient state. The



## 532 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

That swept from hill to hill, from flood to flood ·  
 On her last thorn the nightly moon has shone ,  
 Yet still, though unappropriate Wild be none,  
 Fair parks spread wide where Adam Bell might deign  
 With Clym o' the Clough, were they alive again,  
 To kill for merry feast their venison  
 Nor wants the holy Abbot's gliding Shade  
 His church with monumental wreck bestrown ;  
 The feudal Warrior-chief, a Ghost unlaid,  
 Hath still his castle, though a skeleton,  
 That he may watch by night, and lessons con  
 Of power that perishes, and rights that fade

### XXI

#### HART'S-HORN TREE, NEAR PENRITH

HERE stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed  
 To his huge trunk, or, with more subtle art,  
 Among its withering topmost branches mixed,  
 The palmy antlers of a hunted Hart,  
 Whom the Dog Hercules pursued—his part  
 Each desperately sustaining, till at last  
 Both sank and died, the life-veins of the chased  
 And chaser bursting here with one dire smart  
 Mutual the victory, mutual the defeat !  
 High was the trophy hung with pitiless pride ,  
 Say, rather, with that generous sympathy  
 That wants not, even in rudest breasts, a seat ;  
 And, for this feeling's sake, let no one chide  
 Verse that would guard thy memory, HART'S-HORN TREE !

### XXII

#### FANCY AND TRADITION

THE Lovers took within this ancient grove  
 Their last embrace , beside those crystal springs  
 The Hermit saw the Angel spread his wings  
 For instant flight ; the Sage in yon alcove  
 Sate musing , on that hill the Bard would love,  
 Not mute, where now the linnet only sings  
 Thus everywhere to truth Tradition clings,

Hart's-horn tree mentioned in the next Sonnet was one of its remarkable objects, as well as another tree that grew upon an eminence not far from Penrith—it was single and conspicuous, and being of a round shape, though it was universally known to be a Sycamore, it was always called the "*Round Thorn*," so difficult is it to chain fancy down to fact.

## Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems 533

Or Fancy localises Powers we love.  
 Were only History licensed to take note  
 Of things gone by, her meagre monuments  
 Would ill suffice for persons and events  
 There is an ample page for man to quote,  
 A readier book of manifold contents,  
 Studied alike in palace and in cot

### XXIII

#### COUNTESS'S PILLAR <sup>1</sup>

WHILE the Pool gather round, till the end of time  
 May this bright flower of Charity display  
 Its bloom, unfolding at the appointed day ;  
 Flower than the loveliest of the vernal prime  
 Lovelier—transplanted from heaven's purest clime !  
 "Charity never faileth " on that creed,  
 More than on written testament or deed,  
 The pious Lady built with hope sublime  
 Alms on this stone to be dealt out, *for ever* !  
 "LAUS DEO" Many a Stranger passing by  
 Has with that Parting mixed a filial sigh,  
 Blest its humane Memorial's fond endeavour ;  
 And, fastening on those lines an eye tear-glazed,  
 Has ended, though no Clerk, with "God be praised !"

### XXIV

#### ROMAN ANTIQUITIES

##### FROM THE ROMAN STATION AT OLD PENRITH

How profitless the relics that we cull,  
 Troubling the last holds of ambitious Rome,  
 Unless they chasten fancies that presume  
 Too high, or idle agitations lull !  
 Of the world's flatteries if the brain be full,  
 To have no seat for thought were better doom,  
 Like this old helmet, or the eyeless skull  
 Of him who gloried in its nodding plume

<sup>1</sup> Suggested by the recollection of Julian's Bower and other traditions connected with this ancient forest

On the roadside between Penrith and Appleby, there stands a pillar with the following inscription —

"This Pillar was erected, in the year 1656, by Anne Countess Dowager of Pembroke, &c, for a memorial of her last parting with her pious mother, Margaret Countess Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1616, in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4*l* to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stone table placed hard by Laus Deo !"

## 534 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

Heaven out of view, our wishes what are they?  
 Our fond regrets tenacious in their grasp?  
 The Sage's theory? the Poet's lay?  
 Mere Fibulæ without a robe to clasp,  
 Obsolete lamps, whose light no time recalls,  
 Urns without ashes, tearless lacrymals!

### XXV

#### APOLOGY FOR THE FOREGOING POEMS

No more the end is sudden and abrupt,  
 Abrupt—as without preconceived design  
 Was the beginning, yet the several Lays  
 Have moved in order, to each other bound  
 By a continuous and acknowledged tie  
 Though unapparent—like those Shapes distinct  
 That yet survive ensculptured on the walls  
 Of palaces, or temples, 'mid the wreck  
 Of famed Persepolis, each following each,  
 As might beseech a stately embassy,  
 In set array, these bearing in their hands  
 Ensign of civil power, weapon of war,  
 Or gift to be presented at the throne  
 Of the Great King, and others, as they go  
 In priestly vest, with holy offerings charged,  
 Or leading victims diest for sacrifice  
 Nor will the Power we serve, that sacred Power,  
 The Spirit of humanity, disdain  
 A ministration humble but sincere,  
 That from a threshold loved by every Muse  
 Its impulse took—that sorrow-stricken doo,  
 Whence, as a current from its fountain-head,  
 Our thoughts have issued, and our feelings flowed,  
 Receiving, willingly or not, fresh strength  
 From kindred sources, while around us sighed  
 (Life's three first seasons having passed away)  
 Leaf-scattering winds, and hoar-frost sprinklings fell  
 (Foretaste of winter) on the moorland heights,  
 And every day brought with it tidings new  
 Of rash change, ominous for the public weal.  
 Hence, if dejection has too oft encroached  
 Upon that sweet and tender melancholy  
 Which may itself be cherished and caressed  
 More than enough, a fault so natural  
 (Even with the young, the hopeful, or the gay)  
 For prompt forgiveness will not sue in vain

XXVI

THE HIGHLAND BROACH <sup>1</sup>

IF to Tradition faith be due,  
 And echoes from old verse speak true,  
 Eie the meek Saint, Columba, bore  
 Glad tidings to Iona's shore,  
 No common light of nature blessed  
 The mountain region of the west,  
 A land where gentle manners ruled  
 O'er men in dauntless virtues schooled,  
 That raised, for centuries, a bar  
 Impervious to the tide of war  
 Yet peaceful Arts did entrance gain  
 Where haughty Force had striven in vain,  
 And, 'mid the works of skilful hands,  
 By wanderers brought from foreign lands  
 And various climes, was not unknown  
 The clasp that fixed the Roman Gown,  
 The Fibula, whose shape, I ween,  
 Still in the Highland Broach is seen,  
 The silver Broach of massy frame,  
 Worn at the breast of some grave Dame  
 On road or path, or at the door  
 Of fern-thatched hut on heathy moor.  
 But delicate of yore its mould,  
 And the material finest gold,  
 As might beseem the fairest Fair,  
 Whether she graced a royal chair,  
 Or shed, within a vaulted hall,  
 No fancied lustre on the wall  
 Where shields of mighty heroes hung,  
 While Fingal heard what Ossian sung.  
 The heroic Age expired—it slept  
 Deep in its tomb—the bramble crept  
 O'er Fingal's hearth, the grassy sod

<sup>1</sup> On ascending a hill that leads from Loch Awe towards Inverary, I fell into conversation with a woman of the humbler class who wore one of those Highland Broaches. I talked with her about it, and upon parting with her, when I said with a kindness I truly felt—"May that Broach continue in your family through many generations to come, as you have already possessed it"—she thanked me most becomingly, and seemed not a little moved. The exact resemblance which the old Broach (still in use, though rarely met with, among the Highlanders) bears to the Roman Fibula must strike every one, and concurs, with the plaid and kilt, to recall to mind the communication which the ancient Romans had with this remote country.

## 536 Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems

Grew on the floors his sons had trod  
 Malvina ! where art thou ? Their state  
 The noblest-born must abdicate ,  
 The fairest, while with fire and sword  
 Come Spoilers—horde impelling horde,  
 Must walk the sorrowing mountains, drest  
 By ruder hands in homelier vest  
 Yet still the female bosom lent,  
 And loved to borrow, ornament ,  
 Still was its inner world a place  
 Reached by the dews of heavenly grace ;  
 Still pity to this last retreat  
 Clove fondly , to his favourite seat  
 Love wound his way by soft approach,  
 Beneath a massier Highland Broach  
 When alternations came of rage  
 Yet fiercer, in a darker age ,  
 And feuds, where, clan encountering clan,  
 The weaker perished to a man ,  
 For maid and mother, when despair  
 Might else have triumphed, baffling prayer,  
 One small possession lacked not power,  
 Provided in a calmer hour,  
 To meet such need as might befall—  
 Roof, raiment, bread, or burial  
 For woman, even of tears bereft,  
 The hidden silver Broach was left  
 As generations come and go  
 Their arts, their customs, ebb and flow ,  
 Fate, fortune, sweep strong powers away,  
 And feeble, of themselves, decay ,  
 What poor abodes the hen-loom hide,  
 In which the castle once took pride !  
 Tokens, once kept as boasted wealth,  
 If saved at all, are saved by stealth.  
 Lo ! ships, from seas by nature barred,  
 Mount along ways by man prepared ,  
 And in far-stretching vales, whose streams  
 Seek other seas, their canvas gleams  
 Lo ! busy towns spring up, on coasts  
 Thronged yesterday by airy ghosts ;  
 Soon, like a lingering star forlorn  
 Among the novelties of morn,  
 While young delights on old encroach,  
 Will vanish the last Highland Broach.

But when, from out their viewless bed,  
Like vapours, years have rolled and spread,  
And this poor verse, and worthier lays,  
Shall yield no light of love or praise,  
Then, by the spade, or cleaving plough,  
Or torrent from the mountain's brow,  
Or whirlwind, reckless what his might  
Entombs, or forces into light,  
Blind Chance, a volunteer ally,  
That oft befriends Antiquity,  
And clears Oblivion from reproach,  
May render back the Highland Broach

DEVOTIONAL INCITEMENTS<sup>1</sup>

“Not to the earth confined,  
Ascend to heaven”

WHERE will they stop, those breathing Powers,  
The Spirits of the new-born flowers?  
They wander with the breeze, they wind  
Where'er the streams a passage find;  
Up from their native ground they rise  
In mute aerial harmonies,  
From humble violet—modest thyme—  
Exhaled, the essential odours clumb  
As if no space below the sky  
Their subtle flight could satisfy.  
Heaven will not tax our thoughts with pride  
If like ambition be *their* guide

Roused by this kindest of May-showers,  
The spirit-quickener of the flowers,  
That with moist virtue softly cleaves  
The buds, and freshens the young leaves,  
The birds pour forth their souls in notes  
Of rapture from a thousand throats—  
Here checked by too impetuous haste,  
While there the music runs to waste,  
With bounty more and more enlarged,  
Till the whole air is overcharged;  
Give ear, O Man<sup>1</sup> to their appeal  
And thirst for no inferior zeal,  
Thou, who canst *think*, as well as feel.

Mount from the earth, aspire<sup>1</sup> aspire!  
So pleads the town's cathedral quire,  
In strains that from their solemn height

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount



‘Calm is the Fragrant Air’ 539

That every day should leave some part  
Free for a sabbath of the heart  
So shall the seventh be truly blest,  
From morn to eve, with hallowed rest

(1832)

“CALM IS THE FRAGRANT AIR”

CALM is the fragrant air, and loth to lose  
Day's grateful warmth, tho' moist with falling dews  
Look for the stars, you'll say that there are none ;  
Look up a second time, and, one by one,  
You mark them twinkling out with silvery light,  
And wonder how they could elude the sight <sup>1</sup>  
The birds, of late so noisy in their bowers,  
Warbled a while with faint and fainter powers,  
But now are silent as the dim-seen flowers  
Nor does the village Church-clock's iron tone  
The time's and season's influence disown ,  
Nine beats distinctly to each other bound  
In drowsy sequence—how unlike the sound  
That, in rough winter, oft inflicts a fear  
On fireside listeners, doubting what they hear !  
The shepherd, bent on rising with the sun,  
Had closed his door before the day was done,  
And now with thankful heart to bed doth creep,  
And joins his little children in their sleep  
The bat, lured forth where trees the lane o'ershade,  
Flits and refits along the close arcade ,  
The busy dor-hawk chases the white moth  
With burring note, which Industry and Sloth  
Might both be pleased with, for it suits them both  
A stream is heard—I see it not, but know  
By its soft music whence the waters flow  
Wheels and the tread of hoofs are heard no more ,  
One boat there was, but it will touch the shore  
With the next dipping of its slackened oar ,  
Faint sound, that, for the gayest of the gay,  
Might give to serious thought a moment's sway,  
As a last token of man's toilsome day !

(1832) \*

RURAL ILLUSIONS <sup>1</sup>

SYLPH was it ? or a Bud more bright  
Than those of fabulous stock ?

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount. Observed a hundred times in the grounds there



# 540      Upon the late General Fast

A second darted by,—and lo !  
     Another of the flock,  
 Through sunshine flitting from the bough  
     To nestle in the rock.  
 Transient deception ! a gay freak  
     Of April's mimicsries !  
 Those brilliant strangers, hailed with joy  
     Among the budding trees,  
 Proved last year's leaves, pushed from the spray  
     To frolic on the breeze  
 Maternal Flora ! show thy face,  
     And let thy hand be seen,  
 Thy hand here sprinkling tiny flowers,  
     That, as they touch the green,  
 Take root (so seems it) and look up  
     In honour of their Queen  
 Yet, sooth, those little starry specks,  
     That not in vain aspired  
 To be confounded with live growths,  
     Most dainty, most admired,  
 Were only blossoms dropt from twigs  
     Of their own offspring tired  
 Not such the World's illusive shows,  
     *Her* wingless flutterings,  
 Her blossoms which, though shed, outbrave  
     The floweret as it springs,  
 For the undeceived, smile as they may,  
     Are melancholy things  
 But gentle Nature plays her part  
     With ever-varying wiles,  
 And transient feignings with plain truth  
     So well she reconciles,  
 That those fond Idlers most are pleased  
     Whom oftenest she beguiles

(1832)

## UPON THE LATE GENERAL FAST

MARCH 1832

RELUCTANT call it was, the rite delayed,  
 And in the Senate some there were who doffed  
 The last of their humanity, and scoffed  
 At providential judgments, undismayed  
 By their own daring      But the People prayed  
 As with one voice, their flinty heart grew soft  
 With penitential sorrow, and aloft

Their spirit mounted, crying, "God us aid!"  
 Oh that with aspirations more intense,  
 Chastised by self-abasement more profound,  
 This People, once so happy, so renowned  
 For liberty, would seek from God defence  
 Against far heavier ill, the pestilence  
 Of revolution, impiously unbound!

FILIAL PIETY

ON THE WAYSIDE BETWEEN PRESTON AND LIVERPOOL

UNTOUCHED through all severity of cold,  
 Inviolatè, whate'er the cottage hearth  
 Might need for comfort, or for festal mirth,  
 That Pile of Turf is half a century old  
 Yes, Traveller! fifty winters have been told  
 Since suddenly the dart of death went forth  
 'Gainst him who raised it,—his last work on earth  
 Thence has it, with the Son, so strong a hold  
 Upon his Father's memory, that his hands,  
 Through reverence, touch it only to repair  
 Its waste — Though crumbling with each breath of air,  
 In annual renovation thus it stands—  
 Rude Mausoleum! but wrens nestle there,  
 And red-breasts warble when sweet sounds are rare

(1832)

TO B R HAYDON, ON SEEING HIS PICTURE  
 OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE ON THE  
 ISLAND OF ST HELENA

HAYDON! let worthier judges praise the skill  
 Here by thy pencil shown in truth of lines  
 And charm of colours, / I applaud those signs  
 Of thought, that give the true poetic thrill  
 That unencumbered whole of blank and still  
 Sky without cloud—ocean without a wave,  
 And the one Man that laboured to enslave  
 The World, sole-standing high on the bare hill—  
 Back turned, arms folded, the unapparent face  
 Tinged, we may fancy, in this dreary place,  
 With light reflected from the invisible sun  
 Set, like his fortunes, but not set for aye  
 Like them The unguilty Power pursues his way,  
 And before *him* doth dawn perpetual run

(1832)

T 203

## A Wren's Nest

A WREN'S NEST<sup>1</sup>

AMONG the dwellings framed by birds  
In field or forest with nice care,  
Is none that with the little Wren's  
In snugness may compare  
No door the tenement requires,  
And seldom needs a laboured roof .  
Yet is it to the fiercest sun  
Impervious, and storm-proof.  
So warm, so beautiful withal,  
In perfect fitness for its aim,  
That to the Kind by special grace  
Their instinct surely came.  
And when for their abodes they seek  
An opportune recess,  
The hermit has no finer eye  
For shadowy quietness  
These find, 'mid ivied abbey-walls,  
A canopy in some still nook ,  
Others are pent-housed by a brae  
That overhangs a brook.  
There to the brooding bird her mate  
Waibles by fits his low clear song ,  
And by the busy streamlet both  
Are sung to all day long  
Or in sequestered lanes they build,  
Where, till the fitting bird's return,  
Her eggs within the nest repose,  
Like relics in an urn.  
But still, where general choice is good,  
There is a better and a best ,  
And, among fairest objects, some  
Are fairer than the rest ,  
This, one of those small builders proved  
In a green covert, where, from out  
The forehead of a pollard oak,  
The leafy antlers sprout ,  
For She who planned the mossy lodge,  
Mistrusting her evasive skill,  
Had to a Primrose looked for aid  
Her wishes to fulfil.

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount

High on the trunk's projecting brow,  
 And fixed an infant's span above  
 The budding flowers, peeped forth the nest  
 The prettiest of the grove !

The treasure proudly did I show  
 To some whose minds without disdain  
 Can turn to little things , but once  
 Looked up for it in vain

'Tis gone—a ruthless spoiler's prey,  
 Who heeds not beauty, love, or song,  
 'Tis gone ! (so seemed it) and we grieved  
 Indignant at the wrong

Just three days after, passing by  
 In clearer light the moss-built cell  
 I saw, espied its shaded mouth ;  
 And felt that all was well

The Primrose for a veil had spread  
 The largest of her upright leaves ,  
 And thus, for purposes benign,  
 A simple flower deceives.

Concealed from friends who might disturb  
 Thy quiet with no ill intent,  
 Secure from evil eyes and hands  
 On barbarous plunder bent,

Rest, Mother-bird ! and when thy young  
 Take flight, and thou art free to roam,  
 When withered is the guardian Flower,  
 And empty thy late home,

Think how ye prospered, thou and thine,  
 Amid the unviolated grove,  
 Housed near the growing Primrose-tuft  
 In foresight, or in love.

(1833)

# TO ———

UPON THE BIRTH OF HER FIRST-BORN CHILD,  
 MARCH 1833

“Tum pairo puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis  
 Navita, nudus humi jacet, etc ”—LUCRETIVS.

LIKE a shipwrecked Sailor tost  
 By rough waves on a perilous coast,  
 Lies the Babe, in helplessness  
 And in tenderest nakedness,

Flung by labouring nature forth  
 Upon the mercies of the earth  
 Can its eyes beseech?—no more  
 Than the hands are free to implore.  
 Voice but serves for one brief cry  
 Plant was it? or prophecy  
 Of sorrow that will surely come?  
 Omen of man's grievous doom!

But, O Mother! by the close  
 Duly granted to thy throes,  
 By the silent thanks, now tending  
 Incense-like to Heaven, descending  
 Now to mingle and to move  
 With the gush of earthly love,  
 As a debt to that frail Creature,  
 Instrument of struggling Nature  
 For the blissful calm, the peace  
 Known but to this *one* release—  
 Can the pitying spirit doubt  
 That for human-kind springs out  
 From the penalty a sense  
 Of more than mortal recompence?

As a floating summer cloud,  
 Though of gorgeous drapery proud,  
 To the sun-burnt traveller,  
 Or the stooping labourer,  
 Oft-times makes its bounty known  
 By its shadow round him thrown,  
 So, by chequerings of sad cheer,  
 Heavenly Guardians, brooding near,  
 Of their presence tell—too bright  
 Haply for corporeal sight!  
 Ministers of grace divine  
 Feelingly their brows incline  
 O'er this seeming Castaway  
 Breathing, in the light of day,  
 Something like the faintest breath  
 That has power to baffle death—  
 Beautiful, while very weakness  
 Captivates like passive meekness

And, sweet Mother! under warrant  
 Of the universal Parent,  
 Who repays in season due  
 Them who have, like thee, been true  
 To the filial chain let down

From his everlasting throne,  
 Angels hovering round thy couch,  
 With their softest whispers vouch,  
 That—whatever griefs may fret,  
 Cares entangle, sins beset,  
 This thy First-born, and with tears  
 Stain her cheek in future years—  
 Heavenly succour, not denied  
 To the babe, whate'er betide,  
 Will to the woman be supplied !  
     Mother ! blest be thy calm ease ,  
 Blest the starry promises,—  
 And the firmament benign  
 Hallowed be it, where they shine !  
 Yes, for them whose souls have scope  
 Ample for a wingèd hope,  
 And can earthward bend an ear  
 For needful listening, pledge is here,  
 That, if thy new-born Charge shall tread  
 In thy footsteps, and be led  
 By that other Guide, whose light  
 Of manly virtues, mildly bright,  
 Gave him first the wished-for part  
 In thy gentle virgin heart ,  
 Then, amid the storms of life  
 Presignified by that dread strife  
 Whence ye have escaped together,  
 She may look for serene weather ,  
 In all trials sure to find  
 Comfort for a faithful mind ;  
 Kindlier issues, holier rest,  
 Than even now await her prest,  
 Conscious Nursling, to thy breast !

THE WARNING<sup>1</sup>

## A SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

LIST, the winds of Maich are blowing ;  
 Her ground-flowers shrink, afraid of showing

<sup>1</sup> These lines were composed during the fever spread through the Nation by the Reform Bill. As the motives which led to this measure, and the good or evil which has attended or has risen from it, will be duly appreciated by future historians, there is no call for dwelling on the subject in this place. I will content myself with saying that the then condition of the people's mind is not, in these verses,

Their meek heads to the nipping air,  
 Which ye feel not, happy pair !  
 Sunk into a kindly sleep  
 We, meanwhile, our hope will keep ,  
 And if Time leagued with adverse Change  
 (Too busy fear !) shall cross its range,  
 Whatsoever check they bring,  
 Anxious duty hindering,  
 To like hope our prayers will cling

Thus, while the ruminating spirit feeds  
 Upon the events of home as life proceeds,  
 Affections pure and holy in their source  
 Gain a fresh impulse, run a livelier course ;  
 Hopes that within the Father's heart prevail,  
 Are in the experienced Grandsire's slow to fail ,  
 And if the harp pleased his gay youth, it rings  
 To his grave touch with no unready strings,  
 While thoughts press on, and feelings overflow,  
 And quick words round him fall like flakes of snow

Thanks to the Powers that yet maintain their sway,  
 And have renewed the tributary Lay  
 Truths of the heart flock in with eager pace,  
 And FANCY greets them with a fond embrace ;  
 Swift as the rising sun his beams extends  
 She shoots the tidings forth to distant friends ,  
 Their gifts she hails (deemed precious, as they prove  
 For the unconscious Babe so prompt a love !)—  
 But from this peaceful centre of delight  
 Vague sympathies have urged her to take flight .  
 Rapt into upper regions, like the bee  
 That sucks from mountain heath her honey fee ,  
 O!, like the warbling lark intent to shroud  
 His head in sunbeams or a bowery cloud,  
 She soars—and here and there her pinions rest  
 On proud towers, like this humble cottage, blest  
 With a new visitant, an infant guest—  
 Towers where red streamers flout the breezy sky  
 In pomp foreseen by her creative eye,  
 When feasts shall crowd the hall, and steeple bells  
 Glad proclamation make, and heights and dells  
 Catch the blithe music as it sinks and swells,  
 And harboured ships, whose pride is on the sea,  
 Shall hoist their topmost flags in sign of glee,  
 Honouring the hope of noble ancestry

But who (though neither reckoning ills assigned

By Nature, nor reviewing in the mind  
The track that was, and is, and must be, worn  
With weary feet by all of woman born)—  
Shall *now* by such a gift with joy be moved,  
Nor feel the fulness of that joy reproved?  
Not He, whose last faint memory will command  
The truth that Britain was his native land,  
Whose infant soul was tutored to confide  
In the cleansed faith for which her martyrs died;  
Whose boyish ear the voice of her renown  
With rapture thrilled, whose Youth revered the crown  
Of Saxon liberty that Alfred wore,  
Alfred, dear Babe, thy great Progenitor!  
—Not He, who from her mellowed practice drew  
His social sense of just, and fair, and true,  
And saw, thereafter, on the soil of France  
Rash Polity begin her maniac dance,  
Foundations broken up, the deeps run wild,  
Nor grieved to see (himself not unbegued)—  
Woke from the dream, the dreamer to upbraid,  
And learn how sanguine expectations fade  
When novel trusts by folly are betrayed,—  
To see Presumption, turning pale, refrain  
From further havoc, but repent in vain,—  
Good aims lie down, and perish in the road  
Where guilt had urged them on with ceaseless goad,  
Proofs thickening round her that on public ends  
Domestic virtue vitally depends,  
That civic strife can turn the happiest hearth  
Into a grievous sore of self-tormenting earth  
Can such a One, dear Babe! though glad and proud  
To welcome thee, repel the fears that crowd  
Into his English breast, and spare to quake  
Less for his own than for thy innocent sake?  
Too late—or, should the providence of God  
Lead, through dark ways by sin and sorrow trod,  
Justice and peace to a secure abode,  
Too soon—thou com'st into this breathing world,  
Ensigns of mimic outrage are unfurled  
Who shall preserve or prop the tottering Realm?  
What hand suffice to govern the state-helm?  
If, in the aims of men, the surest test  
Of good or bad (whate'er be sought for or profest,  
Lie in the means required, or ways ordained,  
For compassing the end, else never gained,



Yet governors and governed both are blind  
 To this plain truth, or fling it to the wind,  
 If to expedience principle must bow,  
 Past, future, shrinking up beneath the incumbent Now,  
 If cowardly concession still must feed  
 The thirst for power in men who ne'er concede,  
 Nor turn aside, unless to shape a way  
 For domination at some riper day,  
 If generous Loyalty must stand in awe  
 Of subtle Treason, in his mask of law,  
 Or with bravado insolent and hard,  
 Provoking punishment, to win reward,  
 If office help the factious to conspire,  
 And they who *should* extinguish, fan the fire—  
 Then, will the sceptre be a straw, the crown  
 Sit loosely, like the thistle's crest of down,  
 To be blown off at will, by Power that spares it  
 In cunning patience, from the head that wears it.

Lost people, trained to theoretic feud !  
 Lost above all, ye labouring multitude !  
 Bewildered whether ye, by slanderous tongues  
 Deceived, mistake calamities for wrongs,  
 And over fancied usurpations brood,  
 Oft snapping at revenge in sullen mood ;  
 Or, from long stress of real injuries, fly  
 To desperation for a remedy ;  
 In bursts of outrage spread your judgments wide,  
 And to your wrath cry out, " Be thou our guide,"  
 Or, bound by oaths, come forth to tread earth's floor  
 In marshalled thousands, darkening street and moor  
 With the worst shape mock-patience ever wore,  
 Or, to the giddy top of self-esteem  
 By Flatterers carried, mount into a dream  
 Of boundless suffrage, at whose sage behest  
 Justice shall rule, disorder be suppress,  
 And every man sit down as Plenty's Guest !  
 —Oh for a bridle bitted with remorse  
 To stop your Leaders in their headstrong course !  
 Oh may the Almighty scatter with his grace  
 These mists, and lead you to a safer place,  
 By paths no human wisdom can foretrace !  
 May He pour round you, from worlds far above  
 Man's feverish passions, his pure light of love,  
 That quietly restores the natural mien  
 To hope, and makes truth willing to be seen !

*Else* shall your blood-stained hands in frenzy reap  
 Fields gaily sown when promises were cheap.—  
 Why is the Past belied with wicked art,  
 The Future made to play so false a part,  
 Among a people famed for strength of mind,  
 Foremost in freedom, noblest of mankind?  
 We act as if we joyed in the sad tune  
 Storms make in rising, valued in the moon  
 Nought but her changes Thus, ungrateful Nation!  
 If thou persist, and scorning moderation,  
 Spread for thyself the snares of tribulation,  
 Whom, then, shall meekness guard? What saving skill  
 Lie in forbearance, strength in standing still?  
 —Soon shall the widow (for the speed of Time  
 Nought equals when the hours are winged with crime)  
 Widow, or wife, implore on tremulous knee,  
 From him who judged her lord, a like decree;  
 The skies will weep o'er old men desolate.  
 Ye little-ones! Earth shudders at your fate,  
 Outcasts and homeless orphans——

But turn, my Soul, and from the sleeping pair  
 Learn thou the beauty of omniscient care!  
 Be strong in faith, bid anxious thoughts lie still,  
 Seek for the good and cherish it—the ill  
 Oppose, or bear with a submissive will

(1833)

"IF THIS GREAT WORLD OF JOY AND PAIN"

If this great world of joy and pain  
 Revolve in one sure track,  
 If freedom, set, will rise again,  
 And virtue, flown, come back,  
 Woe to the purblind crew who fill  
 The heart with each day's care,  
 Nor gain, from past or future, skill  
 'To bear, and to forbear!

(1833)

ON A HIGH PART OF THE COAST OF  
 CUMBERLAND<sup>1</sup>

Easter Sunday, April 7

THE AUTHOR'S SIXTY-THIRD BIRTHDAY

THE Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire,  
 Flung back from distant climes a streaming fire,

<sup>1</sup> Composed on the road between Moresby and Whitehaven

Whose blaze is now subdued to tender gleams,  
 Prelude of night's approach with soothing dreams  
 Look round,—of all the clouds not one is moving,  
 'Tis the still hour of thinking, feeling, loving  
 Silent, and stedfast as the vaulted sky,  
 The boundless plain of waters seems to lie —  
 Comes that low sound from breezes rustling o'er  
 The grass-crowned headland that conceals the shore?  
 No, 'tis the earth-voice of the mighty sea,  
 Whispering how meek and gentle he *can* be !

Thou Power supreme ! who, arming to rebuke  
 Offenders, dost put off the gracious look,  
 And clothe thyself with terrors like the flood  
 Of ocean roused into its fiercest mood,  
 Whatever discipline thy Will ordain  
 For the brief course that must for me remain,  
 Teach me with quick-eared spirit to rejoice  
 In admonitions of thy softest voice !  
 Whate'er the path these mortal feet may trace,  
 Breathe through my soul the blessing of thy grace,  
 Glad, through a perfect love, a faith sincere  
 Drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear,  
 Glad to expand, and, for a season, free  
 From finite cares, to rest absorbed in Thee !

(1833)

## (BY THE SEASIDE)

THE sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest,  
 And the wild storm hath somewhere found a nest,  
 Air slumbers—wave with wave no longer strives  
 Only a heaving of the deep survives,  
 A tell-tale motion ! soon will it be laid,  
 And by the tide alone the water swayed  
 Stealthy withdrawals, interminglings mild  
 Of light with shade in beauty reconciled—  
 Such is the prospect far as sight can range,  
 The soothing recompence, the welcome change.  
 Where, now, the ships that drove before the blast,  
 Threatened by angry breakers as they passed ;  
 And by a train of flying clouds bemocked ;  
 Or, in the hollow surge, at anchor locked  
 As on a bed of death ? Some lodge in peace,  
 Saved by His care who bade the tempest cease ;  
 And some, too heedless of past danger, court  
 Fresh gales to waft them to the far-off port,

But near, or hanging sea and sky between,  
 Not one of all those wingèd powers is seen,  
 Seen in her course, nor 'mid this quiet heard,  
 Yet oh ! how gladly would the air be stirred  
 By some acknowledgment of thanks and praise,  
 Soft in its temper as those vesper lays  
 Sung to the Virgin while accordant oars  
 Urge the slow bark along Calabrian shores,  
 A sea-born service through the mountains felt,  
 Till into one loved vision all things melt  
 Or like those hymns that soothe with graver sound  
 The gulfy coast of Norway iron-bound,  
 And, from the wide and open Baltic, rise  
 With punctual care, Lutheran harmonies  
 Hush, not a voice is here ! but why repine,  
 Now when the star of eve comes forth to shine  
 On British waters with that look benign ?  
 Ye mariners, that plough your onward way,  
 Or in the haven rest, or sheltering bay,  
 May silent thanks at least to God be given  
 With a full heart, "our thoughts are *heard* in heaven"  
 (1833)

## POEMS

COMPOSED OR SUGGESTED DURING A TOUR IN  
 THE SUMMER OF 1833

## I

"ADIEU, RYDALIAN LAURELS !"

ADIEU, Rydalian Laurels ! that have grown  
 And spread as if ye knew that days might come  
 When ye would shelter in a happy home,  
 On this fair Mount, a Poet of your own,  
 One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown  
 To sue the God, but, haunting your green shade  
 All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid  
 Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown  
 Farewell ! no Minstrels now with harp new-strung  
 For summer wandering quit their household bowers,  
 Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue  
 To cheer the Itinerant on whom she pours  
 Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,  
 Or musing sits forsaken halls among

“WHY SHOULD THE ENTHUSIAST”

WHY should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle,  
 Repine as if his hour were come too late?  
 Not unprotected in her mouldering state,  
 Antiquity salutes him with a smile,  
 'Mid fruitful fields that ring with jocund toil,  
 And pleasure-grounds where Taste, refined Co-mate  
 Of Truth and Beauty, strives to imitate,  
 Far as she may, primeval Nature's style  
 Fair land! by Time's parental love made free,  
 By Social Order's watchful arms embraced,  
 With unexampled union meet in thee,  
 For eye and mind, the present and the past;  
 With golden prospect for futurity,  
 If that be revered which ought to last

III

“THEY CALLED THEE MERRY ENGLAND”

THEY called Thee MERRY ENGLAND, in old time,  
 A happy people won for thee that name  
 With envy heard in many a distant clime,  
 And, spite of change, for me thou keep'st the same  
 Endearing title, a responsive chime  
 To the heart's fond belief, though some there are  
 Whose sterner judgments deem that word a snare  
 For inattentive Fancy, like the lime  
 Which foolish birds are caught with Can, I ask,  
 This face of rural beauty be a mask  
 For discontent, and poverty, and crime,  
 These spreading towns a cloak for lawless will?  
 Forbid it, Heaven!—and MERRY ENGLAND still  
 Shall be thy rightful name, in prose and rhyme!

IV

TO THE RIVER GRETA, NEAR KESWICK

GRETA, what fearful listening! when huge stones  
 Rumble along thy bed, block after block  
 Or, whirling with reiterated shock,  
 Combat, while darkness aggravates the groans.  
 But if thou (like Cocytus from the moans  
 Heard on his rueful margin) thence wert named  
 The Mourner, thy true nature was defamed,  
 And the habitual murmur that atones  
 For thy worst rage, forgotten Oft as Spring

Decks, on thy sinuous banks, her thousand thrones  
 Seats of glad instinct and love's carolling,  
 The concert, for the happy, then may vie  
 With liveliest peals of birth-day harmony ·  
 To a grieved heart, the notes are benisons

## V

## TO THE RIVER DERWENT

AMONG the mountains were we nursed, loved Stream,  
 Thou near the eagle's nest—within brief sail,  
 I, of his bold wing floating on the gale,  
 Where thy deep voice could lull me ! Faint the beam  
 Of human life when first allowed to gleam  
 On mortal notice.—Glory of the vale,  
 Such thy meek outset, with a crown, though frail,  
 Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam  
 Of thy soft breath !—Less vivid wreath entwined  
 Nemæan victor's brow, less bright was worn,  
 Meed of some Roman chief—in triumph borne  
 With captives chained, and shedding from his car  
 The sunset splendours of a finished war  
 Upon the proud enslavers of mankind !  
 (1819)

## VI

## IN SIGHT OF THE TOWN OF COCKERMOUTH

Where the Author was born, and his Father's remains are laid  
 A POINT of life between my Parent's dust,  
 And yours, my buried Little-ones ! am I,  
 And to those graves looking habitually  
 In kindred quiet I repose my trust  
 Death to the innocent is more than just,  
 And, to the sinner, mercifully bent,  
 So may I hope, if truly I repent  
 And meekly bear the ills which bear I must  
 And You, my Offspring ! that do still remain,  
 Yet may outstrip me in the appointed race,  
 If e'er, through fault of mine, in mutual pain  
 We breathed together for a moment's space,  
 The wrong, by love provoked, let love arraign,  
 And only love keep in your hearts a place

## VII

## ADDRESS FROM THE SPIRIT OF COCKERMOUTH CASTLE

"THOU look'st upon me, and dost fondly think,  
 Poet ! that, stricken as both are by years,

We, differing once so much, are now Compeers,  
 Prepared, when each has stood his time, to sink  
 Into the dust Erewhile a sterner link  
 United us, when thou, in boyish play,  
 Entering my dungeon, didst become a prey  
 To soul-appalling darkness. Not a blink  
 Of light was there,—and thus did I, thy Tutor,  
 Make thy young thoughts acquainted with the grave,  
 While thou wert chasing the winged butterfly  
 Through my green courts, or climbing, a bold suitor,  
 Up to the flowers whose golden progeny  
 Still round my shattered brow in beauty wave.”

## VIII

## NUN'S WELL, BRIGHAM

THE cattle crowding round this beverage clear  
 To slake their thirst, with reckless hoofs have trod  
 The encircling turf into a barren clod,  
 Through which the waters creep, then disappear,  
 Born to be lost in Derwent flowing near,  
 Yet, o'er the brink, and round the limestone cell  
 Of the pure spring (they call it the “Nun's Well,”  
 Name that first struck by chance my startled ear)  
 A tender Spirit broods—the pensive Shade  
 Of ritual honours to this Fountain paid  
 By hooded Votaresses with saintly cheer,  
 Albeit oft the Virgin-mother mild  
 Looked down with pity upon eyes beguiled  
 Into the shedding of “too soft a tear”

## IX

## TO A FRIEND

## ON THE BANKS OF THE DERWENT

PASTOR and Patriot!—at whose bidding rise  
 These modest walls, amid a flock that need,  
 For one who comes to watch them and to feed,  
 A fixed Abode—keep down presageful sighs  
 Threats, which the unthinking only can despise,  
 Perplex the Church, but be thou firm,—be true  
 To thy first hope, and this good work pursue,  
 Poor as thou art A welcome sacrifice  
 Dost Thou prepare, whose sign will be the smoke  
 Of thy new hearth and sooner shall its wreaths,  
 Mounting while earth her morning incense breathes,  
 From wandering fiends of air receive a yoke,

And straightway cease to aspire, than God disdain  
This humble tribute as ill-timed or vain

## X

## MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS

LANDING AT THE MOUTH OF THE DERWENT, WORKINGTON

DEAR to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed,  
The Queen drew back the wimple that she wore,  
And to the throng, that on the Cumbrian shore  
Her landing hailed, how touchingly she bowed !  
And like a Star (that, from a heavy cloud  
Of pine-tree foliage poised in air, forth darts,  
When a soft summer gale at evening parts  
The gloom that did its loveliness enshroud)  
She smiled, but Time, the old Saturnian seer,  
Sighed on the wing as her foot pressed the strand,  
With step prelusive to a long array  
Of woes and degradations hand in hand—  
Weeping captivity, and shuddering fear  
Sullied by the ensanguined block of Fotheringay !

## XI

STANZAS SUGGESTED IN A STEAMBOAT OFF SAINT BEE,  
HEAD, ON THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND

IF Life were slumber on a bed of down,  
Toil unimposed, vicissitude unknown,  
Sad were our lot no hunter of the hare  
Exults like him whose javelin from the lair  
Has roused the lion ; no one plucks the rose,  
Whose proffered beauty in safe shelter blows  
'Mid a trim garden's summer luxuries,  
With joy like his who climbs, on hands and knees,  
For some rare plant, yon Headland of St Bees.

This independence upon oar and sail,  
This new indifference to breeze or gale,  
This straight-lined progress, furrowing a flat lea,  
And regular as if locked in certainty—  
Depress the hours. Up, Spuit of the storm !  
That Courage may find something to perform,  
That Fortitude, whose blood disdains to freeze  
At Danger's bidding, may confront the seas,  
Firm as the towering Headlands of St Bees  
Dread cliff of Baruth ! *that* wild wish may sleep  
Bold as if men and creatures of the Deep



Breathed the same element ; too many wrecks  
 Have struck thy sides, too many ghastly decks  
 Hast thou looked down upon, that such a thought  
 Should here be welcome, and in verse enwrought .  
 With thy stern aspect better far agrees  
 Utterance of thanks that we have past with ease,  
 As millions thus shall do, the Headlands of St Bees.

Yet, while each useful Art augments her store,  
 What boots the gain if Nature should lose more ?  
 And Wisdom, as she holds a Christian place  
 In man's intelligence sublimed by grace ?  
 When Bega sought of yore the Cumbrian coast,  
 Tempestuous winds her holy errand crossed  
 She knelt in prayer—the waves their wrath appease ;  
 And, from her vow well weighed in Heaven's decrees,  
 Rose, where she touched the strand, the Chantry of St Bees

“ Cruel of heart were they, bloody of hand,”  
 Who in these Wilds then struggled for command ,  
 The strong were merciless, without hope the weak ,  
 Till this bright Stranger came, fair as daybreak,  
 And as a cresset true that darts its length  
 Of beamy lustre from a tower of strength ,  
 Guiding the mariner through troubled seas,  
 And cheering oft his peaceful reveries,  
 Like the fixed Light that crowns yon Headland of St. Bees

To aid the Votress, miracles believed  
 Wrought in men's minds, like miracles achieved ,  
 So piety took root , and Song might tell  
 What humanising virtues near her cell  
 Sprang up, and spread their fragrance wide around ,  
 How savage bosoms melted at the sound  
 Of gospel-truth enchained in harmonies  
 Wafted o'er waves, or creeping through close trees,  
 From her religious Mansion of St Bees

When her sweet Voice, that instrument of love,  
 Was glorified, and took its place, above  
 The silent stars, among the angelic quire,  
 Her chantry blazed with sacrilegious fire,  
 And perished utterly , but her good deeds  
 Had sown the spot, that witnessed them, with seeds  
 Which lay in earth expectant, till a breeze  
 With quickening impulse answered their mute pleas,  
 And lo ! a *statelier* pile, the Abbey of St Bees.

There are the naked clothed, the hungry fed ,  
 And Charity extendeth to the dead  
 Her intercessions made for the soul's rest  
 Of tardy penitents , or for the best  
 Among the good (when love might else have slept,  
 Sickened, or died) in pious memory kept  
 Thanks to the austere and simple Devotees,  
 Who, to that service bound by venial fees,  
 Keep watch before the altars of St Bees

Are not, in sooth, then Requiem's sacred ties  
 Woven out of passion's sharpest agonies,  
 Subdued, composed, and formalised by art,  
 To fix a wiser sorrow in the heart ?  
 The prayer for them whose hour is past away  
 Says to the Living, profit while ye may !  
 A little part, and that the worst, he sees  
 Who thinks that priestly cunning holds the keys  
 That best unlock the secrets of St Bees

Conscience, the timid being's inmost light,  
 Hope of the dawn and solace of the night,  
 Cheers these Recluses with a steady ray  
 In many an hour when judgment goes astray  
 Ah ! scorn not hastily their rule who try  
 Earth to despise, and flesh to mortify ,  
 Consume with zeal, in wingèd ecstasies  
 Of prayer and praise forget their rosaries,  
 Nor hear the loudest surges of St Bees

Yet none so prompt to succour and protect  
 The forlorn traveller, or sailor wrecked  
 On the bare coast , nor do they grudge the boon  
 Which staff and cockle hat and sandal shoon  
 Claim for the pilgrim and, though chidings sharp  
 May sometimes greet the strolling minstrel's harp,  
 It is not then when, swept with sportive ease,  
 It charms a feast-day throng of all degrees,  
 Brightening the archway of revered St Bees.

How did the cliffs and echoing hills rejoice  
 What time the Benedictine Brethren's voice,  
 Imploring, or commanding with meet pride,  
 Summoned the Chiefs to lay their feuds aside,  
 And under one blest ensign serve the Lord  
 In Palestine Advance, indignant Sword !  
 Flaming till thou from Panyon hands release

That Tomb, dread centre of all sanctities  
Nursed in the quiet Abbey of St Bees

But look we now to them whose minds from far  
Follow the fortunes which they may not share  
While in Judea Fancy loves to roam,  
She helps to make a Holy-land at home  
The Star of Bethlehem from its sphere invites  
To sound the crystal depth of maiden rights,  
And wedded Life, through scriptural mysteries,  
Heavenward ascends with all her charities,  
Taught by the hooded Celibates of St Bees

Nor be it e'er forgotten how, by skill  
Of cloistered Architects, free their souls to fill  
With love of God, throughout the Land were raised  
Churches, on whose symbolic beauty gazed  
Peasant and mail-clad Chief with pious awe,  
As at this day men seeing what they saw,  
Or the bare wreck of faith's solemnities,  
Aspire to more than earthly destinies,  
Witness yon Pile that greets us from St Bees

Yet more, around those Churches, gathered Towns .  
Safe from the feudal Castle's haughty frowns,  
Peaceful abodes, where Justice might uphold  
Her scales with even hand, and culture mould  
The heart to pity, train the mind in care  
For rules of life, sound as the Time could bear.  
Nor dost thou fail, thro' abject love of ease,  
Or hindrance raised by sordid purposes,  
To bear thy part in this good work, St Bees

Who with the ploughshare clove the barren moors,  
And to green meadows changed the swampy shores?  
Thinned the rank woods; and for the cheerful grange  
Made room, where wolf and boar were used to range?  
Who taught, and showed by deeds, that gentler chains  
Should bind the vassal to his lord's domains?—  
The thoughtful Monks, intent their God to please,  
For Christ's dear sake, by human sympathies  
Poured from the bosom of thy Church, St Bees!

But all availed not, by a mandate given  
Through lawless will the Brotherhood was driven  
Forth from their cells, their ancient House laid low  
In Reformation's sweeping overthrow.

But now once more the local Heart revives,  
 The inextinguishable Spirit strives.  
 Oh may that Power who hushed the stormy seas,  
 And cleared a way for the first Votaries,  
 Prosper the new-born College of St Bees !

Alas ! the Genius of our age, from Schools  
 Less humble, draws her lessons, aims, and rules.  
 To Prowess guided by her insight keen  
 Matter and Spirit are as one Machine ,  
 Boastful Idolatress of formal skill  
 She in her own would merge the eternal will .  
 Better, if Reason's triumphs match with these,  
 Her flight before the bold credulities  
 That furthered the first teaching of St. Bees.

## XII

IN THE CHANNEL, BETWEEN THE COAST OF CUMBERLAND  
 AND THE ISLE OF MAN

RANGING the heights of Scawfell or Blackcomb,  
 In his lone course the Shepherd oft will pause,  
 And strive to fathom the mysterious laws  
 By which the clouds, arrayed in light or gloom,  
 On Mona settle, and the shapes assume  
 Of all her peaks and ridges What he draws  
 From sense, faith, reason, fancy, of the cause,  
 He will take with him to the silent tomb  
 Or, by his fire, a child upon his knee,  
 Haply the untaught Philosopher may speak  
 Of the strange sight, nor hide his theory  
 That satisfies the simple and the meek,  
 Blest in their pious ignorance, though weak  
 To cope with Sages undevoutly free

## XIII

AT SEA OFF THE ISLE OF MAN

BOLD words affirmed, in days when faith was strong  
 And doubts and scruples seldom teased the brain,  
 That no adventurer's bark had power to gain  
 These shores if he approached them bent on wrong ,  
 For, suddenly up-conjured from the Main,  
 Mists rose to hide the Land—that search, though long  
 And eager, might be still pursued in vain.  
 O Fancy, what an age was *that* for song !  
 That age, when not by *laws* inanimate,  
 As men believed, the waters were impelled,

The air controlled, the stars their courses held ;  
 But element and orb on *acts* did wait  
 Of *Powers* endued with visible form, instinct  
 With will, and to their work by passion linked

## XIV

“DESIRE WE PAST ILLUSIONS TO RECALL ?”

DESIRE we past illusions to recall ?  
 To reinstate wild Fancy, would we hide  
 Truths whose thick veil Science has drawn aside ?  
 No,—let this Age, high as she may, instal  
 In her esteem the thirst that wrought man's fall,  
 The universe is infinitely wide,  
 And conquering Reason, if self-glorified,  
 Can nowhere move uncrossed by some new wall  
 Or gulf of mystery, which thou alone,  
 Imaginative Faith ! canst overleap,  
 In progress toward the fount of Love,—the throne  
 Of Power whose ministers the records keep  
 Of periods fixed, and laws established, less  
 Flesh to exalt than prove its nothingness

## XV

ON ENTERING DOUGLAS BAY, ISLE OF MAN

“Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori”

THE feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn,  
 Even when they rose to check or to repel  
 Tides of aggressive war, oft served as well  
 Greedy ambition, armed to treat with scorn  
 Just limits, but yon Tower, whose smiles adorn  
 This perilous bay, stands clear of all offence,  
 Blest work it is of love and innocence,  
 A Tower of refuge built for the else forlorn.  
 Spare it, ye waves, and lift the mariner,  
 Struggling for life, into its saving arms !  
 Spare, too, the human helpers ! Do they stir  
 'Mid your fierce shock like men afraid to die ?  
 No, their dread service nerves the heart it warms,  
 And they are led by noble HILLARY.

## XVI

BY THE SEASHORE, ISLE OF MAN

WHY stand we gazing on the sparkling Bine,  
 With wonder smit by its transparency,  
 And all-enraptured with its purity ?—  
 Because the unstained, the clear, the crystalline,

Have ever in them something of benign,  
 Whether in gem, in water, or in sky,  
 A sleeping infant's brow, or wakeful eye  
 Of a young maiden, only not divine  
 Scarcely the hand forbears to dip its palm  
 For beverage drawn as from a mountain-well;  
 Temptation centres in the liquid Calm,  
 Our daily raiment seems no obstacle  
 To instantaneous plunging in, deep Sea!<sup>1</sup>  
 And revelling in long embrace with thee<sup>1</sup>

## XVII

ISLE OF MAN<sup>2</sup>

A YOUTH too certain of his power to wade  
 On the smooth bottom of this clear bright sea,  
 To sight so shallow, with a bather's glee  
 Leapt from this rock, and but for timely aid  
 He, by the alluring element betrayed,  
 Had perished. Then might Sea-nymphs (and with sighs  
 Of self-reproach) have chanted elegies  
 Bewailing his sad fate, when he was laid  
 In peaceful earth for, doubtless, he was frank,  
 Utterly in himself devoid of guile,  
 Knew not the double-dealing of a smile,  
 Nor aught that makes men's promises a blank,  
 Or deadly snare and He survives to bless  
 The Power that saved him in his strange distress

## XVIII

## ISLE OF MAN

DID pangs of grief for loment time too keen,  
 Grief that devouring waves had caused, or guilt  
 Which they had witnessed—sway the man who built  
 This Homestead, placed where nothing could be seen,  
 Nought heard, of ocean troubled or serene?  
 A tried Ship-soldier on paternal land,  
 That o'er the channel holds august command,  
 The dwelling raised,—a veteran Marine.  
 He, in disgust, turned from the neighbouring sea  
 To shun the memory of a listless life

<sup>1</sup> The sea-water on the coast of the Isle of Man is singularly pure and beautiful

<sup>2</sup> My son William is here the person alluded to as saving the life of the youth, and the circumstances were as mentioned in the Sonnet

That hung between two callings    May no strife  
More hurtful here beset him, doomed though free,  
Self-doomed, to worse inaction, till his eye  
Shrink from the daily sight of earth and sky !

XIX<sup>1</sup>

(BY A RETIRED MARINER, H H)

## XX

AT BALA-SALA, ISLE OF MAN<sup>2</sup>

BROKEN in fortune, but in mind entire  
And sound in principle, I seek repose  
Where ancient trees this convent-pile enclose,  
In ruin beautiful    When vain desire  
Intrudes on peace, I pray the eternal Sire  
To cast a soul-subduing shade on me,  
A grey-haned, pensive, thankful Refugee ,  
A shade—but with some sparks of heavenly fire  
Once to these cells vouchsafed    And when I note  
The old Tower's brow yellowed as with the beams  
Of sunset ever there, albeit streams  
Of stormy weather-stains that semblance wrought,  
I thank the silent Monitor, and say  
"Shine so, my aged brow, at all hours of the day !"

## XXI

TYNWALD HILL<sup>3</sup>

ONCE on the top of Tynwald's formal mound  
(Still marked with green turf circles narrowing  
Stage above stage) would sit this Island's King,  
The laws to promulgate, enrobed and crowned .  
While, compassing the little mount around,  
Degrees and Orders stood, each under each  
Now, like to things within fate's easiest reach  
The power is merged, the pomp a grave has found

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix C, p 696<sup>2</sup> Supposed to be written by a friend (Mr. Cookson) who died there a few years after<sup>3</sup> Mr Robinson and I walked the greater part of the way from Castle-town to Piel, and stopped some time at Tynwald Hill. One of my companions was an elderly man, who in a muddy way (for he was tipsy) explained and answered, as far as he could, my enquiries about this place and the ceremonies held here

Off with yon cloud, old Snafell<sup>1</sup> that thine eye  
 Over three Realms may take its widest range,  
 And let, for them, thy fountains utter strange  
 Voices, thy winds break forth in prophecy,  
 If the whole State must suffer mortal change  
 Like Mona's miniature of sovereignty.

## XXII

DESPOND who will—I heard a voice exclaim,  
 “Though fierce the assault, and shattered the defence,  
 It cannot be that Britain's social frame,  
 The glorious work of time and providence,  
 Before a flying season's rash pretence,  
 Should fall, that She, whose virtue put to shame,  
 When Europe prostrate lay, the Conqueror's aim,  
 Should perish, self-subverted Black and dense  
 The cloud is, but brings *that* a day of doom  
 To Liberty? Her sun is up the while,  
 That orb whose beams round Saxon Alfred shone.  
 Then laugh, ye innocent Vales! ye Streams, sweep on,  
 Nor let one billow of our heaven-blest Isle  
 Toss in the fanning wind a humbler plume”

## XXIII

IN THE FRITH OF CLYDE, AILSA CRAG<sup>1</sup>  
 DURING AN ECLIPSE OF THE SUN, JULY 17

SINCE risen from ocean, ocean to defy,  
 Appealed the crag of Ailsa, ne'er did morn  
 With gleaming lights more gracefully adorn  
 His sides, or wreath with mist his forehead high  
 Now, faintly darkening with the sun's eclipse,  
 Still is he seen, in lone sublimity,  
 Towering above the sea and little ships,  
 For dwarfs the tallest seem while sailing by,  
 Each for her haven, with her freight of Care,  
 Pleasure, or Grief, and Toil that seldom looks

<sup>1</sup> The morning of the eclipse was exquisitely beautiful while we passed the Crag as described in the Sonnet. On the deck of the steam-boat were several persons of the poor and labouring class, and I could not but be struck by their cheerful talk with each other, while not one of them seemed to notice the magnificent objects with which we were surrounded, and even the phenomenon of the eclipse attracted but little of their attention.



Into the secret of to-morrow's fare ;  
 Though poor, yet rich, without the wealth of books,  
 Or aught that watchful Love to Nature owes  
 For her mute Powers, fixed Forms, or transient Shows

## XXIV

ON THE FRITH OF CLYDE<sup>1</sup>

## IN A STEAMBOAT

ARRAN<sup>1</sup> a single-crested Teneriffe,  
 A St Helena next—in shape and hue,  
 Varying her crowded peaks and ridges blue ;  
 Who but must covet a cloud-seat, or skiff  
 Built for the air, or wingèd Hippogriff ?  
 That he might fly, where no one could pursue,  
 From this dull Monster and her sooty crew ,  
 And, as a God, light on thy topmost cliff  
 Impotent wish ! which reason would despise  
 If the mind knew no union of extremes,  
 No natural bond between the boldest schemes,  
 Ambition frames, and heart-humilities  
 Beneath stern mountains many a soft vale lies,  
 And lofty springs give birth to lowly streams.

## XXV

## ON REVISITING DUNOLLY CASTLE

THE captive Bird was gone,—to cliff or moor  
 Perchance had flown, delivered by the storm ,  
 Or he had pined, and sunk to feed the worm .  
 Him found we not but, climbing, a tall tower,  
 There saw, impaved with rude fidelity  
 Of art mosaic, in a roofless floor,  
 An Eagle with stretched wings, but beamless eye—  
 An Eagle that could neither wail nor soar  
 Effigy of the Vanished—(shall I dare  
 To call thee so?) or symbol of fierce deeds  
 And of the towering courage which past times  
 Rejoiced in—take, whate'er thou be, a share,  
 Not undeserved, of the memorial rhymes  
 That animate my way where'er it leads !

<sup>1</sup> The mountain outline on the north of this island, as seen from the Frith of Clyde, is much the finest I have ever noticed in Scotland or elsewhere.

## XXVI

## THE DUNOLLY EAGLE

NOT to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew;  
 But when a storm, on sea or mountain bred,  
 Came and delivered him, alone he sped  
 Into the castle-dungeon's darkest mew  
 Now, near his master's house in open view  
 He dwells, and hears indignant tempests howl,  
 Kennelled and chained Ye tame domestic fowl,  
 Beware of him! Thou, saucy cockatoo,  
 Look to thy plumage and thy life!—The roe,  
 Fleet as the west wind, is for *him* no quarry,  
 Balanced in ether he will never tarry,  
 Eyeing the sea's blue depths Poor Bird! even so  
 Doth man of brother man a creature make  
 That clings to slavery for its own sad sake

## XXVII

WRITTEN IN A BLANK LEAF OF MACPHERSON'S OSSIAN<sup>1</sup>

oft have I caught, upon a fitful breeze,  
 Fragments of far-off melodies,  
 With ear not coveting the whole,  
 A part so charmed the pensive soul.  
 While a dark storm before my sight  
 Was yielding, on a mountain height  
 Loose vapours have I watched, that won  
 Prismatic colours from the sun,  
 Nor felt a wish that heaven would show  
 The image of its perfect bow  
 What need, then, of these finished Strains?  
 Away with counterfeit Remains!  
 An abbey in its lone recess,  
 A temple of the wilderness,  
 Wiecks though they be, announce with feeling  
 The majesty of honest dealing  
 Spirit of Ossian! if imbound  
 In language thou may'st yet be found,  
 If aught (intrusted to the pen  
 Or floating on the tongues of men,

<sup>1</sup> The verses—

“Or strayed

From hope and promise, self-betrayed,”

were, I am sorry to say, suggested from apprehensions of the fate of my friend, H. C., the subject of the verses addressed to “H. C. when six years old.” The piece to “Memory” arose out of similar feelings

Albeit shattered and impaired)  
 Subsist thy dignity to guard,  
 In concert with memorial claim  
 Of old grey stone, and high-born name  
 That cleaves to rock or pillared cave  
 Where moans the blast, or beats the wave,  
 Let Truth, stern arbitress of all,  
 Interpret that Original,  
 And for presumptuous wrongs atone,—  
 Authentic words be given, or none !  
 Time is not blind,—yet He, who spares  
 Pyramid pointing to the stars,  
 Hath preyed with ruthless appetite  
 On all that marked the primal flight  
 Of the poetic ecstasy  
 Into the land of mystery  
 No tongue is able to rehearse  
 One measure, Orpheus ! of thy verse,  
 Musæus, stationed with his lyre  
 Supreme among the Elysian quire,  
 Is, for the dwellers upon earth,  
 Mute as a lark ere morning's birth  
 Why grieve for these, though past away  
 The music, and extinct the lay ?  
 When thousands, by severer doom,  
 Full early to the silent tomb  
 Have sunk, at Nature's call, or strayed  
 From hope and promise, self-betrayed,  
 The garland withering on their brows,  
 Stung with remorse for broken vows,  
 Frantic—else how might they rejoice ?  
 And friendless, by their own sad choice !  
 Hail, Bards of mightier grasp ! on you  
 I chiefly call, the chosen Few,  
 Who cast not off the acknowledged guide,  
 Who faltered not, nor turned aside,  
 Whose lofty genius could survive  
 Privation, under sorrow thrive,  
 In whom the fiery Muse revered  
 The symbol of a snow-white beard,  
 Bedewed with meditative tears  
 Dropped from the lenient cloud of years.  
 Brethren in soul ! though distant times  
 Produced you nursed in various climes,  
 Ye, when the orb of life had waned,

A plenitude of love retained  
 Hence, while in you each sad regret  
 By corresponding hope was met,  
 Ye lingered among human kind,  
 Sweet voices for the passing wind,  
 Departing sunbeams, loth to stop,  
 Though smiling on the last hill top !  
 Such to the tender-hearted maid  
 Even ere her joys begin to fade ,  
 Such, haply, to the rugged chief  
 By fortune crushed, or tamed by grief ,  
 Appears, on Morven's lonely shore,  
 Dim-gleaming through imperfect lore,  
 The Son of Fingal ; such was blind  
 Mæonides of ampler mind ,  
 Such Milton, to the fountain head  
 Of glory by Uiana led !

## XXVIII

## CAVE OF STAFFA

## I

WE saw, but surely, in the motley crowd,  
 Not One of us has felt the far-famed sight ,  
 How *could* we feel it ? each the other's blight,  
 Hurried and hurrying, volatile and loud.  
 O for those motions only that invite  
 The Ghost of Fingal to his tuneful Cave  
 By the breeze entered, and wave after wave  
 Softly embosoming the timid light !  
 And by *one* Votary who at will might stand  
 Gazing and take into his mind and heart,  
 With undistracted reverence, the effect  
 Of those proportions where the almighty hand  
 That made the worlds, the sovereign Architect,  
 Has deigned to work as if with human Art !

## XXIX

## II

## AFTER THE CROWD HAD DEPARTED

THANKS for the lessons of this Spot—fit school  
 For the presumptuous thoughts that would assign  
 Mechanic laws to agency divine ,  
 And, measuring heaven by earth, would overrule  
 Infinite Power. The pillared vestibule,  
 Expanding yet precise, the roof embowed,

Might seem designed to humble man, when proud  
 Of his best workmanship by plan and tool.  
 Down-bearing with his whole Atlantic weight  
 Of tide and tempest on the Structure's base,  
 And flashing to that Structure's topmost height,  
 Ocean has proved its strength, and of its grace  
 In calms is conscious, finding for his freight  
 Of softest music some responsive place

## XXX

## III

YE shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims  
 In every cell of Fingal's mystic Grot,  
 Where are ye? Driven or venturing to the spot,  
 Our fathers glimpses caught of your thin Frames,  
 And, by your mien and bearing knew your names,  
 And they could hear *his* ghostly song who trod  
 Earth, till the flesh lay on him like a load,  
 While he struck his desolate harp without hopes or aims  
 Vanished ye are, but subject to recall,  
 Why keep *we* else the instincts whose dread law  
 Ruled here of yore, till what men felt they saw,  
 Not by black arts but magic natural!  
 If eyes be still sworn vassals of belief,  
 Yon light shapes forth a Bard, that shade a Chief

## XXXI

FLOWERS ON THE TOP OF THE PILLARS AT THE ENTRANCE  
 OF THE CAVE

HOPE smiled when your nativity was cast,  
 Children of Summer! Ye fresh Flowers that brave  
 What Summer here escapes not, the fierce wave,  
 And whole artillery of the western blast,  
 Battering the Temple's front, its long-drawn nave  
 Smiting, as if each moment were their last  
 But ye, bright Flowers on frieze and architrave  
 Survive, and once again the Pile stands fast.  
 Calm as the Universe, from specular towers  
 Of heaven contemplated by Spirits pure  
 With mute astonishment, it stands sustained  
 Through every part in symmetry, to endure,  
 Unhurt, the assault of Time with all his hours,  
 As the supreme Artificer ordained.

## XXXII

## IONA

ON to Iona !—What can she afford  
 To us save matter for a thoughtful sigh,  
 Heaved over ruin with stability  
 In urgent contrast ? To diffuse the WORD  
 (Thy Paramount, mighty Nature ! and Time's Lord)  
 Her Temples rose, 'mid pagan gloom, but why,  
 Even for a moment, has our verse deplored  
 Their wrongs, since they fulfilled their destiny ?  
 And when, subjected to a common doom  
 Of mutability, those far-famed Piles  
 Shall disappear from both the sister Isles,  
 Iona's Saints, forgetting not past days,  
 Garlands shall wear of amaranthine bloom,  
 While heaven's vast sea of voices chants their praise

## XXXIII

## IONA

## UPON LANDING

How sad a welcome ! To each voyager  
 Some ragged child holds up for sale a store  
 Of wave-worn pebbles, pleading on the shore  
 Where once came monk and nun with gentle stir,  
 Blessings to give, news ask, or suit prefer.  
 Yet is yon neat trim church a grateful speck  
 Of novelty amid the sacred wreck  
 Strewn far and wide Think, proud Philosopher !  
 Fallen though she be, this Glory of the west,  
 Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine,  
 And "hopes, perhaps more heavenly bright than thine,  
 A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,  
 A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine,  
 Shall gild their passage to eternal rest "

## XXXIV

THE BLACK STONES OF IONA <sup>1</sup>

HERE on their knees men swore the stones were black,  
 Black in the people's minds and words, yet they  
 Were at that time, as now, in colour grey  
 But what is colour, if upon the rack  
 Of conscience souls are placed by deeds that lack  
 Concord with oaths ? What differ night and day

<sup>1</sup> See Martin's *Voyage among the Western Isles*

Then, when before the Perjured on his way  
 Hell opens, and the heavens in vengeance crack  
 Above his head uplifted in vain prayer  
 To Saint, or Fiend, or to the Godhead whom  
 He had insulted—Peasant, King, or Thane ?  
 Fly where the culprit may, guilt meets a doom,  
 And, from invisible worlds at need laid bare,  
 Come links for social order's awful chain.

## XXXV

## "HOMEWARD WE TURN"

HOMEWARD we turn Isle of Columba's Cell,  
 Where Christian piety's soul-cheering spark  
 (Kindled from Heaven between the light and dark  
 Of time) shone like the morning-star, farewell !—  
 And fare thee well, to Fancy visible,  
 Remote St Kilda, lone and loved sea-mark  
 For many a voyage made in her swift bark,  
 When with more hues than in the rainbow dwell  
 Thou a mysterious intercourse dost hold,  
 Extracting from clear skies and air serene,  
 And out of sun-bright waves, a lucid veil,  
 That thickens, spreads, and, mingling fold with fold,  
 Makes known, when thou no longer canst be seen,  
 Thy whereabouts, to warn the approaching sail

## XXXVI

## GREENOCK

Per me si va nella Città dolente.

*WE* have not passed into a doleful City,  
 We who were led to-day down a grim dell,  
 By some too boldly named "the Jaws of Hell "  
 Where be the wretched ones, the sights for pity ?  
 These crowded streets resound no plaintive ditty —  
 As from the hive where bees in summer dwell,  
 Sorrow seems here excluded, and that knell,  
 It neither damps the gay, nor checks the witty.  
 Alas ! too busy Rival of old Tyre,  
 Whose merchants Princes were, whose decks were thrones,  
 Soon may the punctual sea in vain inspire  
 To serve thy need, in union with that Clyde

Whose nursing current brawls o'er mossy stones,  
The poor, the lonely, herdsman's joy and pride

## XXXVII

## MOSGIEL

"THERE '!" said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride  
Towards a low roof with green trees half concealed,  
"Is Mosgiel Farm, and that's the very field  
Where Burns ploughed up the Daisy"<sup>1</sup> Far and wide  
A plain below stretched seaward, while, descried  
Above sea-clouds, the Peaks of Arran rose,  
And, by that simple notice, the repose  
Of earth, sky, sea, and air, was vivified  
Beneath "the random *bield* of clod or stone"  
Myriads of daisies have shone forth in flower  
Near the lark's nest, and in their natural hour  
Have passed away, less happy than the One  
That, by the unwilling ploughshare, died to prove  
The tender charm of poetry and love.

## XXXVIII

THE RIVER EDEN, CUMBERLAND<sup>2</sup>

EDEN! till now thy beauty had I viewed  
By glimpses only, and confess with shame  
That verse of mine, whate'er its varying mood,  
Repeats but once the sound of thy sweet name  
Yet fetched from Paradise that honour came,  
Rightfully boine, for Nature gives thee flowers  
That have no rivals among British bowers,  
And thy bold rocks are worthy of their fame  
Measuring thy course, fair Stream! at length I pay  
To my life's neighbour dues of neighbourhood,  
But I have traced thee on thy winding way  
With pleasure sometimes by this thought restrained—  
For things far off we toil, while many a good  
Not sought, because too near, is never gained

<sup>1</sup> Mosgiel was thus pointed out to me by a young man on the top of the coach on my way from Glasgow to Kilmarnock

<sup>2</sup> "Nature gives thee flowers that have no rivals among British bowers" This can scarcely be true to the letter, but, without stretching the point at all, I can say that the soil and air appear more congenial with many upon the banks of this river than I have observed in any other parts of Great Britain.



## XXXIX

MONUMENT OF MRS. HOWARD<sup>1</sup>

By Nollekens

IN WETHERAL CHURCH, NEAR CORBY, ON THE BANKS OF  
THE EDEN

STRETCHED on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead  
 Her new-born Babe, dire ending of bright hope !  
 But Sculpture here, with the divinest scope  
 Of luminous faith, heavenward hath raised that head  
 So patiently, and through one hand has spread  
 A touch so tender for the insensate Child—  
 (Earth's lingering love to parting reconciled,  
 Brief parting, for the spirit is all but fled)—  
 That we, who contemplate the turns of life  
 Through this still medium, are consoled and cheered ;  
 Feel with the Mother, think the severed Wife  
 Is less to be lamented than revered,  
 And own that Art, triumphant over strife  
 And pain, hath powers to Eternity endeared

## XL

## SUGGESTED BY THE FOREGOING

TRANQUILLITY ! the sovereign aim wert thou  
 In heathen schools of philosophic lore,  
 Heart-stricken by stern destiny of yore  
 The Tragic Muse thee served with thoughtful vow,  
 And what of hope Elysium could allow  
 Was fondly seized by Sculpture, to restore  
 Peace to the Mourner But when He who wore  
 The crown of thorns around his bleeding brow  
 Warmed our sad being with celestial light,  
 Then Arts which still had drawn a softening grace  
 From shadowy fountains of the Infinite,  
 Communed with that Idea face to face  
 And move around it now as planets run,  
 Each in its orbit round the central Sun

<sup>1</sup> Before this monument was put up in the Church at Wetheral, I saw it in the sculptor's studio Nollekens, who, by the bye, was a strange and grotesque figure that interfered much with one's admiration of his works, showed me at the same time the various models in clay which he had made, one after another, of the Mother and her Infant the improvement on each was surprising, and how so much grace, beauty, and tenderness had come out of such a head I was sadly puzzled to conceive

## XII

NUNNERY<sup>1</sup>

THE floods are roused, and will not soon be weary,  
 Down from the Pennine Alps how fiercely sweeps  
 CROGLIN, the stately Eden's tributary<sup>1</sup>  
 He raves, or through some moody passage creeps  
 Plotting new mischief—out again he leaps  
 Into broad light, and sends, through regions airy,  
 That voice which soothed the Nuns while on the steeps  
 They knelt in prayer, or sang to blissful Mary.  
 That union ceased. then, cleaving easy walks  
 Through crags, and smoothing paths beset with danger,  
 Came studious Taste, and many a pensive stranger  
 Dreams on the banks, and to the river talks  
 What change shall happen next to Nunnery Dell?  
 Canal, and Viaduct, and Railway, tell<sup>1</sup>

## XLII

## STEAMBOATS, VIADUCTS, AND RAILWAYS

MOTIONS and Means, on land and sea at war  
 With old poetic feeling, not for this,  
 Shall ye, by Poets even, be judged amiss<sup>1</sup>  
 Nor shall your presence, howsoe'er it mar  
 The loveliness of Nature, prove a bar  
 To the Mind's gaining that prophetic sense  
 Of future change, that point of vision, whence  
 May be discovered what in soul ye are  
 In spite of all that beauty may disown  
 In your harsh features, Nature doth embrace  
 Her lawful offspring in Man's art, and Time,  
 Pleased with your triumphs o'er his brother Space,  
 Accepts from your bold hands the proffered crown  
 Of hope, and smiles on you with cheer sublime

## XLIII

THE MONUMENT COMMONLY CALLED LONG MEG AND HER  
 DAUGHTERS, NEAR THE RIVER EDEN

A WEIGHT of awe, not easy to be borne,  
 Fell suddenly upon my Spirit—cast

<sup>1</sup> I became acquainted with the walks of Nunnery when a boy they are within easy reach of a day's pleasant excursion from the town of Penrith, where I used to pass my summer holidays under the roof of my maternal Grandfather. The place is well worth visiting, though, within these few years, its privacy, and therefore the pleasure which the scene is so well fitted to give has been injuriously affected by walks cut in the rocks on that side the stream which had been left in its natural state.

From the dread bosom of the unknown past,  
 When first I saw that family forlorn  
 Speak Thou, whose massy strength and stature scorn  
 The power of years—pre-eminent, and placed  
 Apart, to overlook the circle vast—  
 Speak, Giant-mother ! tell it to the Morn  
 While she dispels the cumbrous shades of Night,  
 Let the Moon hear, emerging from a cloud,  
 At whose behest uprose on British ground  
 That Sisterhood, in hieroglyphic round  
 Forth-shadowing, some have deemed, the infinite  
 The inviolable God, that tames the proud !

## XLIV

LOWTHER <sup>1</sup>

LOWTHER ! in thy majestic Pile are seen  
 Cathedral pomp and grace, in apt accord  
 With the baronial castle's sterner mien,  
 Union significant of God adored,  
 And charters won and guarded by the sword  
 Of ancient honour, whence that goodly state  
 Of polity which wise men venerate,  
 And will maintain, if God his help afford  
 Hourly the democratic torrent swells,  
 For airy promises and hopes suborned  
 The strength of backward-looking thoughts is scorned  
 Fall if ye must, ye Towers and Pinnacles,  
 With what ye symbolise, authentic Story  
 Will say, Ye disappeared with England's Glory !

## XLV

## TO THE EARL OF LONSDALE

" Magistratus indicat virum "

LONSDALE ! it were unworthy of a Guest,  
 Whose heart with gratitude to thee inclines,  
 If he should speak, by fancy touched, of signs  
 On thy Abode harmoniously imprest,  
 Yet be unmoved with wishes to attest  
 How in thy mind and moral frame agree  
 Fortitude, and that Christian Charity  
 Which, filling, consecrates the human breast.

<sup>1</sup> " Cathedral pomp " It may be questioned whether this union was in the contemplation of the artist when he planned the edifice. However this might be, a poet may be excused for taking the view of the subject presented in this Sonnet.

And if the Motto on thy 'scutcheon teach  
 With truth, "THE MAGISTRACY SHOWS THE MAN;"  
*That* searching test thy public course has stood,  
 As will be owned alike by bad and good,  
 Soon as the measuring of life's little span  
 Shall place thy virtues out of Envy's reach

## XLVI

## THE SOMNAMBULIST

LIST, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower  
 At eve, how softly then  
 Doth Aira-foice, that torrent hoarse,  
 Speak from the woody glen!  
 Fit music for a solemn vale!  
 And holier seems the ground  
 To him who catches on the gale  
 The spirit of a mournful tale,  
 Embodied in the sound

Not far from that fair site whereon  
 The Pleasure-house is reared,  
 As story says, in antique days  
 A stern-browed house appeared  
 Foil to a Jewel rich in light  
 There set, and guarded well,  
 Cage for a Bird of plumage bright,  
 Sweet-voiced, nor wishing for a flight  
 Beyond her native dell

To win this bight Bird from her cage,  
 To make this Gem their own,  
 Came Barons bold, with store of gold,  
 And Knights of high renown,  
 But one She prized, and only one,  
 Sir Eglamore was he,  
 Full happy season, when was known,  
 Ye Dales and Hills! to you alone  
 Their mutual loyalty—

Known chiefly, Aira! to thy glen,  
 Thy brook, and bowers of holly;  
 Where Passion caught what Nature taught,  
 That all but love is folly,  
 Where Fact with Fancy stooped to play,  
 Doubt came not, nor regret—

To trouble hours that winged their way,  
As if through an immortal day  
Whose sun could never set

But in old times Love dwelt not long  
Sequestered with repose,  
Best throve the fire of chaste desire,  
Fanned by the breath of foes  
“A conquering lance is beauty’s test,  
And proves the Lover true,”  
So spake Sir Eglamore, and pressed  
The drooping Emma to his breast,  
And looked a blind adieu

They parted — Well with him it fared  
Through wide-spread regions errant,  
A knight of proof in love’s behoof,  
The thirst of fame his warrant  
And She her happiness can build  
On woman’s quiet hours,  
Though faint, compared with spear and shield,  
The solace beads and masses yield,  
And needlework and flowers

Yet blest was Emma when she heard  
Her Champion’s praise recounted,  
Though brain would swim, and eyes grow dim,  
And high her blushes mounted,  
Or when a bold heroic lay  
She warbled from full heart,  
Delightful blossoms for the *May*  
Of absence ! but they will not stay,  
Born only to depart

Hope wanes with her, while lustre fills  
Whatever path he chooses,  
As if his orb, that owns no curb,  
Received the light hers loses  
He comes not back, an ampler space  
Requires for nobler deeds,  
He ranges on from place to place,  
Till of his doings is no trace,  
But what her fancy breeds

His fame may spread, but in the past  
Her spirit finds its centre,  
Clear sight She has of what he was,  
And that would now content her

"Still is he my devoted Knight?"

The tear in answer flows,  
Month falls on month with heavier weight,  
Day sickens round her, and the night  
Is empty of repose

In sleep She sometimes walked abroad,  
Deep sighs with quick words blending,  
Like that pale Queen whose hands are seen  
With fancied spots contending,  
But *she* is innocent of blood,—  
The moon is not more pure  
That shines aloft, while through the wood  
She thrills her way, the sounding Flood  
Her melancholy lure!

While 'mid the fern-brake sleeps the doe  
And owls alone are waking,  
In white arrayed, glides on the Maid  
The downward pathway taking,  
That leads her to the torrent's side  
And to a holly bower,  
By whom on this still night descried?  
By whom in that lone place espied?  
By thee, Sir Eglamore!

A wandering Ghost, so thinks the Knight,  
His coming step has thwarted,  
Beneath the boughs that heard their vows,  
Within whose shade they parted  
Hush, hush, the busy Sleeper see!  
Perplexed her fingers seem,  
As if they from the holly tree  
Green twigs would pluck, as rapidly  
Flung from her to the stream

What means the Spectre? Why intent  
To violate the Tree,  
Thought Eglamore, by which I swore  
Unfading constancy?  
Here am I, and to-morrow's sun,  
To her I left, shall prove  
That bliss is ne'er so surely won  
As when a circuit has been run  
Of valour, truth, and love

So from the spot whereon he stood,  
He moved with stealthy pace,

And, drawing nigh, with his living eye,  
He recognised the face,  
And whispers caught, and speeches small,  
Some to the green-leaved tree,  
Some muttered to the torrent-fall,—  
“Roar on, and bring him with thy call,  
“I heard, and so may He!”

Soul-shattered was the Knight, nor knew  
If Emma's Ghost it were,  
Or boding Shade, or if the Maid  
Her very self stood there  
He touched, what followed who shall tell?  
The soft touch snapped the thread  
Of slumber—shrieking back she fell,  
And the Stream whirled her down the dell  
Along its foaming bed

In plunged the Knight!—when on firm ground  
The rescued Maiden lay,  
Her eyes grew bright with blissful light,  
Confusion passed away,  
She heard, ere to the throne of grace  
Her faithful Spirit flew,  
His voice—beheld his speaking face,  
And, dying, from his own embrace,  
She felt that he was true

So was he reconciled to life  
Brief words may speak the rest;  
Within the dell he built a cell,  
And there was Sorrow's guest,  
In hermits' weeds repose he found,  
From vain temptations free,  
Beside the torrent dwelling—bound  
By one deep heart-controlling sound,  
And awed to piety.

Wild stream of Aira, hold thy course,  
Nor fear memorial lays,  
Where clouds that spread in solemn shade  
Are edged with golden rays!  
Dear art thou to the light of heaven,  
Though minister of sorrow,  
Sweet is thy voice at pensive even;  
And thou, in lovers' hearts forgiven,  
Shalt take thy place with Yarrow!

Composed by the Seashore 579

XLVII

TO CORDELIA M——

HALLSTEDS, ULLSWATER

NOT in the mines beyond the western main,  
You say, Cordelia, was the metal sought,  
Which a fine skill, of Indian growth, has wrought  
Into this flexible yet faithful Cham,  
Nor is it silver of romantic Spain  
But from our loved Helvellyn's depths was brought,  
Our own domestic mountain Thing and thought  
Mix strangely, tumbles light, and partly vain,  
Can prop, as you have learnt, our nobler being.  
Yes, Lady, while about your neck is wound  
(Your casual glance oft meeting) this bright cord,  
What witchery, for pure gifts of inward seeing,  
Lurks in it, Memory's Helper, Fancy's Lord,  
For precious tremblings in your bosom found!

XLVIII

"MOST SWEET IT IS WITH UNUPLIFTED EYES"

MOST sweet it is with unuplifted eyes  
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,  
While a fair region round the traveller lies  
Which he forbears again to look upon,  
Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,  
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone  
Of meditation, slipping in between  
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.  
If Thought and Love desert us, from that day  
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse  
With Thought and Love companions of our way,  
Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,  
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews  
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

COMPOSED BY THE SEASHORE<sup>1</sup>

WHAT mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret,  
How fancy sickens by vague hopes beset,

<sup>1</sup> These lines were suggested during my residence under my Son's roof at Moesby, on the coast near Whitehaven, at the time when I was composing those verses among the "Evening Voluntaries" that have reference to the sea. It was in that neighbourhood I first became acquainted with the ocean and its appearances and movements. My infancy and early childhood were passed at Cockermouth, about eight miles from the coast, and I well remember that mysterious awe with which I used to listen to anything said about storms and shipwrecks.



580 'Not in the Lucid Intervals of Life'

How baffled projects on the spirit prey,  
 And fruitless wishes eat the heart away,  
 The Sailor knows, he best, whose lot is cast  
 On the relentless sea that holds him fast  
 On chance dependent, and the fickle star  
 Of power, through long and melancholy war  
 O sad it is, in sight of foreign shores,  
 Daily to think on old familiar doors,  
 Hearths loved in childhood, and ancestral floors,  
 Or, tossed about along a waste of foam,  
 To ruminate on that delightful home  
 Which with the dear Betiothèd *was* to come;  
 Or came and was and is, yet meets the eye  
 Never but in the world of memory,  
 Or in a dream recalled, whose smoothest range  
 Is crossed by knowledge, or by dread, of change,  
 And if not so, whose perfect joy makes sleep  
 A thing too bright for breathing man to keep.  
 Hail to the virtues which that perilous life  
 Extracts from Nature's elemental strife,  
 And welcome glory won in battles fought  
 As bravely as the foe was keenly sought  
 But to each gallant Captain and his crew  
 A less imperious sympathy is due,  
 Such as my verse now yields, while moonbeams play  
 On the mute sea in this unruffled bay,  
 Such as will promptly flow from every breast,  
 Where good men, disappointed in the quest  
 Of wealth and power and honours, long for rest,  
 Or having known the splendours of success,  
 Sigh for the obscurities of happiness

(1833)

"NOT IN THE LUCID INTERVALS OF LIFE"<sup>1</sup>

Not in the lucid intervals of life  
 That come but as a curse to party-strife,  
 Not in some hour when Pleasure with a sigh  
 Of languor puts his rosy garland by,  
 Not in the breathing-times of that poor slave  
 Who daily piles up wealth in Mammon's cave—  
 Is Nature felt, or can be; nor do words,  
 Which practised talent readily affords,

<sup>1</sup> The lines following "nor do words" were written with Lord Byron's character, as a poet, before me, and that of others, his contemporaries, who wrote under like influences

## By the Side of Rydal Mere 581

Prove that her hand has touched responsive chords ,  
Nor has her gentle beauty power to move  
With genuine rapture and with fervent love  
The soul of Genius, if he dare to take  
Life's rule from passion craved for passion's sake ,  
Untaught that meekness is the cherished bent  
Of all the truly great and all the innocent.

But who is innocent? By grace divine,  
Not otherwise, O Nature ! we are thine,  
Through good and evil thine, in just degree  
Of rational and manly sympathy  
To all that Earth from pensive hearts is stealing,  
And Heaven is now to gladdened eyes revealing,  
Add every charm the Universe can show  
Through every change its aspects undergo—  
Care may be respited, but not repealed ,  
No perfect cure grows on that bounded field  
Vain is the pleasure, a false calm the peace,  
If He, through whom alone our conflicts cease,  
Our virtuous hopes without relapse advance,  
Come not to speed the Soul's deliverance ;  
To the distempered Intellect refuse  
His gracious help, or give what we abuse

834)

### BY THE SIDE OF RYDAL MERE

THE linnet's warble, sinking towards a close,  
Hints to the thrush 'tis time for their repose ,  
The shrill-voiced thrush is heedless, and again  
The monitor revives his old sweet strain ,  
But both will soon be mastered, and the copse  
Be left as silent as the mountain-tops,  
Ere some commanding star dismiss to rest  
The throng of rooks, that now, from twig or nest,  
(After a steady flight on home-bound wings,  
And a last game of mazy hoverings  
Around their ancient grove) with cawing noise  
Disturb the liquid music's equipoise

O Nightingale ! Who ever heard thy song  
Might here be moved, till Fancy grows so strong  
That listening sense is pardonably cheated  
Where wood or stream by thee was never greeted  
Surely, from fairest spots of favoured lands,  
Were not some gifts withheld by jealous hands,  
This hour of deepening darkness here would be

## 582 'Soft as a Cloud is yon Blue Ridge

As a fresh morning for new harmony,  
And lays as prompt would hail the dawn of Night  
A *dawn* she has both beautiful and bright,  
When the East kindles with the full moon's light,  
Not like the rising sun's impatient glow  
Dazzling the mountains, but an overflow  
Of solemn splendour, in mutation slow

Wanderer by spring with gradual progress led,  
For sway profoundly felt as widely spread,  
To king, to peasant, to rough sailor, dear,  
And to the soldier's trumpet-weaned ear,  
How welcome wouldst thou be to this green Vale  
Fairer than Tempe! Yet, sweet Nightingale!  
From the warm breeze that bears thee on, alight  
At will, and stay thy migratory flight,  
Build, at thy choice, or sing, by pool or fount,  
Who shall complain, or call thee to account?  
The wisest, happiest, of our kind are they  
That ever walk content with Nature's way,  
God's goodness—measuring bounty as it may;  
For whom the gravest thought of what they miss,  
Chastening the fulness of a present bliss,  
Is with that wholesome office satisfied,  
While unrepining sadness is allied  
In thankful bosoms to a modest pride

(1834)

### "SOFT AS A CLOUD IS YON BLUE RIDGE"

SOFT as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Meie  
Seems firm as solid crystal, breathless, clear,  
And motionless, and, to the gazer's eye,  
Deeper than ocean, in the immensity  
Of its vague mountains and unreal sky!  
But, from the process in that still retreat,  
Turn to minuter changes at our feet;  
Observe how dewy Twilight has withdrawn  
The crowd of daisies from the shaven lawn,  
And has restored to view its tender green,  
That, while the sun rode high, was lost beneath their dazzling  
sheen

—An emblem this of what the sober Hour  
Can do for minds disposed to feel its power!  
Thus oft, when we in vain have wished away  
The petty pleasures of the garish day,

## ‘The Leaves that Rustled’ 583

Meek eye shuts up the whole usurping host  
(Unbashful dwarfs each glittering at his post)  
And leaves the disencumbered spirit free  
To reassume a staid simplicity

’Tis well—but what are helps of time and place,  
When wisdom stands in need of nature’s grace,  
Why do good thoughts, invoked or not, descend,  
Like Angels from their bowers, our virtues to befriending,  
If yet To-morrow, unbelied, may say,  
“I come to open out, for fresh display,  
The elastic vanities of yesterday”?

(1834)

### “THE LEAVES THAT RUSTLED ON THIS OAK-CROWNED HILL”<sup>1</sup>

“Often, at the hour  
When issue forth the first pale stars, is heard,  
Within the cinct of this fabric huge,  
One voice—the solitary raven”

THE leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill,  
And sky that danced among those leaves, are still;  
Rest smooths the way for sleep, in field and bower  
Soft shades and dews have shed then blended power  
On drooping eyelid and the closing flower,  
Sound is there none at which the faintest heart  
Might leap, the weakest nerve of superstition start,  
Save when the Owlet’s unexpected scream  
Pierces the ethereal vault; and (’mid the gleam  
Of unsubstantial imagery, the dream,  
From the hushed vale’s realities, transferred  
To the still lake) the imaginative Bird  
Seems, ’mid inverted mountains, not unheard  
Grave Creature!—whether, while the moon shines bright  
On thy wings opened wide for smoothest flight,  
Thou art discovered in a roofless tower,  
Rising from what may once have been a lady’s bower;  
Or spied where thou sitt’st moping in thy mew  
At the dim centre of a churchyard yew,  
Or, from a rifted crag or ivy tod  
Deep in a forest, thy secure abode,

<sup>1</sup> Composed by the side of Grasmere lake. The mountains that enclose the vale, especially towards Easdale, are most favourable to the reverberation of sound. There is a passage in the “Excursion,” towards the close of the fourth book, where the voice of the raven in flight is traced through the modifications it undergoes, as I have often heard it in that vale and others of this district.

## 584 The Labourer's Noon-day Hymn

Thou giv'st, for pastime's sake, by shriek or shout,  
A puzzling notice of thy whereabouts—  
May the night never come, nor day be seen,  
When I shall scorn thy voice or mock thy mien!

In classic ages men perceived a soul  
Of sapience in thy aspect, headless Owl!  
Thee Athens revered in the studious grove,  
And, near the golden sceptre grasped by Jove,  
His Eagle's favourite perch, while round him sate  
The Gods revolving the decrees of Fate,  
Thou, too, wert present at Minerva's side.—  
Hark to that second larum!—far and wide  
The elements have heard, and rock and cave replied.  
(1834)

### THE LABOURER'S NOON-DAY HYMN<sup>1</sup>

UP to the throne of God is borne  
The voice of praise at early morn,  
And he accepts the punctual hymn  
Sung as the light of day grows dim  
Nor will he turn his ear aside  
From holy offerings at noontide  
Then here reposing let us raise  
A song of gratitude and praise  
What though our burthen be not light,  
We need not toil from morn to night,  
The respite of the mid-day hour  
Is in the thankful Creature's power  
Blest are the moments, doubly blest,  
That, drawn from this one hour of rest,  
Are with a ready heart bestowed  
Upon the service of our God!  
Each field is then a hallowed spot,  
An altar is in each man's cot,  
A church in every grove that spreads  
Its living roof above our heads  
Look up to Heaven! the industrious Sun  
Already half his race hath run,  
*He* cannot halt nor go astray,  
But our immortal Spirits may.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns are, as they deserve to be, familiarly known. Many other hymns have also been written on the same subject, but, not being aware of any being designed for noon-day, I was induced to compose these verses.

Lo! since his rising in the East,  
 If we have faltered or transgressed,  
 Guide, from thy love's abundant source,  
 What yet remains of this day's course  
 Help with thy grace, through life's short day,  
 Our upward and our downward way,  
 And glorify for us the west,  
 When we shall sink to final rest

(1834)

## THE REDBREAST

SUGGESTED IN A WESTMORELAND COTTAGE<sup>1</sup>

DRIVEN in by Autumn's sharpening air  
 From half-stipped woods and pastures bare,  
 Brisk Robin seeks a kindlier home  
 Not like a beggar is he come,  
 But enters as a looked-for guest,  
 Confiding in his ruddy breast,  
 As if it were a natural shield  
 Charged with a blazon on the field,  
 Due to that good and pious deed  
 Of which we in the Ballad read  
 But pensive fancies putting by,  
 And wild wood sorrows, speedily  
 He plays the expert ventriloquist,  
 And, caught by glimpses now—now missed,  
 Puzzles the listener with a doubt  
 If the soft voice he throws about  
 Comes from within doors or without!  
 Was ever such a sweet confusion,  
 Sustained by delicate illusion?  
 He's at your elbow—to your feeling  
 The notes are from the floor or ceiling,  
 And there's a riddle to be guessed,  
 Till you have marked his heaving chest,  
 And busy throat, whose sink and swell  
 Betray the Elf that loves to dwell  
 In Robin's bosom, as a chosen cell  
 Heart-pleased we smile upon the Bird  
 If seen, and with like pleasure stirred

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount. All our cats having been banished the house, it was soon frequented by redbreasts. Two or three of them, when the window was open, would come in, particularly when Mrs. Wordsworth was breakfasting alone, and hop about the table picking up the crumbs.

Commend him, when he's only heard  
 But small and fugitive our gain  
 Compared with *hers* who long hath lain,  
 With languid limbs and patient head  
 Reposing on a lone sick-bed ,  
 Where now, she daily hears a strain  
 That cheats her of too busy cares,  
 Eases her pain, and helps her prayers  
 And who but this dear Bird beguiled  
 The fever of that pale-faced Child ,  
 Now cooling, with his passing wing,  
 Her forehead, like a breeze of Spring  
 Recalling now, with descant soft  
 Shed round her pillow from aloft,  
 Sweet thoughts of angels hovering nigh,  
 And the invisible sympathy  
 Of "Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Blessing the bed she lies upon"<sup>1</sup>  
 And sometimes, just as listening ends  
 In slumber, with the cadence blends  
 A dream of that low-warbled hymn  
 Which old folk, fondly pleased to trim  
 Lamps of faith, now burning dim,  
 Say that the Cherubs carved in stone,  
 When clouds gave way at dead of night  
 And the ancient church was filled with light,  
 Used to sing in heavenly tone,  
 Above and round the sacred places  
 They guard, with wingèd baby-faces  
 Thrice happy Creature ! in all lands  
 Nurtured by hospitable hands  
 Free entrance to this cot has he,  
 Entrance and exit both *yet* free ;  
 And, when the keen unruffled weather  
 That thus brings man and bird together,  
 Shall with its pleasantness be past,  
 And casement closed and door made fast,  
 To keep at bay the howling blast,  
*He* needs not fear the season's rage,  
 For the whole house is Robin's cage

<sup>1</sup> The words—

"Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and John,  
 Bless the bed that I lie on,"

are part of a child's prayer, still in general use through the northern countries.

Whether the bird flit here or there,  
 O'er table *hlt*, or perch on chair,  
 Though some may frown and make a stir,  
 To scare him as a trespasser,  
 And he belike will flinch or start,  
 Good friends he has to take his part,  
 One chiefly, who with voice and look  
 Pleads for him from the chimney-nook,  
 Where sits the Dame, and wears away  
 Her long and vacant holiday;  
 With images about her heart,  
 Reflected from the years gone by,  
 On human nature's second infancy.

(1834)

LINES<sup>1</sup>

SUGGESTED BY A PORTRAIT FROM THE PENCIL OF  
 F. STONE

BEGUILLED into forgetfulness of care  
 Due to the day's unfinished task, of pen  
 Or book regardless, and of that fair scene  
 In Nature's prodigality displayed  
 Before my window, oftentimes and long  
 I gaze upon a Portrait whose mild gleam  
 Of beauty never ceases to enrich  
 The common light; whose stillness charms the air,  
 Or seems to charm it, into like repose,  
 Whose silence, for the pleasure of the ear,  
 Surpasses sweetest music. There she sits  
 With emblematic purity attired  
 In a white vest, white as her marble neck  
 Is, and the pillar of the throat would be  
 But for the shadow by the drooping chin  
 Cast into that recess—the tender shade,  
 The shade and light, both there and everywhere,  
 And through the very atmosphere she breathes,  
 Broad, clear, and toned harmoniously, with skill  
 That might from nature have been learnt in the hour

<sup>1</sup> This Portrait has hung for many years in our house, and represents J. Q. as she was when a girl. The portrait is somewhat thinly painted, has much merit in tone and general effect—it is chiefly valuable, however, from the sentiment that pervades it. The anecdote of the saying of the Monk in sight of Titian's picture was told in this house by Mr. Wilkie, and was, I believe, first communicated to the public in this poem, the former portion of which I was composing at the time.



When the lone shepherd sees the morning spread  
 Upon the mountains Look at her, who'er  
 Thou be that, kindling with a poet's soul,  
 Hast loved the painter's true Promethean craft  
 Intensely—from Imagination take

The treasure,—what mine eyes behold, see thou,  
 Even though the Atlantic ocean roll between

A silver line, that runs from brow to crown  
 And in the middle parts the braided hair,  
 Just serves to show how delicate a soil  
 The golden harvest grows in, and those eyes,  
 Soft and capacious as a cloudless sky  
 Whose azure depth their colour emulates,  
 Must needs be conversant with upward looks,  
 Prayer's voiceless service, but now, seeking nought  
 And shunning nought, their own peculiar life  
 Of motion they renounce, and with the head  
 Partake its inclination towards earth

In humble grace, and quiet pensiveness  
 Caught at the point where it stops short of sadness

Offspring of soul-bewitching Art, make me  
 Thy confidant! say, whence derived that air  
 Of calm abstraction? Can the ruling thought  
 Be with some lover far away, or one  
 Crossed by misfortune, or of doubted faith?  
 Inapt conjecture! Childhood here, a moon  
 Crescent in simple loveliness serene,  
 Has but approached the gates of womanhood,  
 Not entered them; her heart is yet unpierced  
 By the blind Archer-god, her fancy free  
 The fount of feeling if unsought elsewhere,  
 Will not be found.

Her right hand, as it lies  
 Across the slender wrist of the left arm  
 Upon her lap reposing, holds—but mark  
 How slackly, for the absent mind permits  
 No firmer grasp—a little wild-flower, joined  
 As in a posy, with a few pale ears  
 Of yellowing corn, the same that overtopped  
 And in their common birthplace sheltered it  
 Till they were plucked together, a blue flower  
 Called by the thrifty husbandman a weed,  
 But Ceres, in her garland, might have worn  
 That ornament, unblamed The floweret, held  
 In scarcely conscious fingers, was, she knows

(Her Father told her so) in youth's gay dawn  
 Her Mother's favourite, and the orphan Girl,  
 In her own dawn—a dawn less gay and bright,  
 Loves it, while there in solitary peace  
 She sits, for that departed Mother's sake.  
 —Not from a source less sacred is derived  
 (Surely I do not err) that pensive air  
 Of calm abstraction through the face diffused  
 And the whole person.

Words have something told  
 More than the pencil can, and verily  
 More than is needed, but the precious Art  
 Forgives their interference—Art divine,  
 That both creates and fixes, in despite  
 Of Death and Time, the marvels it hath wrought  
 Strange contrasts have we in this world of ours  
 That posture, and the look of filial love  
 Thinking of past and gone, with what is left  
 Dearly united, might be swept away  
 From this fair Portrait's fleshly Archetype,  
 Even by an innocent fancy's slightest freak  
 Banished, nor ever, haply, be restored  
 To their lost place, or meet in harmony  
 So exquisite, but *here* do they abide,  
 Enshrined for ages—Is not then the Art  
 Godlike, a humble branch of the divine,  
 In visible quest of immortality,  
 Stretched forth with trembling hope?—In every realm,  
 From high Gibraltar to Siberian plains,  
 Thousands, in each variety of tongue  
 That Europe knows, would echo this appeal,  
 One above all, a Monk who waits on God  
 In the magnific Convent built of yore  
 To sanctify the Escorial palace—He—  
 Guiding, from cell to cell and room to room,  
 A British Painter (eminent for truth  
 In character and depth of feeling, shown  
 By labours that have touched the hearts of kings,  
 And are endeared to simple cottagers)—  
 Came, in that service, to a glorious work,  
 Our Lord's Last Supper, beautiful as when first  
 The appropriate Picture, fresh from Titian's hand,  
 Graced the Refectory. and there, while both  
 Stood with eyes fixed upon that masterpiece,  
 The hoary Father in the Stranger's ear

## 590 The Foregoing Subject Resumed

Breathed out these words.—“ Here daily do we sit,  
Thanks given to God for daily bread, and here  
Pondering the mischiefs of these restless times,  
And thinking of my Brethren, dead, dispersed,  
Or changed and changing, I not seldom gaze  
Upon this solemn Company unmoved  
By shock of circumstance, or lapse of years,  
Until I cannot but believe that they—  
They are in truth the Substance, we the Shadows ”

So spake the mild Jeronymite, his griefs  
Melting away within him like a dream  
Ere he had ceased to gaze, perhaps to speak .  
And I, grown old, but in a happier land,  
Domestic Portrait ! have to verse consigned  
In thy calm presence those heart-moving words  
Words that can soothe, more than they agitate  
Whose spirit, like the angel that went down  
Into Bethesda's pool, with healing virtue  
Informs the fountain in the human breast  
Which by the visitation was disturbed  
—But why this stealing tear ? Companion mute,  
On thee I look, not sorrowing , fare thee well,  
My Song's Inspirer, once again farewell !  
(1834)

### THE FOREGOING SUBJECT RESUMED

AMONG a grave fraternity of Monks,  
For One, but surely not for One alone,  
Triumphs, in that great work, the Painter's skill,  
Humbling the body, to exalt the soul ,  
Yet representing, amid wreck and wrong  
And dissolution and decay, the warm  
And breathing life of flesh, as if already  
Clothed with impassive majesty, and graced  
With no mean earnest of a heritage  
Assigned to it in future worlds Thou, too,  
With thy memorial flower, meek Portraiture !  
From whose serene companionship I passed  
Pursued by thoughts that haunt me still ; thou also —  
Though but a simple object, into light  
Called forth by those affections that endear  
The private hearth , though keeping thy sole seat  
In singleness, and little tried by time,  
Creation, as it were, of yesterday—  
With a congenial function art endued

For each and all of us, together joined  
 In course of nature under a low roof  
 By charities and duties that proceed  
 Out of the bosom of a wiser vow  
 To a like salutary sense of awe  
 Or sacred wonder, growing with the power  
 Of meditation that attempts to weigh,  
 In faithful scales, things and their opposites,  
 Can thy enduring quiet gently raise  
 A household small and sensitive,—whose love,  
 Dependent as in part its blessings are  
 Upon frail ties dissolving or dissolved  
 On earth, will be revived, we trust, in heaven  
 (1834)

TO A CHILD<sup>1</sup>

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM

SMALL service is true service while it lasts  
 Of humblest Friends, bright Creature! scorn not one  
 The Daisy, by the shadow that it casts,  
 Protects the lingering dew-drop from the Sun  
 (1834)

LINES<sup>2</sup>

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE COUNTESS OF LONSDALE.  
 NOV 5, 1834

LADY! a Pen (perhaps with thy regard,  
 Among the Favoured, favoured not the least)  
 Left, 'mid the Records of this Book inscribed,  
 Deliberate traces, registers of thought  
 And feeling, suited to the place and time  
 That gave them birth —months passed, and still this hand,  
 That had not been too timid to imprint  
 Words which the virtues of thy Lord inspired,  
 Was yet not bold enough to write of Thee  
 And why that scrupulous reserve? In sooth  
 The blameless cause lay in the Theme itself.  
 Flowers are there many that delight to strive  
 With the sharp wind, and seem to court the shower,

<sup>1</sup> This quatrain was extemporé on observing this image, as I had often done, on the lawn of Rydal Mount. It was first written down in the Album of my god-daughter, Rotha Quillman.

<sup>2</sup> This is a faithful picture of that amiable Lady as she then was. The youthfulness of figure and demeanour and habits, which she retained in almost unprecedented degree, departed a very few years after, and she died without violent disease by gradual decay before she reached the period of old age.

Yet are by nature careless of the sun  
 Whether he shine on them or not, and some,  
 Where'er he moves along the unclouded sky,  
 Turn a broad front full on his flattering beams.  
 Others do rather from their notice shrink,  
 Loving the dewy shade,—a humble band,  
 Modest and sweet, a progeny of earth,  
 Congenial with thy mind and character,  
 High-born Augusta!

Witness, Towers, and Groves!

And Thou, wild Stream, that giv'st the honoured name  
 Of Lowther to this ancient Line, bear witness  
 From thy most secret haunts, and ye Parteries,  
 Which She is pleased and proud to call her own,  
 Witness how oft upon my noble Friend  
*Mute* offerings, tribute from an inward sense  
 Of admiration and respectful love,  
 Have waited—till the affections could no more  
 Endure that silence, and broke out in song,  
 Snatches of music taken up and dropt  
 Like those self-solacing, those under, notes  
 Trilled by the redbreast, when autumnal leaves  
 Are thin upon the bough. Mine, only mine,  
 The pleasure was, and no one heard the praise,  
 Checked, in the moment of its issue, checked  
 And reprehended, by a fancied blush  
 From the pure qualities that called it forth

Thus Virtue lives debarred from Virtue's meed,  
 Thus, Lady, is retiredness a veil  
 That, while it only spreads a softening charm  
 O'er features looked at by discerning eyes,  
 Hides half their beauty from the common gaze;  
 And thus, even on the exposed and breezy hill  
 Of lofty station, female goodness walks,  
 When side by side with lunar gentleness,  
 As in a cloister Yet the grateful Poor  
 (Such the immunities of low estate,  
 Plain Nature's enviable privilege,  
 Her sacred recompence for many wants  
 Open their hearts before Thee, pouring out  
 All that they think and feel, with tears of joy;  
 And benedictions not unheard in heaven  
 And friend in the ear of friend, where speech is free  
 To follow truth, is eloquent as they

Then let the Book receive in these prompt lines

A just memorial, and thine eyes consent  
 To read that they, who mark thy course, behold  
 A life declining with the golden light  
 Of summer, in the season of sere leaves,  
 See cheerfulness undamped by stealing Time,  
 See studied kindness flow with easy stream,  
 Illustrated with inborn courtesy,  
 And an habitual disregard of self  
 Balanced by vigilance for others' weal  
 And shall the Verse not tell of lighter gifts  
 With these ennobling attributes conjoined  
 And blended, in peculiar harmony,  
 By Youth's surviving spirit? What agile grace!  
 A nymph-like liberty, in nymph-like form,  
 Beheld with wonder, whether floor or path  
 Thou tread, or sweep—borne on the managed steed—  
 Fleet as the shadows, over down or field,  
 Driven by strong winds at play among the clouds  
 Yet one word more—one farewell word—a wish  
 Which came, but it has passed into a prayer—  
 That, as thy sun in brightness is declining,  
 So—at an hour yet distant for *their* sakes  
 Whose tender love, here faltering on the way  
 Of a diviner love, will be forgiven—  
 So may it set in peace, to rise again  
 For everlasting glory won by faith.

## TO THE MOON

COMPOSED BY THE SEASIDE,—ON THE COAST OF  
 CUMBERLAND

WANDERER! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near  
 To human life's unsettled atmosphere,  
 Who lov'st with Night and Silence to partake,  
 So might it seem, the cares of them that wake;  
 And, through the cottage-lattice softly peeping,  
 Dost shield from harm the humblest of the sleeping,  
 What pleasure once encompassed those sweet names  
 Which yet in thy behalf the Poet claims,  
 An idolising dreamer as of yore!—  
 I slight them all, and, on this sea-beat shore  
 Sole-sitting, only can to thoughts attend  
 That bid me hail thee as the SAILOR'S FRIEND;  
 So call thee for heaven's grace through thee made known  
 By confidence supplied and mercy shown,

When not a twinkling star or beacon's light  
 Abates the perils of a stormy night,  
 And for less obvious benefits, that find  
 Their way, with thy pure help, to heart and mind,  
 Both for the adventurer starting in life's prime,  
 And veteran ranging round from clime to clime,  
 Long-baffled hope's slow fever in his veins,  
 And wounds and weakness oft his labour's sole remains

The aspiring Mountains and the winding Streams,  
 Empress of Night! are gladdened by thy beams,  
 A look of thine the wilderness pervades,  
 And penetrates the forest's inmost shades,  
 Thou, chequering peaceably the minster's gloom,  
 Guid'st the pale Mourner to the lost one's tomb,  
 Canst reach the Prisoner—to his grated cell  
 Welcome, though silent and intangible!—  
 And lives there one, of all that come and go  
 On the great waters toiling to and fro,  
 One, who has watched thee at some quiet hour  
 Enthroned aloft in undisputed power,  
 Or crossed by vapoury streaks and clouds that move  
 Catching the lustre they in part reprove—  
 Nor sometimes felt a fitness in thy sway  
 To call up thoughts that shun the glare of day,  
 And make the serious happier than the gay?

Yes, lovely Moon! if thou so mildly bright  
 Dost rouse, yet surely in thy own despite,  
 To fiercer mood the phrenzy-stucken brain,  
 Let me a compensating faith maintain,  
 That there's a sensitive, a tender, part  
 Which thou canst touch in every human heart,  
 For healing and composure—But, as least  
 And mightiest billows ever have confessed  
 Thy domination, as the whole vast Sea  
 Feels through her lowest depths thy sovereignty;  
 So shines that countenance with especial grace  
 On them who urge the keel her *plains* to trace  
 Furrowing its way right onward—The most rude,  
 Cut off from home and country, may have stood—  
 Even till long gazing hath bedimmed his eye,  
 Or the mute rapture ended in a sigh—  
 Touched by accordance of thy placid cheer,  
 With some internal lights to memory dear,  
 Or fancies stealing forth to soothe the breast  
 Tired with its daily share of earth's unrest,—

(1835)

## RYDAL

QUEEN of the stars!—so gentle, so benign,  
That ancient Fable did to thee assign,  
When darkness creeping o'er thy silver brow  
Warned thee these upper regions to forego,  
Alternate empire in the shades below—  
A Bard, who, lately near the wide-spread sea  
Traversed by gleaming ships, looked up to thee  
With grateful thoughts, doth now thy rising hail  
From the close confines of a shadowy vale  
Glory of night, conspicuous yet serene,  
Nor less attractive when by glimpses seen  
Through cloudy umbrage, well might that fair face,  
And all those attributes of modest grace,  
In days when Fancy wrought unchecked by fear,  
Down to the green earth fetch thee from thy sphere,  
To sit in leafy woods by fountains clear!

O still beloved (for thine, meek Power, are charms  
That fascinate the very Babe in arms,  
While he, uplifted towards thee,  
Spreading his little palms in his  
O still beloved, once worshipped— Time, that frowns  
In his destructive fight on earthly crowns,  
Spares thy mild splendour, still those far-shot beams  
Tremble on dancing waves and rippling streams  
With stainless touch, as chaste as when thy praise  
Was sung by Virgin-choirs in festal lays,  
And through dark trials still dost thou explore  
Thy way for increase punctual as of yore,



When teeming Matrons—yielding to rude faith  
 In mysteries of birth and life and death  
 And painful struggle and deliverance—prayed  
 Of thee to visit them with lenient aid  
 What though the rites be swept away, the fanes  
 Extinct that echoed to the votive strains ,  
 Yet thy mild aspect does not, cannot, cease  
 Love to promote and purity and peace ,  
 And Fancy, unproved, even yet may trace  
 Faint types of suffering in thy beamless face  
 Then, silent Monitress <sup>1</sup> let us—not blind  
 To worlds unthought of till the searching mind  
 Of Science laid them open to mankind—  
 Told, also, how the voiceless heavens declare  
 God's glory , and acknowledging thy share  
 In that blest charge , let us—without offence  
 To aught of highest, holiest, influence—  
 Receive whatever good 'tis given thee to dispense  
 May sage and simple, catching with one eye  
 The moral intimations of the sky,  
 Learn from thy course, where'er their own be taken,  
 "To look on tempests, and be never shaken ,"  
 To keep with faithful step the appointed way  
 Eclipsing or eclipsed, by night or day,  
 And from example of thy monthly range  
 Gently to brook decline and fatal change ,  
 Meek, patient, steadfast, and with loftier scope,  
 Than thy revival yields, for gladsome hope <sup>1</sup>

(1835)

FAREWELL LINES <sup>1</sup>

"HIGH bliss is only for a higher state,"  
 But, surely, if severe afflictions borne  
 With patience merit the reward of peace,  
 Peace ye deserve , and may the solid good,  
 Sought by a wise though late exchange, and here  
 With bounteous hand beneath a cottage-roof  
 To you accorded, never be withdrawn,  
 Nor for the world's best promises renounced  
 Most soothing was it for a welcome Friend,  
 Fresh from the crowded city, to behold  
 That lonely union, privacy so deep,  
 Such calm employments, such entire content.

<sup>1</sup> [A farewell to Charles Lamb and his sister, on their returning from London to Enfield —Ed.]

## Written after Death of Charles Lamb 597

So when the rain is over, the storm laid,  
 A pair of herons oft-times have I seen,  
 Upon a rocky islet, side by side,  
 Drying their feathers in the sun, at ease,  
 And so, when night with grateful gloom had fallen,  
 Two glow-worms in such nearness that they shared,  
 As seemed, their soft self-satisfying light,  
 Each with the other, on the dewy ground,  
 Where He that made them blesses their repose —  
 When wandering among lakes and hills I note,  
 Once more, those creatures thus by nature paired,  
 And guarded in their tranquil state of life,  
 Even, as your happy presence to my mind  
 Their union brought, will they repay the debt,  
 And send a thankful spirit back to you,  
 With hope that we, dear Friends<sup>1</sup> shall meet again  
 (1828?)

### WRITTEN AFTER THE DEATH OF CHARLES LAMB<sup>1</sup>

To a good Man of most dear memory  
 This Stone is sacred Here he lies apart  
 From the great city where he first drew breath,  
 Was reared and taught, and humbly earned his bread,  
 To the strict labours of the merchant's desk  
 By duty chained. Not seldom did those tasks  
 Tease, and the thought of time so spent depress,  
 His spirit, but the recompence was high,  
 Firm Independence, Bounty's rightful sire,  
 Affections, warm as sunshine, free as air,  
 And when the precious hours of leisure came,  
 Knowledge and wisdom, gained from converse sweet  
 With books, or while he ranged the crowded streets  
 With a keen eye, and overflowing heart  
 So genius triumphed over seeming wrong,  
 And poured out truth in works by thoughtful love  
 Inspired—works potent over smiles and tears  
 And as round mountain-tops the lightning plays,  
 Thus innocently sported, breaking forth  
 As from a cloud of some grave sympathy,

<sup>1</sup> Light will be thrown upon the tragic circumstance alluded to in this poem when, after the death of Charles Lamb's Sister, his biographer, Mr. Sergeant Talford, shall be at liberty to relate particulars which could not, at the time his Memoir was written, be given to the public [The "tragic circumstance" is, with the rest of Lamb's story, now of course common knowledge.—*Ed*]

## 598 Written after Death of Charles Lamb

Humour and wild instinctive wit, and all  
 The vivid flashes of his spoken words  
 From the most gentle creature nursed in fields  
 Had been derived the name he bore—a name,  
 Wherever Christian altars have been raised,  
 Hallowed to meekness and to innocence,  
 And if in him meekness at times gave way,  
 Provoked out of herself by troubles strange,  
 Many and strange, that hung about his life,  
 Still, at the centre of his being, lodged  
 A soul by resignation sanctified  
 And if too often, self-reproached, he felt  
 That innocence belongs not to our kind,  
 A power that never ceased to abide in him,  
 Charity, 'mid the multitude of sins  
 That she can cover, left not his exposed  
 To an unforgiving judgment from just Heaven  
 Oh, he was good, if e'er a good Man lived !

\* \* \* \* \*

From a reflecting mind and sorrowing heart  
 Those simple lines flowed with an earnest wish,  
 Though but a doubting hope, that they might serve  
 Fitly to guard the precious dust of him  
 Whose virtues called them forth That aim is missed,  
 For much that truth most urgently required  
 Had from a faltering pen been asked in vain  
 Yet, haply, on the printed page received,  
 The imperfect record, there, may stand unblamed  
 As long as verse of mine shall breathe the air  
 Of memory, or see the light of love

Thou wert a scooner of the fields, my Friend,  
 But more in show than truth, and from the fields,  
 And from the mountains, to thy rural grave  
 Transported, my soothed spirit hovers o'er  
 Its green untrodden turf, and blowing flowers,  
 And taking up a voice shall speak (tho' still  
 Awed by the theme's peculiar sanctity  
 Which words less free presumed not even to touch)  
 Of that fraternal love, whose heaven-lit lamp  
 From infancy, through manhood, to the last  
 Of threescore years, and to thy latest hour,  
 Bunt on with ever-strengthening light, enshrined  
 Within thy bosom

“Wonderful” hath been,  
 The love established between man and man,

Written after Death of Charles Lamb 599

“Passing the love of women,” and between  
Man and his help-mate in fast wedlock joined  
Through God, is raised a spirit and soul of love  
Without whose blissful influence Paradise  
Had been no Paradise, and earth were now  
A waste where creatures bearing human form,  
Diest of savage beasts, would roam in fear,  
Joyless and comfortless Our days glide on,  
And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve  
That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,  
And her bright dower of clustering charities,  
That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung  
Enriching and adorning. Unto thee,  
Not so enriched, not so adorned, to thee  
Was given (say rather, thou of later birth  
Wert given to her) a Sister—’tis a word  
Timidly uttered, for she *lives*, the meek,  
The self-restraining, and the ever-kind,  
In whom thy reason and intelligent heart  
Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,  
All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,  
Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—  
More than sufficient recompence!

Her love  
(What weakness prompts the voice to tell it here?)  
Was as the love of mothers, and when years,  
Lifting the boy to man’s estate, had called  
The long-protected to assume the part  
Of a protector, the first filial tie  
Was undissolved, and, in or out of sight,  
Remained imperishably interwoven  
With life itself Thus, ’mid a shifting world,  
Did they together testify of time  
And season’s difference—a double tree  
With two collateral stems sprung from one root;  
Such were they—such thro’ life they *might* have been  
In union, in partition only such;  
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High,  
Yet, thro’ all visitations and all trials,  
Still they were faithful, like two vessels launched  
From the same beach one ocean to explore  
With mutual help, and sailing—to their league  
True, as inexorable winds, or bars  
Floating or fixed of polar ice, allow  
But turn we rather, let my spirit turn

## 600 The Death of James Hogg

With thine, O silent and invisible Friend !  
 To those dear intervals, nor rare nor brief,  
 When reunited, and by choice withdrawn  
 From miscellaneous converse, ye were taught  
 That the remembrance of foregone distress,  
 And the worse fear of future ill (which oft  
 Doth hang around it, as a sickly child  
 Upon its mother) may be both alike  
 Disarmed of power, to unsettle present good  
 So prized, and things inward and outward held  
 In such an even balance, that the heart  
 Acknowledges God's grace, his mercy feels,  
 And in its depth of gratitude is still

O gift divine of quiet sequestration !  
 The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,  
 And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,  
 Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves  
 To life-long singleness, but happier far  
 Was to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others,  
 A thousand times more beautiful appeared,  
 Your *dual* loneliness    The sacred tie  
 Is broken, yet why grieve? for Time but holds  
 His moiety in trust, till Joy shall lead  
 To the blest world where parting is unknown.  
 (1835)

### EXTEMPORE EFFUSION UPON THE DEATH OF JAMES HOGG <sup>1</sup>

WHEN first, descending from the moorlands,  
 I saw the Stream of Yarrow glide  
 Along a bare and open valley,  
 The Ettrick Shepherd was my guide.

When last along its banks I wandered,  
 Through groves that had begun to shed  
 Their golden leaves upon the pathways,  
 My steps the Border-minstrel led

The mighty Minstrel breathes no longer,  
 'Mid mouldering ruins low he lies,  
 And death upon the braes of Yarrow,  
 Has closed the Shepherd-poet's eyes

<sup>1</sup> These verses were written extempore, immediately after reading a notice of the Ettrick Shepherd's death in the Newcastle paper, to the Editor of which I sent a copy for publication. The persons lamented in these verses were all either of my friends or acquaintance

## Upon Seeing a Coloured Drawing 601

Nor has the rolling year twice measured,  
 From sign to sign, its stedfast course,  
 Since every mortal power of Coleridge  
 Was frozen at its marvellous source,  
 The rapt One, of the godlike forehead,  
 The heaven-eyed creature sleeps in earth.  
 And Lamb, the frolic and the gentle,  
 Has vanished from his lonely hearth.  
 Like clouds that rake the mountain summits,  
 Or waves that own no curbing hand,  
 How fast has brother followed brother  
 From sunshine to the sunless land!  
 Yet I, whose lids from infant slumber  
 Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
 A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
 "Who next will drop and disappear?"  
 Our haughty life is crowned with darkness,  
 Like London with its own black wreath,  
 On which with thee, O Crabbe! forth-looking,  
 I gazed from Hampstead's breezy heath  
 As it but yesterday departed,  
 Thou too art gone before, but why,  
 O'er ripe fruit, seasonably gathered,  
 Should frail survivors heave a sigh?  
 Mourn rather for that holy Spirit,  
 Sweet as the spring, as ocean deep,  
 For Hei who, ere her summer faded,  
 Has sunk into a breathless sleep  
 No more of old romantic sorrows,  
 For slaughtered Youth or love-lorn Maid!  
 With sharper grief is Yarrow smitten,  
 And Ettrick mourns with her their Poet dead

(Nov 1835)

### UPON SEEING A COLOURED DRAWING OF THE BIRD OF PARADISE IN AN ALBUM<sup>1</sup>

Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?  
 Thou buoyant minion of the tropic air,  
 How could he think of the live creature—gay

<sup>1</sup> I cannot forbear to record that the last seven lines of this Poem were composed in bed during the night of the day on which my sister Sara Hutchinson died about 6 P M., and it was the thought of her innocent and beautiful life that, through faith, prompted the words—

"On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,  
 No tempest from his breath."

## 602 Composed after reading Newspaper

With a divinity of colours, drest  
 In all her brightness, from the dancing crest  
 Far as the last gleam of the filmy train  
 Extended and extending to sustain  
 The motions that it graces—and forbear  
 To drop his pencil ! Flowers of every clime  
 Depicted on these pages smile at time ,  
 And gorgeous insects copied with nice care  
 Are here, and likenesses of many a shell  
 Tossed ashore by restless waves,  
 Or in the diver's grasp fetched up from caves  
 Where sea-nymphs might be proud to dwell  
 But whose rash hand (again I ask) could dare,  
 'Mid casual tokens and promiscuous shows,  
 To circumscribe this Shape in fixed repose ,  
 Could imitate for indolent survey,  
 Perhaps for touch profane,  
 Plumes that might catch, but cannot keep, a stain ,  
 And, with cloud-streaks lightest and loftiest, share  
 The sun's first greeting, his last farewell ray !  
 Resplendent Wanderer ! followed with glad eyes  
 Where'er her course , mysterious Bird !  
 To whom, by wondering Fancy stuned,  
 Eastern Islanders have given  
 A holy name—the Bird of Heaven !  
 And even a title higher still  
 The Bird of God ! whose blessed will  
 She seems performing as she flies  
 Over the earth and through the skies  
 In never-wearyed search of Paradise—  
 Region that crowns her beauty with the name  
 She bears for *us*—for us how blest,  
 How happy at all seasons, could like aim  
 Uphold our Spirits urged to kindred flight  
 On wings that fear no glance of God's pure sight,  
 No tempest from his breath, their promised rest  
 Seeking with indefatigable quest  
 Above a world that deems itself most wise  
 When most enslaved by gross realities !

(1835)

### COMPOSED AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER OF THE DAY

"PEOPLE" your chains are severing link by link ;  
 Soon shall the Rich be levelled down—the Poor

‘ By a blest Husband Guided ’ 603

Meet them half way ” Vain boast ! for These, the more  
They thus would rise, must low and lower sink  
Till, by repentance stung, they fear to think ,  
While all lie prostrate, save the tyrant few  
Bent in quick turns each other to undo,  
And mix the poison, they themselves must drink  
Mistrust thyself, vain Country ! cease to cry,  
“ Knowledge will save me from the threatened woe ”  
For, if than other rash ones more thou know,  
Yet on presumptuous wing as far would fly  
Above thy knowledge as they dared to go,  
Thou wilt provoke a heavier penalty.  
(1835)

“ BY A BLEST HUSBAND GUIDED, MARY  
CAME ” <sup>1</sup>

By a blest Husband guided, Mary came  
From nearest kindred, Vernon her new name ,  
She came, though meek of soul, in seemly pride  
Of happiness and hope, a youthful Bride  
O dread reverse ! if aught *be* so, which proves  
That God will chasten whom he dearly loves  
Faith bore her up through pains in mercy given,  
And troubles that were each a step to Heaven  
Two Babes were laid in earth before she died ,  
A third now slumbers at the Mother’s side ,  
Its Sister-twin survives, whose smiles afford  
A trembling solace to her widowed Lord.  
Reader ! if to thy bosom cling the pain  
Of recent sorrow combated in vain ,  
Or if thy cherished grief have failed to thwart  
Time still intent on his insidious part,  
Lulling the mourner’s best good thoughts asleep,  
Pilfering regrets we would, but cannot, keep ,  
Bear with Him—judge *Him* gently who makes known  
His bitter loss by this memorial Stone ,  
And pray that in his faithful breast the grace  
Of resignation find a hallowed place  
(1835)

<sup>1</sup> This lady was named Carleton ; she, along with a sister, was brought up in the neighbourhood of Ambleside The epitaph, a part of it at least, is in the church at Bromsgrove, where she resided after her marriage.



## 604 Roman Antiquities Discovered

### “DESPONDING FATHER ! MARK THIS ALTERED BOUGH”

DESPONDING Father ! mark this altered bough,  
So beautiful of late, with sunshine warmed,  
Or moist with dews , what more unsightly now,  
Its blossoms shrivelled, and its fruit, if formed,  
Invisible ? yet Spring her genial brow  
Knits not o'er that discolouring and decay  
As false to expectation    Nor fret thou  
At like unlovely process in the May  
Of human life    a Stripling's graces blow,  
Fade and are shed, that from their timely fall  
(Misdeem it not a cankerous change) may grow  
Rich mellow bearings, that for thanks shall call  
In all men, sinful is it to be slow  
To hope—in Parents, sinful above all

(1835)

### ROMAN ANTIQUITIES DISCOVERED AT BISHOPSTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE<sup>1</sup>

WHILE poring Antiquarians search the ground  
Upturned with curious pains, the Bard, a Seer,  
Takes fire —The men that have been reappear,  
Romans for travel girt, for business gown'd,  
And some recline on couches, myrtle-crowned,  
In festal glee . why not ? For fresh and clear,  
As if its hues were of the passing year,  
Dawns this time buried pavement    From that mound  
Hoards may come forth of Tiajans, Maximins,  
Shrunk into coins with all their wailike toil  
Or a fierce impress issues with its foil  
Of tenderness—the Wolf, whose suckling Twins  
The unlettered ploughboy pities when he wins  
The casual treasure from the furrowed soil

(1835)

### ST CATHERINE OF LEDBURY<sup>2</sup>

WHEN human touch (as monkish books attest)  
Nor was applied nor could be, Ledbury bells

<sup>1</sup> My attention to these antiquities was directed by Mr. Walker, son to the itinerant Eidouranian Philosopher. The beautiful pavement was discovered within a few yards of the front door of his parsonage, and appeared from the site (in full view of several hills upon which there had formerly been Roman encampments) as if it might have been the villa of the commander of the force, at least such was Mr. Walker's conjecture.

<sup>2</sup> Written on a journey from Brinsop Court, Herefordshire

Broke forth in concert flung adown the dells,  
And upward, high as Malvern’s cloudy crest,  
Sweet tones, and caught by a noble Lady blest  
To rapture! Mabel listened at the side  
Of her loved mistress soon the music died,  
And Catherine said, *Here I set up my rest.*  
Wained in a dream, the Wanderer long had sought  
A home that by such miracle of sound  
Must be revealed —she heard it now, or felt  
The deep, deep joy of a confiding thought;  
And there, a saintly anchoress, she dwelt  
Till she exchanged for heaven that happy ground  
(1835)

“WHY ART THOU SILENT?”<sup>1</sup>

Why art thou silent? Is thy love a plant  
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air  
Of absence withers what was once so fair?  
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant?  
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant—  
Bound to thy service with unceasing care,  
The mind’s least generous wish a mendicant  
For nought but what thy happiness could spare  
Speak—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold  
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,  
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold  
Than a forsaken bird’s-nest filled with snow  
’Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—  
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!  
(1835)

ON THE ROAD BETWEEN PRESTON AND  
LANCASTER

Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein  
Whiled us o’er sunless ground beneath a sky  
As void of sunshine, when, from that wide plain,  
Clear tops of far-off mountains we descry,  
Like a Sicilia of cerulean Spain,  
All light and lustre. Did no heart reply?  
Yes, there was One;—for One, asunder fly  
The thousand links of that ethereal chain,

<sup>1</sup> In the month of January, when Doia and I were walking from Town-end, Grasmere, across the vale, snow being on the ground, she espied, in the thick though leafless hedge, a bird’s nest half filled with snow. Out of this comfortless appearance arose this Sonnet

And green vales open out, with grove and field,  
 And the fair front of many a happy Home ,  
 Such tempting spots as into vision come  
 While Soldiers, weary of the arms they wield  
 And sick at heart of strife-ful Christendom,  
 Gaze on the moon by parting clouds revealed  
 (1835)

TO ——<sup>1</sup>

“ Miss not the occasion by the forelock take  
 That subtle Power, the never-halting Time,  
 Lest a mere moment's putting-off should make  
 Mischance almost as heavy as a crime ”

“ WAIT, prithee, wait ! ” this answer Lesbia threw  
 Forth to her Dove, and took no further heed ,  
 Her eye was busy, while her fingers flew  
 Across the harp, with soul-engrossing speed ,  
 But from that bondage when her thoughts were freed  
 She rose, and toward the close-shut casement drew,  
 Whence the poor unregarded Favourite, true  
 To old affections, had been heard to plead  
 With flapping wing for entrance What a shriek !  
 Forced from that voice so lately tuned to a strain  
 Of harmony !—a shriek of terror, pain,  
 And self-reproach ! for, from aloft, a Kite  
 Pounced,—and the Dove, which from its ruthless beak  
 She could not rescue, perished in her sight !  
 (1835)

## “ SAID SECRECY TO COWARDICE ”

SAID Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud,  
 Falsehood and Treachery, in close council met,  
 Deep under ground, in Pluto's cabinet,  
 “ The frost of England's pride will soon be thawed ,  
 Hooded the open brow that overawed  
 Our schemes , the faith and honour, never yet  
 By us with hope encountered, be upset ,—  
 For once I burst my bands, and cry, applaud ! ”  
 Then whispered she, “ The Bill is carrying out ! ”  
 They heard, and, starting up, the Brood of Night  
 Clapped hands, and shook with glee their matted locks ;  
 All Powers and Places that abhor the light  
 Joined in the transport, echoed back their shout,  
 Hurrah for ——, hugging his Ballot-box !  
 (1835)

<sup>1</sup> The fate of this poor Dove, as described, was told to me at Brinsop Court, by the young lady to whom I have given the name of Lesbia

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 607

NOVEMBER 1836

EVEN so for me a Vision sanctified  
The sway of Death, long ere mine eyes had seen  
Thy countenance—the still rapture of thy mien—  
When thou, dear Sister! wert become Death's Bride  
No trace of pain or languor could abide  
That change—age on thy brow was smoothed—thy cold  
Wan cheek at once was privileged to unfold  
A loveliness to living youth denied  
Oh! if within me hope should e'er decline,  
The lamp of faith, lost Friend! too faintly burn,  
Then may that heaven-revealing smile of thine,  
The bright assurance, visibly return  
And let my spirit in that power divine  
Rejoice, as, through that power, it ceased to mourn

### “SIX MONTHS TO SIX YEARS ADDED HE REMAINED”

Six months to six years added he remained  
Upon this sinful earth, by sin unstained  
O blessed Lord! whose mercy then removed  
A Child whom every eye that looked on loved  
Support us, teach us calmly to resign  
What we possessed, and now is wholly thine!

(1836)

### MEMORIALS OF A TOUR IN ITALY<sup>1</sup>

1837

to

HENRY CRABB ROBINSON

COMPANION! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered,  
In whose experience trusting, day by day  
Treasures I gained with zeal that neither feared  
The toils nor felt the crosses of the way,

<sup>1</sup> During my whole life I had felt a strong desire to visit Rome and the other celebrated cities and regions of Italy, but did not think myself justified in incurring the necessary expense till I received from Mr. Moxon, the publisher of a large edition of my poems, a sum sufficient to enable me to gratify my wish without encroaching upon what I considered due to my family. My excellent friend H. C. Robinson readily consented to accompany me, and in March 1837 we set off from London, to which we returned in August, earlier than my companion wished or I should myself have desired had I been, like him, a bachelor.

## 608 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

These records take, and happy should I be  
Were but the Gift a meet Return to thee  
For kindnesses that never ceased to flow,  
And prompt self-sacrifice to which I owe  
Far more than any heart but mine can know

W WORDSWORTH.

RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb 14<sup>th</sup>*, 1842

### MUSINGS NEAR AQUAPENDENTE

APRIL 1837

YE Apennines ! with all your fertile vales  
Deeply embosomed, and your winding shores  
Of either sea—an Islander by birth,  
A Mountaineer by habit, would resound  
Your praise, in meet accordance with your claims  
Bestowed by Nature, or from man's great deeds  
Inherited —presumptuous thought !—it fled  
Like vapour, like a towering cloud, dissolved  
Not, therefore, shall my mind give way to sadness,—  
Yon snow-white torrent-fall, plumb down it drops  
Yet ever hangs or seems to hang in air,  
Lulling the leisure of that high perched town,  
AQUAPENDENTE, in her lofty site  
Its neighbour and its namesake—town, and flood  
Forth flashing out of its own gloomy chasm  
Bright sunbeams—the fresh verdure of this lawn  
Strewn with grey rocks, and on the horizon's verge,  
O'er intervenient waste, through glimmering haze,  
Unquestionably kenned, that cone-shaped hill  
With fractured summit, no indifferent sight  
To travellers, from such comforts as are thine,  
Bleak Radicofani ! escaped with joy—  
These are before me , and the varied scene  
May well suffice, till noon-tide's sultry heat  
Relax, to fix and satisfy the mind  
Passive yet pleased    What ! with this Broom in flower  
Close at my side !    She bids me fly to greet  
Her sisters, soon like her to be attired  
With golden blossoms opening at the feet '  
Of my own Fairfield    The glad greeting given,  
Given with a voice and by a look returned  
Of old companionship, Time counts not minutes  
Ere, from accustomed paths, familiar fields,  
The local Genius hurries me aloft,

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 609

Transported over that cloud-wooming hill,  
 Seat Sandal, a fond suitor of the clouds,  
 With dream-like smoothness, to Helvellyn's top,  
 There to alight upon crisp moss and range,  
 Obtaining ampler boon, at every step,  
 Of visual sovereignty—hills multitudinous,  
 (Not Apennine can boast of fairer) hills  
 Pride of two nations, wood and lake and plains,  
 And prospect right below of deep coves shaped  
 By skeleton arms, that, from the mountain's trunk  
 Extended, clasp the winds, with mutual moan  
 Struggling for liberty, while undismayed  
 The shepherd struggles with them    Onward thence  
 And downward by the skirt of Greenside fell,  
 And by Glenridding-screens, and low Glencoign,  
 Places forsaken now, though loving still  
 The muses, as they loved them in the days  
 Of the old minstrels and the border bards —  
 But here am I fast bound, and let it pass,  
 The simple rapture,—who that travels far  
 To feed his mind with watchful eyes could share  
 Or wish to share it?—One there surely was,  
 "The Wizard of the North," with anxious hope  
 Brought to this genial climate, when disease  
 Preyed upon body and mind—yet not the less  
 Had his sunk eye kindled at those dear words  
 That spake of bards and minstrels, and his spirit  
 Had flown with mine to old Helvellyn's brow,  
 Where once together, in his day of strength,  
 We stood rejoicing, as if earth were free  
 From sorrow, like the sky above our heads

Years followed years, and when, upon the eve  
 Of his last going from Tweed-side, thought turned  
 Or by another's sympathy was led,  
 To this bright land, Hope was for him no friend,  
 Knowledge no help, Imagination shaped  
 No promise. Still, in more than ear-deep seats,  
 Survives for me, and cannot but survive  
 The tone of voice which wedded borrowed words  
 To sadness not their own, when, with faint smile  
 Forced by intent to take from speech its edge,  
 He said, "When I am there, although 'tis fair,  
 'Twill be another Yarrow"    Prophecy  
 More than fulfilled, as gay Campania's shores  
 Soon witnessed, and the city of seven hills,

## 610 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

Her sparkling fountains and her mouldering tombs,  
And more than all, that Eminence which showed  
Her splendours, seen, not felt, the while he stood  
A few short steps (painful they were) apart  
From Tasso's Convent-haven, and retired grave

Peace to their Spirits ! why should Poesy  
Yield to the lure of vain regret, and hover  
In gloom on wings with confidence outspread  
To move in sunshine ?—Utter thanks, my Soul !  
Tempered with awe, and sweetened by compassion  
For them who in the shades of sorrow dwell,  
That I—so near the term to human life  
Appointed by man's common heritage,  
Frail as the frailest, one withal (if that  
Deserve a thought) but little known to fame—  
Am free to rove where Nature's loveliest looks,  
Art's noblest relics, history's rich bequests,  
Failed to reanimate and but feebly cheered  
The whole world's Darling—free to rove at will  
O'er high and low, and if requiring rest,  
Rest from enjoyment only.

Thanks poured forth  
For what thus far hath blessed my wanderings, thanks  
Fervent but humble as the lips can breathe  
Where gladness seems a duty—let me guard  
Those seeds of expectation which the fruit  
Already gathered in this favoured Land  
Enfolds within its core The faith be mine,  
That He who guides and governs all, approves  
When gratitude, though disciplined to look  
Beyond these transient spheres, doth wear a crown  
Of earthly hope put on with trembling hand,  
Nor is least pleased, we trust, when golden beams,  
Reflected through the mists of age, from hours  
Of innocent delight, remote or recent,  
Shoot but a little way—'tis all they can—  
Into the doubtful future Who would keep  
Power must resolve to cleave to it through life,  
Else it deserts him, surely as he lives  
Saints would not grieve nor guardian angels frown  
If one—while tossed, as was my lot to be,  
In a frail bark urged by two slender oars  
Over waves rough and deep, that, when they broke,  
Dashed their white foam against the palace walls  
Of Genoa the superb—should there be led

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 611

To meditate upon his own appointed tasks,  
However humble in themselves, with thoughts  
Raised and sustained by memory of Him  
Who oftentimes within those narrow bounds  
Rocked on the surge, there tried his spirit's strength  
And grasp of purpose, long ere sailed his ship  
To lay a new world open.

Nor less prized  
Be those impressions which incline the heart  
To mild, to lowly, and to seeming weak,  
Bend that way her desires The dew, the storm—  
The dew whose moisture fell in gentle drops  
On the small hyssop destined to become,  
By Hebrew ordinance devoutly kept,  
A purifying instrument—the storm  
That shook on Lebanon the cedar's top,  
And as it shook, enabling the blind roots  
Further to force their way, endowed its trunk  
With magnitude and strength fit to uphold  
The glorious temple—did alike proceed  
From the same gracious will, were both an offspring  
Of bounty infinite

Between Powers that aim  
Higher to lift their lofty heads, impelled  
By no profane ambition, Powers that thrive  
By conflict, and their opposites, that trust  
In lowliness—a midway tract there lies  
Of thoughtful sentiment for every mind  
Pregnant with good Young, Middle-aged, and Old,  
From century on to century, must have known  
The emotion—nay, more fitly were it said—  
The blest tranquillity that sunk so deep  
Into my spirit, when I paced, enclosed  
In Pisa's Campo Santo, the smooth floor  
Of its Arcades paved with sepulchral slabs,  
And through each window's open fretwork looked  
O'er the blank Area of sacred earth  
Fetched from Mount Calvary, or haply delved  
In precincts nearer to the Saviour's tomb,  
By hands of men, humble as brave, who fought  
For its deliverance—a capacious field  
That to descendants of the dead it holds  
And to all living mute memento breathes,  
More touching far than ought which on the walls  
Is pictured, or their epitaphs can speak,



## 612 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

Of the changed City's long-departed power,  
 Glory, and wealth, which, perilous as they are,  
 Here did not kill, but nourished, Piety  
 And, high above that length of cloistral roof  
 Peering in air and backed by azure sky,  
 To kindred contemplations ministers  
 The Baptistery's dome, and that which swells  
 From the Cathedral pile, and with the twain  
 Conjoined in prospect mutable or fixed  
 (As hurry on in eagerness the feet,  
 Or pause) the summit of the Leaning-tower  
 Nor less remuneration waits on him  
 Who having left the Cemetery stands  
 In the Tower's shadow, of decline and fall  
 Admonished not without some sense of fear,  
 Fear that soon vanishes before the sight  
 Of splendour unextinguished, pomp unscathed  
 And beauty unimpaired Grand in itself,  
 And for itself, the assemblage, grand and fair  
 To view, and for the mind's consenting eye  
 A type of age in man, upon its front  
 Bearing the world-acknowledged evidence  
 Of past exploits, nor fondly after more  
 Struggling against the stream of destiny,  
 But with its peaceful majesty content.  
 —Oh what a spectacle at every turn  
 The Place unfolds, from pavement skinned with moss  
 Or grass-grown spaces, where the heaviest foot  
 Provokes no echoes, but must softly tread ;  
 Where Solitude with Silence pained stops short  
 Of Desolation, and to Ruin's scythe  
 Decay submits not

But where'er my steps  
 Shall wander, chiefly let me cull with care  
 Those images of genial beauty, oft  
 Too lovely to be pensive in themselves  
 But by reflection made so, which do best  
 And fittest serve to crown with fragrant wreaths  
 Life's cup when almost filled with years, like mine  
 —How lovely robed in forenoon light and shade,  
 Each ministering to each, didst thou appear,  
 Savona, Queen of territory fair  
 As aught that marvellous coast thro' all its length  
 Yields to the Stranger's eye Remembrance holds  
 As a selected treasure thy one cliff,

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 613

That, while it wore for melancholy crest  
 A shattered Convent, yet rose proud to have  
 Clinging to its steep sides a thousand herbs  
 And shrubs, whose pleasant looks gave proof how kind  
 The breath of air can be where earth had else  
 Seemed churlish And behold, both far and near,  
 Garden and field all decked with orange bloom,  
 And peach and citron, in Spring's mildest breeze  
 Expanding, and, along the smooth shore curved  
 Into a natural port, a tideless sea,  
 To that mild breeze with motion and with voice  
 Softly responsive, and, attuned to all  
 Those vernal charms of sight and sound, appeared  
 Smooth space of turf which from the guardian fort  
 Sloped seaward, turf whose tender April green,  
 In coolest climes too fugitive, might even here  
 Plead with the sovereign Sun for longer stay  
 Than his unmitigated beams allow,  
 Nor plead in vain, if beauty could preserve,  
 From mortal change, aught that is born on earth  
 Or doth on time depend.

While on the brink

Of that high Convent-crested cliff I stood,  
 Modest Savona! over all did brood  
 A pure poetic Spirit—as the breeze,  
 Mild—as the verdure, fresh—the sunshine, bright—  
 Thy gentle Chiabreia! not a stone,  
 Mural or level with the trodden floor,  
 In Church or Chapel, if my curious quest  
 Missed not the truth, retains a single name  
 Of young or old, warrior, or saint, or sage,  
 To whose dear memories his sepulchral verse  
 Paid simple tribute, such as might have flowed  
 From the clear spring of a plain English heart,  
 Say rather, one in native fellowship  
 With all who want not skill to couple grief  
 With praise, as genuine admiration prompts  
 The grief, the praise, are severed from their dust,  
 Yet in his page the records of that worth  
 Survive, uninjured;—glory then to words,  
 Honour to word-preserving Arts, and hail  
 Ye kindred local influences that still,  
 If Hope's familiar whispers merit faith,  
 Await my steps when they the breezy height  
 Shall range of philosophic Tusculum,

## 614 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

Or Sabine vales exploied inspire a wish  
 To meet the shade of Horace by the side  
 Of his Bandusian fount, or I invoke  
 His presencc to point out the spot where once  
 He sate, and eulogised with earnest pen  
 Peace, leisure, freedom, moderate desires,  
 And all the immunities of rural life  
 Extolled, behind Vacuna's crumbling fane  
 Or let me loiter, soothed with what is given  
 Nor asking more, on that delicious Bay,  
 Parthenope's Domain—Virgilian haunt,  
 Illustrated with never-dying verse,  
 And, by the Poet's laurel-shaded tomb,  
 Age after age to Pilgrims from all lands  
 Endeared

And who—if not a man as cold<sup>1</sup>  
 In heart as dull in brain—while pacing ground  
 Chosen by Rome's legendary Bards, high minds  
 Out of her early struggles well inspired  
 To localise heroic acts—could look  
 Upon the spots with undelighted eye,  
 Though even to their last syllable the Lays  
 And very names of those who gave them birth  
 Have perished?—Verily, to her utmost depth,  
 Imagination feels what Reason fears not  
 To recognise, the lasting virtue lodged  
 In those bold fictions that, by deeds assigned  
 To the Valerian, Fabian, Curian Race,  
 And others like in fame, created Powers  
 With attributes from History derived,  
 By Poesy irradiate, and yet glaced,  
 Through marvellous felicity of skill,  
 With something more propitious to high aims  
 Than either, pent within her separate sphere,  
 Can oft with justice claim

And not disdaining  
 Union with those primeval energies  
 To virtue consecrate, stoop ye from your height,  
 Christian Traditions<sup>1</sup> at my Spirit's call  
 Descend, and, on the brow of ancient Rome  
 As she survives in ruin, manifest  
 Your glories mingled with the brightest hues  
 Of her memorial halo, fading, fading,  
 But never to be extinct while Earth endures.  
 O come, if undishonoured by the prayer,

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 615

From all her Sanctuaries<sup>1</sup>—Open for my feet  
Ye Catacombs, give to mine eyes a glimpse  
Of the Devout, as, 'mid your glooms convened  
For safety, they of yore enclasped the Cross  
On knees that ceased from trembling, or intoned  
Their orisons with voices half-suppressed,  
But sometimes heard, or fancied to be heard,  
Even at this hour

And thou Mamertine prison,  
Into that vault receive me from whose depth  
Issues, revealed in no presumptuous vision,  
Albeit lifting human to divine,  
A Saint, the Church's Rock, the mystic Keys  
Grasped in his hand, and lo<sup>1</sup> with upright sword  
Prefiguring his own impendent doom,  
The Apostle of the Gentiles, both prepared  
To suffer pains with heathen scorn and hate  
Inflicted,—blessèd Men, for so to Heaven  
They follow then dear Lord<sup>1</sup>

Time flows—nor winds,  
Nor stagnates, nor precipitates his course,  
But many a benefit borne upon his breast  
For human-kind sinks out of sight, is gone,  
No one knows how; nor seldom is put forth  
An angry arm that snatches good away,  
Never perhaps to reappear The Stream  
Has to our generation brought and brings  
Innumerable gains, yet we, who now  
Walk in the light of day, pertain full surely  
To a chilled age, most pitifully shut out  
From that which *is* and actuates, by forms,  
Abstractions, and by lifeless fact to fact  
Minutely linked with diligence uninspired,  
Unrectified, unguided, unsustained,  
By godlike insight. To this fate is doomed  
Science, wide-spread and spreading still as be  
Her conquests, in the world of sense made known,  
So with the internal mind it fares, and so  
With morals, trusting, in contempt or fear  
Of vital principle's contrivance law,  
To her purblind guide Expediency, and so  
Suffers religious faith. Elate with view  
Of what is won, we overlook or scorn  
The best that should keep pace with it, and must,  
Else more and more the general mind will droop,

## 616 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

Even as if bent on perishing    There lives  
 No faculty within us which the Soul  
 Can spare, and humblest earthly Weal demands,  
 For dignity not placed beyond her reach,  
 Zealous co-operation of all means  
 Given or acquiesced, to raise us from the mire,  
 And liberate our hearts from low pursuits  
 By gross Utilities enslaved, we need  
 More of ennobling impulse from the past,  
 If to the future aught of good must come  
 Sounder and therefore holier than the ends  
 Which, in the giddiness of self-applause,  
 We covet as supreme    O giant the crown  
 That Wisdom wears, or take his treacherous staff  
 From Knowledge !—If the Muse, whom I have served  
 This day, be mistress of a single pearl  
 Fit to be placed in that pure diadem,  
 Then, not in vain, under these chestnut boughs  
 Reclined, shall I have yielded up my soul  
 To transports from the secondary founts  
 Flowing of time and place, and paid to both  
 Due homage, nor shall fruitlessly have striven,  
 By love of beauty moved, to enshrine in verse  
 Accordant meditations, which in times  
 Vexed and disordered, as our own, may shed  
 Influence, at least among a scattered few,  
 To soberness of mind and peace of heart  
 Friendly, as here to my repose hath been  
 This flowering broom's dear neighbourhood, the light  
 And murmur issuing from yon pendent flood,  
 And all the varied landscape    Let us now  
 Rise, and to-morrow greet magnificent Rome.

### THE PINE OF MONTE MARIO AT ROME

I saw far off the dark top of a Pine  
 Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tree  
 That bound it to its native earth—poised high  
 'Mid evening hues, along the horizon line,  
 Striving in peace each other to outshine  
 But when I learned the Tree was living there,  
 Saved from the sordid axe by Beaumont's care,  
 Oh, what a gush of tenderness was mine !  
 The rescued Pine-Tree, with its sky so bright  
 And cloud-like beauty, rich in thoughts of home,

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 617

Death-parted friends, and days too swift in flight,  
Supplanted the whole majesty of Rome  
(Then first apparent from the Pincian Height)  
Crowned with St Peter's everlasting Dome.

### III

#### AT ROME

Is this, ye Gods, the Capitoline Hill?  
Yon petty Steep in truth the fearful Rock,  
Tarpeian named of yore, and keeping still  
That name, a local Phantom proud to mock  
The Traveller's expectation?—Could our Will  
Destroy the ideal Power within, 'twere done  
Thro' what men see and touch,—slaves wandering on,  
Impelled by thirst of all but Heaven-taught skill  
Full oft, our wish obtained, deeply we sigh,  
Yet not uncompensated are they who learn,  
From that depression raised, to mount on high  
With stronger wing, more clearly to discern  
Eternal things, and, if need be, defy  
Change, with a brow not insolent, though stern.

### IV

#### AT ROME—REGRETS—IN ALLUSION TO NIEBUHR AND OTHER MODERN HISTORIANS

THOSE old credulities, to nature dear,  
Shall they no longer bloom upon the stock  
Of History, stript naked as a rock  
'Mid a dry desert? What is it we hear?  
The glory of Infant Rome must disappear,  
Her morning splendours vanish, and their place  
Know them no more If Truth, who veiled her face  
With those bright beams yet hid it not, must steer  
Henceforth a humbler course perplexed and slow,  
One solace yet remains for us who came  
Into this world in days when story lacked  
Severe research, that in our hearts we know  
How, for exciting youth's heroic flame,  
Assent is power, belief the soul of fact.

### V

#### ROME

[Continued]

COMPLACENT Fictions were they, yet the same  
Involved a history of no doubtful sense,

## 618 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

History that proves by inward evidence  
 From what a precious source of truth it came.  
 Ne'er could the boldest Eulogist have dared  
 Such deeds to paint, such characters to frame  
 But for coeval sympathy prepared  
 To greet with instant faith their loftiest claim  
 None but a noble people could have loved  
 Flattery in Ancient Rome's pure-minded style.  
 Not in like sort the Runic Scald was moved,  
 He, nursed 'mid savage passions that defile  
 Humanity, sang feats that well might call  
 For the blood-thirsty mead of Odin's riotous Hall.

### VI

#### PLEA FOR THE HISTORIAN

FORBEAR to deem the Chronicler unwise,  
 Ungentle, or untouched by seemly ruth,  
 Who, gathering up all that Time's envious tooth  
 Has spared of sound and grave realities,  
 Firmly rejects those dazzling flatteries,  
 Dear as they are to unsuspecting Youth,  
 That might have drawn down Clio from the skies  
 To vindicate the majesty of truth  
 Such was her office while she walked with men,  
 A Muse, who, not unmindful of her Sire  
 All-ruling Jove, whate'er the theme might be  
 Revered her Mother, sage Mnemosyne,  
 And taught her faithful servants how the lyre  
 Should animate, but not mislead, the pen.<sup>1</sup>

### VII

#### AT ROME <sup>2</sup>

THEY—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn  
 Break forth at thought of laying down his head,  
 When the blank day is over, garieted  
 In his ancestral palace, where, from morn  
 To night, the deseciated floors are worn  
 By feet of purse-proud strangers, they—who have read

<sup>1</sup> Quem virum—lyria—  
 —sumes celebrare Clio?

<sup>2</sup> I have a private interest in this Sonnet, for I doubt whether it would ever have been written but for the lively picture given me by Anna Ricketts of what they had witnessed of the indignation and sorrow expressed by some Italian noblemen of their acquaintance upon the surrender, which circumstances had obliged them to make, of the best portion of their family mansions to strangers

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 619

In one meek smile, beneath a peasant's shed,  
How patiently the weight of wrong is borne,  
They—who have heard some learned Patriot treat  
Of freedom, with mind grasping the whole theme  
From ancient Rome, downwards through that bright dream  
Of Commonwealths, each city a starlike seat  
Of rival glory, they—fallen Italy—  
Nor must, nor will, nor can, despair of Thee!

### VIII

#### NEAR ROME, IN SIGHT OF ST PETER'S

LONG has the dew been dried on tree and lawn  
O'er man and beast a not unwelcome boon  
Is shed, the largesse of our earthy garden,  
To shady rest  
Mute are all creatures, as this couchant fawn,  
Save insect-swarms that hum in air afloat,  
Save that the Cock is crowing, a shrill note,  
Startling and shrill as that which roused the dawn.  
—Heard in that hour, or when, as now, the nerve  
Shrinks from the note as from a mistimed thing,  
Oft for a holy warning may it serve,  
Charged with remembrance of *his* sudden sting,  
His bitter tears, whose name the Papal Chair  
And yon resplendent Church are proud to bear.

### IX

#### AT ALBANO<sup>1</sup>

DAYS passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear  
His head from mist, and, as the wind sobbed through  
Albano's dripping Ilex avenue,  
My dull forebodings in a Peasant's ear  
Found casual vent. She said, "Be of good cheer,  
Our yesterday's procession did not sue  
In vain; the sky will change to sunny blue,  
Thanks to our Lady's grace" I smiled to hear,  
But not in scorn—the Matron's Faith may lack  
The heavenly sanction needed to ensure  
Fulfilment; but, we trust, her upward track  
Stops not at this low point, nor wants the lure  
Of flowers the Virgin without fear may own,  
For by her Son's blest hand the seed was sown

<sup>1</sup> This Sonnet is founded on simple fact, and was written to enlarge, if possible, the views of those who can see nothing but evil in the intercessions countenanced by the Church of Rome.



## 620 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

### X

NEAR Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove  
Perched on an olive bianch, and heard her cooing  
'Mid new-born blossoms that soft airs were wooing,  
While all things present told of joy and love  
But restless Fancy left that olive grove  
To hail the exploiatory Bird renewing  
Hope for the few, who, at the world's undoing,  
On the great flood were spared to live and move  
O bounteous Heaven ! signs true as dove and bough  
Brought to the ark are coming evermore,  
Given though we seek them not, but, while we plough  
This sea of life without a visible shore,  
Do neither promise ask nor grace implore  
In what alone is ours, the living Now.

### XI

FROM THE ALBAN HILLS, LOOKING TOWARDS ROME

FORGIVE, illustrious Country ! these deep sighs,  
Heaved less for thy bright plains and hills bestrown  
With monuments decayed or overthrown,  
For all that tottering stands or prostrate lies,  
Than for like scenes in moral vision shown,  
Ruin perceived for keener sympathies,  
Faith crushed, yet proud of weeds, her gaudy crown;  
Virtues laid low, and mouldering energies  
Yet why prolong this mournful strain ?—Fallen Power,  
Thy fortunes, twice exalted, might provoke  
Verse to glad notes prophetic of the hour  
When thou, arisen, shalt break thy double yoke,  
And enter, with prompt aid from the Most High,  
On the third stage of thy great destiny.

### XII

NEAR THE LAKE OF THRASYMENE

WHEN here with Carthage Rome to conflict came,  
An earthquake, mingling with the battle's shock,  
Checked not its rage, unfelt the ground did rock,  
Sword dropped not, javelin kept its deadly aim —  
Now all is sun-bright peace Of that day's shame,  
Or glory, not a vestige seems to endure,  
Save in this Rill that took from blood the name<sup>1</sup>  
Which yet it bears, sweet Stream ! as crystal pure.

<sup>1</sup> Sanguinetto

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 621

So may all trace and sign of deeds aloof  
From the true guidance of humanity,  
Thro' Time and Nature's influence, purify  
Their spirit, or, unless they for reproof  
Or warning serve, thus let them all, on ground  
That gave them being, vanish to a sound

### XIII

#### NEAR THE SAME LAKE

For action born, existing to be tried,  
Powers manifold we have that intervene  
To stir the heart that would too closely screen  
Her peace from images to pain allied  
What wonder if at midnight, by the side  
Of Sanguinetto, or broad Thrasymene,  
The clang of arms is heard, and phantoms glide,  
Unhappy ghosts in troops by moonlight seen,  
And singly thine, O vanquished Chief! whose corse,  
Unburied, lay hid under heaps of slain  
But who is He?—the Conqueror Would he force  
His way to Rome? Ah, no,—round hill and plain  
Wandering, he haunts, at fancy's strong command,  
This spot—his shadowy death-cup in his hand

### XIV

#### THE CUCKOO AT LAVERNA<sup>1</sup>

MAY 25, 1837

LIST—'twas the Cuckoo—O with what delight  
Heard I that voice! and catch it now, though faint,  
Far off and faint, and melting into air,  
Yet not to be mistaken Hark again!  
Those louder cues give notice that the Bird,  
Although invisible as Echo's self,  
Is wheeling hitherward Thanks, happy Creature,  
For this unthought-of greeting!

While allured

From vale to hill, from hill to vale led on,  
We have pursued, through various lands, a long  
And pleasant course, flower after flower has blown,

<sup>1</sup> Among a thousand delightful feelings connected in my mind with the voice of the cuckoo, there is a personal one which is rather melancholy. I was first convinced that age had rather dulled my hearing, by not being able to catch the sound at the same distance as the younger companions of my walks; and of this failure I had a proof upon the occasion that suggested these verses. I did not hear the sound till Mr Robinson had twice or thrice directed my attention to it

## 622 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

Embellishing the ground that gave them birth  
 With aspects novel to my sight, but still  
 Most fair, most welcome, when they drank the dew  
 In a sweet fellowship with kinds beloved,  
 For old remembrance sake, And oft—where Spring  
 Displayed her richest blossoms among files  
 Of orange-trees bedecked with glowing fruit  
 Ripe for the hand, or under a thick shade  
 Of Ilex, or, if better suited to the hour,  
 The lightsome Olive's twinkling canopy—  
 Oft have I heard the Nightingale and Thrush  
 Blending as in a common English grove  
 Their love-songs, but, where'er my feet might roam,  
 Whate'er assemblages of new and old,  
 Strange and familiar, might beguile the way,  
 A gratulation from that vagrant Voice  
 Was wanting,—and most happily till now.

For see, Laverna! mark the far-famed Pile,  
 High on the brink of that precipitous rock,  
 Implanted like a Fortress, as in truth  
 It is, a Christian Fortress garrisoned  
 In faith and hope, and  
 By a few Monks, a stern society,  
 Dead to the world and scorning earth-born joys  
 Nay—though the hopes that drew, the fears that drove,  
 St Francis, far from Man's resort, to abide  
 Among these sterile heights of Apennine,  
 Bound him, nor, since he raised yon House, have ceased  
 To bind his spiritual Progeny, with rules  
 Stringent as flesh can tolerate and live,  
 His milder Genius (thanks to the good God  
 That made us) over those severe restraints  
 Of mind, that dread heart-freezing discipline,  
 Doth sometimes here predominate, and works  
 By unsought means for gracious purposes,  
 For earth through heaven, for heaven, by changeful earth,  
 Illustrated, and mutually endeared

Rapt though He were above the power of sense,  
 Familiarly, yet out of the cleansed heart  
 Of that once sinful Being overflowed  
 On sun, moon, stars, the nether elements,  
 And every shape of creature they sustain,  
 Divine affections, and with beast and bird  
 (Stilled from afar—such marvel story tells—  
 By casual outbreak of his passionate words,

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 623

And from their own pursuits in field or grove  
 Drawn to his side by look or act of love  
 Humane, and virtue of his innocent life)  
 He went to hold companionship so free,  
 So pure, so fraught with knowledge and delight,  
 As to be likened in his Followers' minds  
 To that which our first Parents, ere the fall  
 From their high state darkened the Earth with fear,  
 Held with all kinds in Eden's blissful bowers

Then question not that, 'mid the austere Band,  
 Who breathe the air he breathed, tread where he trod,  
 Some true Partakers of his loving spirit  
 Do still survive, and, with those gentle hearts  
 Consorted, Others, in the power, the faith,  
 Of a baptized imagination, prompt  
 To catch from Nature's humblest monitors  
 Whate'er they bring of impulses sublime.

Thus sensitive must be the Monk, though pale  
 With fasts, with vigils worn, depressed by years,  
 Whom in a sunny glade I chanced to see,  
 Upon a pine-tree's storm-uprooted trunk,  
 Seated alone, with forehead sky-ward raised,  
 Hands clasped above the crucifix he wore  
 Appended to his bosom; and lips closed  
 By the joint pressure of his musing mood  
 And habit of his vow. That ancient Man—  
 Nor haply less the Brother whom I marked,  
 As we approached the Convent gate, aloft  
 Looking far forth from his aerial cell,  
 A young Ascetic—Poet, Hero, Sage,  
 He might have been, Lover belike he was—  
 If they received into a conscious ear  
 The notes whose first faint greeting startled me,  
 Whose sedulous iteration thrilled with joy  
 My heart—may have been moved like me to think,  
 Ah! not like me who walk in the world's ways,  
 On the great Prophet, styled *the Voice of One*  
*Crying amid the wilderness*, and given,  
 Now that their snows must melt, their herbs and flowers  
 Revive, then obstinate winter pass away,  
 That awful name to Thee, thee, simple Cuckoo,  
 Wandering in solitude, and evermore  
 Foretelling and proclaiming, ere thou leave  
 This thy last haunt beneath Italian skies  
 To carry thy glad tidings over heights

## 624 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

Still loftier, and to climes more near the Pole  
 Voice of the Desert, fare thee well, sweet Bud!  
 If that substantial title please thee more,  
 Farewell!—but go thy way, no need hast thou  
 Of a good wish sent after thee, from bower  
 To bower as green, from sky to sky as clear,  
 Thee gentle breezes waft—or airs, that meet  
 Thy course and sport around thee, softly fan—  
 Till Night, descending upon hill and vale,  
 Grants to thy mission a brief term of silence,  
 And folds thy pinions up in blest repose

### XV

#### AT THE CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

GRIEVE for the Man who hither came bereft,  
 And seeking consolation from above,  
 Nor grieve the less that skill to him was left  
 To paint this picture of his lady-love  
 Can she, a blessed saint, the work approve?  
 And oh, good Brethren of the cowl, a thing  
 So fair, to which with peril he must cling,  
 Destroy in pity, or with care remove  
 That bloom—those eyes—can they assist to bind  
 Thoughts that would stray from Heaven? The dream  
     must cease  
 To be, by Faith, not sight, his soul must live,  
 Else will the enamoured Monk too surely find  
 How wide a space can part from inward peace  
 The most profound repose his cell can give

### XVI

#### CONTINUED

THE world forsaken, all its busy cares  
 And stirring interests shunned with desperate flight,  
 All trust abandoned in the healing might  
 Of virtuous action, all that courage dares,  
 Labour accomplishes, or patience bears—  
 Those helps rejected, they, whose minds perceive  
 How subtly works man's weakness, sighs may heave  
 For such a One beset with cloistral snares.  
 Father of Mercy! rectify his view,  
 If with his vows this object ill agree,  
 Shed over it thy grace, and thus subdue  
 Imperious passion in a heart set free —

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 625

That earthly love may to herself be true,  
Give him a soul that cleaveth unto thee

### XVII

#### AT THE EREMITE OR UPPER CONVENT OF CAMALDOLI

WHAT aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size  
Enormous, dragged, while side by side they sate,  
By panting steers up to this convent gate?  
How, with empurpled cheeks and pampered eyes,  
Dare they confront the lean austerities  
Of Biethien who, here fixed, on Jesu wait  
In sackcloth, and God's angel deprecate  
Through all that humbles flesh and mortifies?  
Strange contrast!—verily the world of dreams,  
Where mingle, as for mockery combined,  
Things in their very essences at strife,  
Shows not a sight incongruous as the extremes  
That everywhere, before the thoughtful mind,  
Meet on the solid ground of waking life.

### XVIII

#### AT VALLOMBROSA

“Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks  
In Vallombrosa, where Etolian shades  
High over-arch'd embower”

#### PARADISE LOST.

“VALLOMBROSA—I longed in thy shadiest wood  
To slumber, reclined on the moss-covered floor”<sup>1</sup>  
Fond wish that was granted at last, and the Flood,  
That lulled me asleep bids me listen once more  
His murmur how soft! as it falls down the steep,  
Near that Cell—yon sequestered Retreat high in air—  
Where our Milton was wont lonely vigils to keep  
For converse with God, sought through study and prayer.  
The Monks still repeat the tradition with pride,  
And its truth who shall doubt? for his Spirit is here,  
In the cloud-piercing rocks doth her grandeur abide,  
In the pines pointing heavenward her beauty austere,  
In the flower-besprinkled meadows his genius we trace  
Turned to humbler delights, in which youth might confide,  
That would yield him fit help while prefiguring that Place  
Where, if Sin had not entered, Love never had died  
When with life lengthened out came a desolate time,  
And darkness and danger had compassed him round,

<sup>1</sup>See for the two *first lines*, “Stanzas composed in the Simplon Pass”

## 626 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

With a thought he would flee to these haunts of his prime  
And here once again a kind shelter be found.  
And let me believe that when nightly the Muse  
Did waft him to Sion, the glorified hill,  
Here also, on some favoured height, he would choose  
To wander, and drink inspiration at will

Vallombrosa <sup>1</sup> of thee I first heard in the page  
Of that holiest of Bards, and the name for my mind  
Had a musical charm, which the winter of age  
And the changes it brings had no power to unbind  
And now, ye Miltonian shades <sup>1</sup> under you  
I repose, nor am forced from sweet fancy to part,  
While your leaves I behold and the brooks they will strew,  
And the realised vision is clasped to my heart

Even so, and unblamed, we rejoice as we may  
In Forms that must perish, frail objects of sense,  
Unblamed—if the Soul be intent on the day  
When the Being of Beings shall summon her hence  
For he and he only with wisdom is blest  
Who, gathering true pleasures wherever they grow,  
Looks up in all places, for joy or for rest,  
To the Fountain whence Time and Eternity flow.

### XIX

#### AT FLORENCE <sup>1</sup>

UNDER the shadow of a stately Pile,  
The dome of Florence, pensive and alone,  
Nor giving heed to aught that passed the while,  
I stood, and gazed upon a marble stone,  
The laurelled Dante's favourite seat    A throne  
In just esteem, it rivals, though no style  
Be there of decoration to beguile  
The mind, depressed by thought of greatness flown  
As a true man, who long had served the lyre,  
I gazed with earnestness, and dared no more.  
But in his breast the mighty Poet bore  
A Patriot's heart, warm with undying fire  
Bold with the thought, in reverence I sate down,  
And, for a moment, filled that empty Throne

<sup>1</sup> Upon what evidence the belief rests that this stone was a favourite seat of Dante, I do not know, but a man would little consult his own interest as a traveller, if he should busy himself with doubts as to the fact.

## Memorials of a Tour in Italy 627

### XX

BEFORE THE PICTURE OF THE BAPTIST, BY RAPHAEL, IN THE  
GALLERY AT FLORENCE<sup>1</sup>

THE Baptist might have been ordained to cry  
Forth from the towers of that huge Pile wherein  
His Father served Jehovah, but how win  
Due audience, how for aught but scorn defy  
The obstinate pride and wanton revelry  
Of the Jerusalem below, her sin  
And folly, if they with united din  
Drown not at once mandate and prophecy?  
Therefore the Voice spake from the Desert, thence  
To Her, as to her opposite in peace,  
Silence, and holiness, and innocence,  
To Her and to all Lands its warning sent,  
Crying with earnestness that might not cease,  
"Make straight a highway for the Lord—repent!"

### XXI

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

RAPT above earth by power of one fair face,  
Hers in whose sway alone my heart delights,  
I mingle with the blest on those pure heights  
Where Man, yet mortal, rarely finds a place  
With Him who made the Work that Work accords  
So well, that by its help and through his grace  
I raise my thoughts, inform my deeds and words,  
Clasping her beauty in my soul's embrace  
Thus, if from two fair eyes mine cannot turn,  
I feel how in their presence doth abide  
Light which to God is both the way and guide,  
And, kindling at their lustre, if I burn,  
My noble fire emits the joyful ray  
That through the realms of glory shines for aye

### XXII

AT FLORENCE—FROM MICHAEL ANGELO

ETERNAL Lord! eased of a cumbrous load,  
And loosened from the world, I turn to Thee,  
Shun, like a shattered bark, the storm, and flee  
To thy protection for a safe abode.

<sup>1</sup> It was very hot weather during the week we stayed at Florence, and, never having been there before, I went through much hard service, and am not therefore *ashamed* to confess I fell asleep before this picture and sitting with my back towards the Venus de Medici.



## 628 Memorials of a Tour in Italy

The crown of thorns, hands pierced upon the tree,  
 The meek, benign, and lacerated face,  
 To a sincere repentance promise grace,  
 To the sad soul give hope of pardon free  
 With justice mark not Thou, O Light divine,  
 My fault, nor hear it with thy sacred ear,  
 Neither put forth that way thy aim severe,  
 Wash with thy blood my sins, thereto incline  
 More readily the more my years require  
 Help, and forgiveness speedy and entire

### XXIII

#### AMONG THE RUINS OF A CONVENT IN THE APENNINES

YE Trees ! whose slender roots entwine  
 Altars that piety neglects,  
 Whose infant arms enclasp the shrine  
 Which no devotion now respects,  
 If not a straggler from the heid  
 Here ruminates, nor shrouded bird,  
 Chanting her low-voiced hymn, take pride  
 In aught that ye would grace or hide—  
 How sadly is your love misplaced,  
 Fair Trees, your bounty run to waste !

Ye, too, wild Flowers ! that no one heeds,  
 And ye—full often spurned as weeds—  
 In beauty clothed, or breathing sweetness  
 From fractured arch and mouldering wall—  
 Do but more touchingly recall  
 Man's headstrong violence and Time's fleetness,  
 Making the precincts ye adorn  
 Appear to sight still more forlorn

### XXIV

#### IN LOMBARDY

SEE, where his difficult way that Old Man wins  
 Bent by a load of Mulberry leaves !—most hard  
 Appears *his* lot, to the small Worm's compared,  
 For whom his toil with early day begins  
 Acknowledging no task-master, at will  
 (As if her labour and her ease were twins)  
*She* seems to work, at pleasure to lie still,—  
 And softly sleeps within the thread she spins.  
 So fare they—the Man serving as her Slave  
 Ere long their fates do each to each conform :

Both pass into new being,—but the Worm  
Transfigured, sinks into a hopeless grave,  
*His* volant Spirit will, he trusts, ascend  
To bliss unbounded, glory without end

## XXV

## AFTER LEAVING ITALY

FAIR Land ! Thee all men greet with joy , how few  
Whose souls take pride in freedom, virtue, fame,  
Part from thee without pity dyed in shame  
I could not—while from Venice we withdrew,  
Led on till an Alpine strait confined our view  
Within its depths, and to the shore we came  
Of Lago Moito, dreary sight and name,  
Which o'er sad thoughts a sadder colouring threw,  
Italia ! on the surface of thy spirit,  
(Too aptly emblem'd by that torpid lake)  
Shall a few partial breezes only creep ?—  
Be its depths quickened , what thou dost inherit  
Of the world's hopes, dare to fulfil , awake,  
Mother of Heroes, from thy death-like sleep !

## XXVI

## CONTINUED

As indignation mastered grief, my tongue  
Spoke bitter words , words that did ill agree  
With those rich stores of Nature's imagery,  
And divine Art, that fast to memory clung—  
Thy gifts, magnificent Region, ever young  
In the sun's eye, and in his sister's sight  
How beautiful ! how worthy to be sung  
In strains of rapture, or subdued delight !  
I feign not , witness that unwelcome shock  
That followed the first sound of German speech,  
Caught the far-winding barrier Alps among  
In that announcement, greeting seemed to mock  
Parting , the casual word had power to reach  
My heart, and filled that heart with conflict strong

AT BOLOGNA, IN REMEMBRANCE OF THE  
LATE INSURRECTIONS, 1837

## I

AH why deceive ourselves ! by no mere fit  
Of sudden passion roused shall men attain

True freedom where for ages they have lain  
 Bound in a dark abominable pit,  
 With life's best sinews more and more unknit  
 Here, there, a banded few who loathe the chain  
 May rise to break it, effort worse than vain  
 For thee, O great Italian nation, split  
*Into those jarring factions* —Let thy scope  
 Be one fixed mind for all, thy rights approve  
 To thy own conscience gradually renewed,  
 Learn to make Time the father of wise Hope,  
 Then trust thy cause to the arm of Fortitude,  
 The light of Knowledge, and the warmth of Love

## II

HARD task ! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean  
 On Patience coupled with such slow endeavour,  
 That long-lived servitude must last for ever  
 Perish the grovelling few, who, prest between  
 Wrongs and the terror of redress, would wean  
 Millions from glorious aims    Our chains to sever  
 Let us break forth in tempest now or never !—  
 What, is there then no space for golden mean  
 And gradual progress ?—Twilight leads to day,  
 And, even within the burning zones of earth,  
 The hastiest sunrise yields a temperate ray,  
 The softest breeze to fairest flowers gives birth.  
 Think not that Prudence dwells in dark abodes,  
 She scans the future with the eye of gods

## III

As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow  
 And wither, every human generation  
 Is, to the Being of a mighty nation,  
 Locked in our world's embrace through weal and woe,  
 Thought that should teach the zealot to forego  
 Rash schemes, to abjure all selfish agitation,  
 And seek through noiseless pains and moderation  
 The unblemished good they only can bestow  
 Alas ! with most, who weigh futurity  
 Against time present, passion holds the scales.  
 Hence equal ignorance of both prevails,  
 And nations sink, or, struggling to be free,  
 Are doomed to flounder on, like wounded whales  
 Tossed on the bosom of a stormy sea.

“WHAT IF OUR NUMBERS BARELY COULD  
DEFY”

WHAT if our numbers barely could defy  
The arithmetic of babes, must foreign hordes,  
Slaves, vile as ever were befooled by words,  
Striking through English breasts the anarchy  
Of Terror, bear us to the ground, and tie  
Our hands behind our backs with felon cords?  
Yields every thing to discipline of swords?  
Is man as good as man, none low, none high?—  
Nor discipline nor valour can withstand  
The shock, nor quell the inevitable rout,  
When in some great extremity breaks out  
A people, on their own beloved Land  
Risen, like one man, to combat in the sight  
Of a just God for liberty and right

(1837)

A NIGHT THOUGHT

Lo! where the Moon along the sky  
Sails with her happy destiny,  
Oft is she hid from mortal eye  
    O! dimly seen,  
But when the clouds asunder fly  
    How bright her mien!  
Far different we—a froward race,  
Thousands though rich in Fortune's grace  
With cherished sullenness of pace  
    Then way pursue,  
Ingiates who wear a smileless face  
    The whole year through  
If kindred humours e'er would make  
My spirit droop for drooping's sake,  
From fancy following in thy wake,  
    Bright ship of heaven!  
A counter impulse let me take  
    And be forgiven

(1837)

TO THE PLANET VENUS<sup>1</sup>

WHAT strong allurement draws, what spirit guides,  
Thee, Vesper! brightening still, as if the nearer  
<sup>1</sup> Upon its approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, Jan

Thou com'st to man's abode the spot grew dearer  
 Night after night? True is it Nature hides  
 Her treasures less and less — Man now presides  
 In power, where once he trembled in his weakness,  
 Science advances with gigantic strides,  
 But are we aught enriched in love and meekness?  
 Aught dost thou see, bright Star! of pure and wise  
 More than in humbler times graced human story,  
 That makes our hearts more apt to sympathise  
 With heaven, our souls more fit for future glory,  
 When earth shall vanish from our closing eyes,  
 Ere we lie down in our last dormitory?

(1838)

## COMPOSED AT RYDAL ON MAY MORNING

1838<sup>1</sup>

If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share  
 New love of many a rival image brought  
 From far, forgive the wanderings of my thought  
 Nor art thou wronged, sweet May! when I compare  
 Thy present birth-morn with thy last, so fair,  
 So rich to me in favours For my lot  
 Then was, within the famed Egerian Grot  
 To sit and muse, fanned by its dewy air  
 Mingling with thy soft breath! That morning too,  
 Warblers I heard their joy unbosoming  
 Amid the sunny, shadowy, Colyseum,  
 Heard them, unchecked by aught of saddening hue,  
 For victories there won by flower-crowned Spung,  
 Chant in full choir their innocent Te Deum

## COMPOSED ON A MAY MORNING, 1838

LIFE with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun,  
 Yet Nature seems to them a heavenly guide  
 Does joy approach? they meet the coming tide,  
 And sullenness avoid, as now they shun  
 Pale twilight's lingering glooms,—and in the sun  
 Couch near their dams, with quiet satisfied,  
 Or gambol—each with his shadow at his side,  
 Varying its shape wherever he may run  
 As they from turf yet hoar with sleepy dew  
 All turn, and court the shining and the green,

<sup>1</sup> Composed on what we call the "Far Terrace" at Rydal Mount, where I have murmured out many thousands of verses

Where herbs look up, and opening flowers are seen;  
Why to God's goodness cannot We be true,  
And so, His gifts and promises between,  
Feed to the last on pleasures ever new?

"HARK! 'TIS THE THRUSH"

HARK! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest.  
By twilight premature of cloud and rain,  
Nor does that roaring wind deaden his strain  
Who carols thinking of his Love and nest,  
And seems, as more incited, still more blest  
Thanks, thou hast snapped a fireside Prisoner's chain,  
Exulting Warbler! eased a fretted brain,  
And in a moment charmed my cares to rest  
Yes, I will forth, bold Bird! and front the blast,  
That we may sing together, if thou wilt,  
So loud, so clear, my Partner through life's day,  
Mute in her nest love-chosen, if not love-built  
Like thine, shall gladden, as in seasons past,  
Thrilled by loose snatches of the social Lay  
(RIDAL MOUNT, 1838)

"'TIS HE WHOSE YESTER-EVENING'S HIGH  
DISDAIN"

'Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain  
Beat back the roaring storm—but how subdued  
His day-break note, a sad vicissitude!  
Does the hour's drowsy weight his glee restrain?  
Or, like the nightingale, her joyous vein  
Pleased to renounce, does this dear Thrush attune  
His voice to suit the temper of yon Moon  
Doubly depressed, setting, and in her wane?  
Rise, tardy Sun! and let the Songster prove  
(The balance trembling between night and morn  
No longer) with what ecstasy upborne  
He can pour forth his spirit In heaven above,  
And earth below, they best can serve true gladness  
Who meet most feelingly the calls of sadness  
(1838)

"OH WHAT A WRECK!"<sup>1</sup>

OH what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!  
Yet—though dread Powers, that work in mystery, spin

<sup>1</sup> The sad condition of poor Mrs Southey put me upon writing this. It has afforded comfort to many persons whose friends have been similarly affected

Entanglings of the brain , though shadows stretch  
 O'er the chilled heart—reflect , far, far within  
 Hers is a holy Being, freed from Sin  
 She is not what she seems, a forlorn wretch ,  
 But delegated Spirits comfoit fetch  
 To Her from heights that Reason may not win.  
 Like Children, She is privileged to hold  
 Divine communion , both do live and move,  
 Whate'er to shallow Faith then ways unfold,  
 Inly illumined by Heaven's pitying love ,  
 Love pitying innocence not long to last,  
 In them—in Her our sins and sorrows past.  
 (1838)

## A PLEA FOR AUTHORS, MAY 1838

FAILING impartial measure to dispense  
 To every suitor, Equity is lame ,  
 And social Justice, stript of reverence  
 For natural rights, a mockery and a shame ,  
 Law but a servile dupe of false pretence,  
 If, guarding grossest things from common claim  
 Now and for ever, She, to works that came  
 From mind and spirit, grudge a short-lived fence  
 "What ! lengthened privilege, a lineal tie,  
 For *Books* !" Yes, heartless Ones, or be it proved  
 That 'tis a fault in Us to have lived and loved  
 Like others, with like temporal hopes to die ,  
 No public harm that Genius from her course  
 Be turned , and streams of truth dried up, even at their source!

## A POET TO HIS GRANDCHILD

## SEQUEL TO THE FOREGOING

"SON of my buried Son, while thus thy hand  
 Is clasping mine, it saddens me to think  
 How Want may press thee down, and with thee sink  
 Thy children left unfit, through vain demand  
 Of culture, even to feel or understand  
 My simplest Lay that to their memory  
 May cling,—hard fate ! which haply need not be  
 Did Justice mould the statutes of the Land  
 A Book time-cherished and an honoured name  
 Are high rewards , but bound they Nature's claim  
 O! Reason's ? No—hopes spun in timid line  
 From out the bosom of a modest home

Extend through unambitious years to come,  
My careless Little-one, for thee and thine <sup>1</sup>”  
(May 23, 1838)

“BLEST STATESMAN HE, WHOSE MIND'S  
UNSELFISH WILL”

BLEST Statesman He, whose Mind's unselfish will  
Leaves him at ease among grand thoughts whose eye  
Sees that, apart from magnanimity,  
Wisdom exists not, nor the humble skill  
Of Prudence, disentangling good and ill  
With patient care What tho' assaults run high,  
They daunt not him who holds his ministry,  
Resolute, at all hazards, to fulfil  
Its duties,—prompt to move, but firm to wait,—  
Knowing, things rashly sought are rarely found,  
That, for the functions of an ancient State—  
Strong by her charters, free because imbound,  
Servant of Providence, not slave of Fate—  
Perilous is sweeping change, all chance unsound  
(1838)

VALEDICTORY SONNET <sup>1</sup>

SERVING no haughty Muse, my hands have here  
Disposed some cultured Flowerets (drawn from spots  
Where they bloomed singly, or in scattered knots),  
Each kind in several beds of one parterre,  
Both to allure the casual Loiterer,  
And that, so placed, my Nurslings may requite  
Studious regard with opportune delight,  
Not be unthanked, unless I fondly err  
But metaphor dismissed, and thanks apart,  
Reader, farewell! My last words let them be—  
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree,  
If simple Nature tamed by careful Art  
Through It have won a passage to thy heart:  
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee!  
(1838)

PROTEST AGAINST THE BALLOT

FORTH rushed from Envy sprung and Self-conceit,  
A Power misnamed the SPIRIT of REFORM,  
And through the astonished Island swept in storm,  
Threatening to lay all orders at her feet

<sup>1</sup> Closing the Volume of Sonnets published in 1838.



That crossed her way    Now stoops she to entreat  
 Licence to hide at intervals her head  
 Where she may work, safe, undisquieted,  
 In a close Box, covert for Justice meet  
 St George of England<sup>1</sup> keep a watchful eye  
 Fixed on the Suitor, frustrate her request—  
 Stifle her hope, for, if the State comply,  
 From such Pandorian gift may come a Pest  
 Worse than the Dragon that bowed low his crest,  
 Pierced by thy spear in glorious victory  
 (1838)

#### INSCRIPTION ON A ROCK AT RYDAL MOUNT

WOULDS<sup>t</sup> thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock,  
 Shun the broad way too easily explored,  
 And let thy path be hewn out of the Rock,  
 The living Rock of God's Eternal Word  
 (1838)

#### SONNETS UPON THE PUNISHMENT OF DEATH

1839

##### I

SUGGESTED BY THE VIEW OF LANCASTER CASTLE (ON THE  
 ROAD FROM THE SOUTH)

THIS Spot—at once unfolding sight so fair  
 Of sea and land, with yon grey towers that still  
 Rise up as if to lord it over air—  
 Might soothe in human breasts the sense of ill,  
 Or charm it out of memory, yea, might fill  
 The heart with joy and gratitude to God  
 For all his bounties upon man bestowed  
 Why bears it then the name of "Weeping Hill"?  
 Thousands, as toward yon old Lancastrian Towers,  
 A prison's crown, along this way they past  
 For lingering durance or quick death with shame,  
 From this bare eminence thereon have cast  
 Their first look—blinded as tears fell in showers  
 Shed on their chains, and hence that doleful name

##### II

"TENDERLY DO WE FEEL BY NATURE'S LAW"  
 TENDERLY do we feel by Nature's law  
 For worst offenders: though the heart will heave  
 With indignation, deeply moved we grieve,  
 In after thought, for Him who stood in awe

Neither of God nor man, and only saw,  
 Lost wretch, a horrible device enthroned  
 On proud temptations, till the victim groaned  
 Under the steel his hand had dared to draw.  
 But oh, restrain compassion, if its course,  
 As oft befalls, prevent or turn aside  
 Judgments and aims and acts whose higher source  
 Is sympathy with the unforewarned, who died  
 Blameless—with them that shuddered o'er his grave,  
 And all who from the law firm safety crave.

## III

‘THE ROMAN CONSUL DOOMED HIS SONS TO DIE’  
 THE Roman Consul doomed his sons to die  
 Who had betrayed their country The stern world  
 Afforded (may it through all time afford)  
 A theme for praise and admiration high  
 Upon the surface of humanity  
 He rested not ; its depths his mind explored ,  
 He felt , but his parental bosom’s lord  
 Was Duty,—Duty calmed his agony  
 And some, we know, when they by wilful act  
 A single human life have wrongly taken,  
 Pass sentence on themselves, confess the fact,  
 And, to atone for it, with soul unshaken  
 Kneel at the feet of Justice, and, for faith  
 Broken with all mankind, solicit death

## IV

“IS DEATH, WHEN EVIL AGAINST GOOD HAS FOUGHT”  
 Is *Death*, when evil against good has fought  
 With such fell mastery that a man may dare  
 By deeds the blackest purpose to lay bare ?  
 Is Death, for one to that condition brought,  
 For him, or any one, the thing that ought  
 To be *most* dreaded ? Lawgivers, beware,  
 Lest, capital pains remitting till ye spare  
 The murderer, ye, by sanction to that thought  
 Seemingly given, debase the general mind ,  
 Tempt the vague will tried standards to disown,  
 Nor only palpable restraints unbind,  
 But upon Honour’s head disturb the crown,  
 Whose absolute rule permits not to withstand  
 In the weak love of life his least command

“NOT TO THE OBJECT SPECIALLY DESIGNED”

NOT to the object specially designed,  
 Howe’er momentous in itself it be,  
 Good to promote or curb depravity,  
 Is the wise Legislator’s view confined  
 His Spirit, when most severe, is oft most kind ,  
 As all Authority in earth depends  
 On Love and Fear, their several powers he blends,  
 Copying with awe the one Paternal mind  
 Uncaught by processes in show humane,  
 He feels how far the act would derogate  
 From even the humblest functions of the State ,  
 If she, self-shorn of Majesty, ordain  
 That never more shall hang upon her breath  
 The last alternative of Life or Death

VI

“YE BROOD OF CONSCIENCE—SPECTRES ! THAT FREQUENT”

YE brood of conscience—Spectres ! that frequent  
 The bad Man’s restless walk, and haunt his bed—  
 Friends in your aspect, yet beneficent  
 In act, as hovering Angels when they spread  
 Their wings to guard the unconscious Innocent—  
 Slow be the Statutes of the land to share  
 A laxity that could not but impair  
*Your* power to punish crime, and so prevent.  
 And ye, Beliefs ! coiled serpent-like about  
 The adage on all tongues, “Murder will out,”  
 How shall your ancient warnings work for good  
 In the full might they hitherto have shown,  
 If for deliberate shedder of man’s blood  
 Survive not Judgment that requires his own ?

VII

“BEFORE THE WORLD HAD PAST HER TIME OF YOUTH”

BEFORE the world had past her time of youth  
 While polity and discipline were weak,  
 The precept eye for eye, and tooth for tooth,  
 Came forth—a light, though but as of daybreak,  
 Strong as could then be borne A Master meek  
 Proscribed the spirit fostered by that rule,  
 Patience *his* law, long-suffering *his* school,  
 And love the end, which all through peace must seek

But lamentably do they err who strain  
 His mandates, given rash impulse to control  
 And keep vindictive thirstings from the soul,  
 So far that, if consistent in their scheme,  
 They must forbid the State to inflict a pain,  
 Making of social order a mere dream

## VIII

## "FIT RETRIBUTION, BY THE MORAL CODE"

FIT retribution, by the moral code  
 Determined, lies beyond the State's embrace,  
 Yet, as she may, for each peculiar case  
 She plants well-measured terrors in the road  
 Of wrongful acts    Downward it is and broad,  
 And, the main fear once doomed to banishment,  
 Far oftener then, bad ushering worse event,  
 Blood would be spilt that in his dark abode  
 Crime might be better hid.    And, should the change  
 Take from the horror due to a foul deed,  
 Pursuit and evidence so far must fail,  
 And, guilt escaping, passion then might plead  
 In angry spirits for her old free range,  
 And the "wild justice of revenge" prevail

## IX

## "THOUGH TO GIVE TIMELY WARNING AND DETER"

THOUGH to give timely warning and deter  
 Is one great aim of penalty, extend  
 Thy mental vision further and ascend  
 Far higher, else full surely shalt thou err  
 What is a State?    The wise behold in her  
 A creature born of time, that keeps one eye  
 Fixed on the statutes of Eternity,  
 To which her judgments reverently defer  
 Speaking through Law's dispassionate voice the State  
 Endues her conscience with external life  
 And being, to preclude or quell the strife  
 Of individual will, to elevate  
 The grovelling mind, the erring to recall,  
 And fortify the moral sense of all

## X

## "OUR BODILY LIFE, SOME PLEAD, THAT LIFE THE SHRINE"

OUR bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine  
 Of an immortal spirit, is a gift  
 So sacred, so informed with light divine,

That no tribunal, though most wise to sift  
 Deed and intent, should turn the Being adrift  
 Into that world where penitential tear  
 May not avail, nor prayer have for God's ear  
 A voice—that world whose veil no hand can lift  
 For earthly sight “Eternity and Time,”  
*They* urge, “have interwoven claims and rights  
 Not to be jeopardised through foulest crime.  
 The sentence rule by mercy's heaven-born lights.”  
 Even so, but measuring not by finite sense  
 Infinite Power, perfect Intelligence.

## XI

“AH, THINK HOW ONE COMPELLED FOR LIFE TO ABIDE”

AH, think how one compelled for life to abide  
 Locked in a dungeon needs must eat the heart  
 Out of his own humanity, and part  
 With every hope that mutual cares provide;  
 And, should a less unnatural doom confide  
 In life-long exile on a savage coast,  
 Soon the relapsing penitent may boast  
 Of yet more heinous guilt, with fiercer pride.  
 Hence thoughtful Mercy, Mercy sage and pure,  
 Sanctions the forfeiture that Law demands,  
 Leaving the final issue in *His* hands  
 Whose goodness knows no change, whose love is sure,  
 Who sees, foresees, who cannot judge amiss,  
 And wafts at will the contrite soul to bliss.

## XII

“SEE THE CONDEMNED ALONE WITHIN HIS CELL”

SEE the Condemned alone within his cell  
 And prostrate at some moment when remorse  
 Stings to the quick, and, with resistless force,  
 Assaults the pride she strove in vain to quell  
 Then mark him, him who could so long rebel,  
 The crime confessed, a kneeling Penitent  
 Before the Altar, where the Sacrament  
 Softens his heart, till from his eyes outwell  
 Tears of salvation Welcome death! while Heaven  
 Does in this change exceedingly rejoice,  
 While yet the solemn heed the State hath given  
 Helps him to meet the last Tribunal's voice  
 In faith, which fresh offences, were he cast  
 On old temptations, might for ever blast

# On a Portrait of I. F. 641

## XIII

### CONCLUSION

YES, though He well may tremble at the sound  
Of his own voice, who from the judgment-seat  
Sends the pale Convict to his last retreat  
In death, though Listeners shudder all around,  
They know the dread requitul's source profound,  
Not is, they feel, its wisdom obsolete—  
(Would that it were !) the sacrifice unmeet  
For Christian Faith But hopeful signs abound,  
The social rights of man breathe purer air,  
Religion deepens her preventive care,  
Then, moved by needless fear of past abuse,  
Strike not from Law's firm hand that awful rod,  
But leave it thence to drop for lack of use  
Oh, speed the blessed hour, Almighty God !

## XIV

### APOLOGY

THE formal World relaxes her cold chain  
For One who speaks in numbers, ample scope  
His utterance finds, and, conscious of the gain,  
Imagination works with bolder hope  
The cause of grateful reason to sustain,  
And, serving Truth, the heart more strongly beats  
Against all barriers which his labour meets  
In lofty place, or humble Life's domain  
Enough ;—before us lay a painful road,  
And guidance have I sought in dutious love  
From Wisdom's heavenly Father Hence hath flowed  
Patience, with trust that, whatsoe'er the way  
Each takes in this high matter, all may move  
Cheered with the prospect of a brighter day

### ON A PORTRAIT OF I. F., PAINTED BY MARGARET GILLIES

WE gaze—not grieve to think that we must die,  
But that the precious love this friend hath sown  
Within our hearts, the love whose flower hath blown  
Bright as if heaven were ever in its eye,  
Will pass so soon from human memory,  
And not by strangers to our blood alone,  
But by our best descendants be unknown,  
Unthought of—this may surely claim a sigh.

Yet, blessed Art, we yield not to dejection ;  
 Thou against Time so feelingly dost strive  
 Where'er, preserved in this most true reflection,  
 An image of her soul is kept alive,  
 Some lingering fragrance of the pure affection,  
 Whose flower with us will vanish, must survive  
 (RYDAL MOUNT, *New Year's Day*, 1840)

## TO I. F.

THE star which comes at close of day to shine  
 More heavenly bright than when it leads the morn,  
 Is friendship's emblem, whether the foil'd  
 She visiteth, or, shedding light benign  
 Through shades that solemnise Life's calm decline,  
 Doth make the happy happier. This have we  
 Learnt, Isabel, from thy society,  
 Which now we too unwillingly resign  
 Though for brief absence. But farewell ! the page  
 Glimmers before my sight through thankful tears,  
 Such as start forth, not seldom, to approve  
 Our truth, when we, old yet unchilled by age,  
 Call thee, though known but for a few fleet years,  
 The heart-affianced sister of our love !  
 (RYDAL MOUNT, *Feb* 1840)

POOR ROBIN<sup>1</sup>

Now when the primrose makes a splendid show,  
 And lilies face the March-winds in full blow,  
 And humbler growths as moved with one desire  
 Put on, to welcome spring, their best attire,  
 Poor Robin<sup>2</sup> is yet flowerless, but how gay  
 With his red stalks upon this sunny day !  
 And, as his tufts of leaves he spreads, content  
 With a hard bed and scanty nourishment,  
 Mixed with the green, some shine not lacking power  
 To rival summer's brightest scarlet flower,

<sup>1</sup> I often ask myself what will become of Rydal Mount after our day. Will the old walls and steps remain in front of the house and about the grounds, or will they be swept away with all the beautiful mosses and ferns and wild geraniums and other flowers which their rude construction suffered and encouraged to grow among them?—This little wild flower—"Poor Robin"—is here constantly catching my attention, and exciting what may be called a domestic interest with the varying aspects of its stalks and leaves and flowers.

<sup>2</sup> The small wild Geranium known by that name.

## On Portrait of Duke of Wellington 643

And flowers they well might seem to passers-by  
If looked at only with a careless eye,  
Flowers—on a richer produce (did it suit  
The season) sprinklings of ripe strawberry fruit.  
But while a thousand pleasures come unsought,  
Why fix upon his wealth or want a thought?  
Is the string touched in prelude to a lay  
Of pretty fancies that would round him play  
When all the world acknowledged elfin sway?  
Or does it suit our humour to commend  
Poor Robin as a sure and crafty friend,  
Whose practice teaches, spite of names to show  
Bright colours whether they deceive or no?—  
Nay, we would simply praise the free goodwill  
With which, though slighted, he, on naked hill  
Or in warm valley, seeks his part to fill,  
Cheerful alike if bare of flowers as now,  
Or when his tiny gems shall deck his brow.  
Yet more, we wish that men by men despised,  
And such as lift their foreheads overprized,  
Should sometimes think, where'er they chance to spy  
This child of Nature's own humility,  
What recompence is kept in store or left  
For all that seem neglected or bereft,  
With what nice care equivalents are given,  
How just, how bountiful, the hand of Heaven.

(*March 1840*)

### ON A PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON UPON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO, BY HAYDON<sup>1</sup>

By Art's bold privilege Warrior and Warhorse stand  
On ground yet strewn with their last battle's wreck,  
Let the Steed glory while his Master's hand  
Lies fixed for ages on his conscious neck,  
But by the Chieftain's look, though at his side  
Hangs that day's treasured sword, how firm a check  
Is given to triumph and all human pride!  
Yon trophied Mound shrinks to a shadowy speck  
In his calm presence! Him the mighty deed  
Elates not, brought far nearer the grave's rest,  
As shows that time-worn face, for he such seed  
Has sown as yields, we trust, the fruit of fame

<sup>1</sup> Composed while I was ascending Helvellyn in company with my daughter and her husband



In Heaven, hence no one blushes for thy name,  
 Conqueror, 'mid some sad thoughts, divinely blest !  
 (1840)

TO A PAINTER<sup>1</sup>

ALL praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed,  
 But 'tis a fruitless task to paint for me,  
 Who, yielding not to changes Time has made,  
 By the habitual light of memory see  
 Eyes unbedimmed, see bloom that cannot fade,  
 And smiles that from their birth-place ne'er shall flee  
 Into the land where ghosts and phantoms be,  
 And, seeing this, own nothing in its stead  
 Couldst thou go back into far-distant years,  
 Or share with me, fond thought ! that inward eye,  
 Then, and then only, Painter ! could thy Art  
 The visual powers of Nature satisfy,  
 Which hold, whate'er to common sight appears,  
 Their sovereign empire in a faithful heart

## II

## ON THE SAME SUBJECT

THOUGH I beheld at first with blank surprise  
 This Work, I now have gazed on it so long  
 I see its truth with unreluctant eyes,  
 O, my Belovèd ! I have done thee wrong,  
 Conscious of blessedness, but, whence it sprung,  
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive  
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,  
 And the old day was welcome as the young,  
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth  
 More beautiful, as being a thing more holy  
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth  
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy,  
 To thy large heart and humble mind, that cast  
 Into one vision, future, present, past.  
 (1841)

## “WHEN SEVERN'S SWEEPING FLOOD”

WHEN Severn's sweeping flood had overthrown  
 St Mary's Church the preacher then would cry.—

<sup>1</sup> The picture which gave occasion to this and the following Sonnet was from the pencil of Miss M. Gillies, who resided for several weeks under our roof at Rydal Mount

## ‘Intent on Gathering Wool’ 645

“Thus, Christian people, God his might hath shown  
That ye to him your love may testify,  
Haste, and rebuild the pile”—But not a stone  
Resumed its place—Age after age went by,  
And Heaven still lacked its due, though piety  
In secret did, we trust, her loss bemoan  
But now her Spirit hath put forth its claim  
In Power, and Poesy would lend her voice,  
Let the new Church be worthy of its aim,  
That in its beauty Cardiff may rejoice!  
Oh! in the past if cause there was for shame,  
Let not our times halt in their better choice.  
(RYDAL MOUNT, Jan 23, 1842)

### “INTENT ON GATHERING ‘WOOL’”

INTENT on gathering wool from hedge and brake  
Yon busy Little-ones rejoice that soon  
A poor old Dame will bless them for the boon  
Great is their glee while flake they add to flake  
With rival earnestness, far other strife  
Than will hereafter move them, if they make  
Pastime their idol, give their day of life  
To pleasure snatched for reckless pleasure’s sake  
Can pomp and show allay one heart-born grief?  
Pains which the World inflicts can she requite?  
Not for an interval however brief,  
The silent thoughts that search for stedfast light,  
Love from her depths, and Duty in her might,  
And Faith—these only yield secure relief  
(March 8, 1842)

### PRELUDE

PREFIXED TO THE VOLUME ENTITLED “POEMS CHIEFLY  
OF EARLY AND LATE YEARS”<sup>1</sup>

IN desultory walk through orchard grounds,  
On some deep chestnut grove, oft have I paused  
The while a Thrush, urged rather than restrained  
By gusts of vernal storm, attuned his song  
To his own genial instincts, and was heard  
(Though not without some plaintive tones between)  
To utter, above showers of blossom swept  
From tossing boughs, the promise of a calm,

<sup>1</sup> Begun while I was on a visit to my son John at Brigham, and finished at Rydal.

Which the unsheltered traveller might receive  
With thankful spirit    The descant, and the wind  
That seemed to play with it in love or scorn,  
Encouraged and endeared the strain of words  
That haply flowed from me, by fits of silence  
Impelled to livelier pace.    But now, my Book !  
Charged with those lays, and others of like mood,  
Or loftier pitch if higher rose the theme,  
Go, single—yet aspiring to be joined  
With thy Forerunners that through many a year  
Have faithfully prepared each other's way—  
Go forth upon a mission best fulfilled  
When and wherever, in this changeful world,  
Power hath been given to please for higher ends  
Than pleasure only , gladdening to prepare  
For wholesome sadness, troubling to refine,  
Calming to raise , and, by a sapient Art  
Diffused through all the mysteries of our Being,  
Softening the toils and pains that have not ceased  
To cast their shadows on our mother Earth  
Since the primeval doom    Such is the grace  
Which, though unsued for, fails not to descend  
With heavenly inspiration , such the aim  
That Reason dictates , and, as even the wish  
Has virtue in it, why should hope to me  
Be wanting that sometimes, where fancied ills  
Harass the mind and strip from off the bowers  
Of private life their natural pleasantness,  
A Voice—devoted to the love whose seeds  
Are sown in every human breast, to beauty  
Lodged within compass of the humblest sight,  
To cheerful intercourse with wood and field,  
And sympathy with man's substantial griefs—  
Will not be heard in vain ?    And in those days  
When unforeseen distress spreads far and wide  
Among a People mournfully cast down,  
Or into anger roused by venal words  
In recklessness flung out to overturn  
The judgment, and divert the general heart  
From mutual good—some strain of thine, my Book  
Caught at propitious intervals, may win  
Listeners who not unwillingly admit  
Kindly emotion tending to console  
And reconcile , and both with young and old  
Exalt the sense of thoughtful gratitude

For benefits that still survive, by faith  
 In progress, under laws divine, maintained  
 (RYDAL MOUNT, *March* 26, 1842)

"THE CRESCENT-MOON, THE STAR OF LOVE"

THE Crescent-moon, the Star of Love,  
 Glories of evening, as ye there are seen  
 With but a span of sky between—  
 Speak one of you, my doubts remove,  
 Which is the attendant Page and which the Queen?  
 (1812)

"A POET! HE HATH PUT HIS HEART TO  
 SCHOOL"<sup>1</sup>

*A Poet!*—He hath put his heart to school,  
 Nor dares to move unpropped upon the staff  
 Which Art hath lodged within his hand—must laugh  
 By precept only, and shed tears by rule  
 Thy Art be Nature, the live current quaff,  
 And let the groveller sip his stagnant pool,  
 In fear that else, when Critics grave and cool  
 Have killed him, Scorn should write his epitaph  
 How does the Meadow-flower its bloom unfold?  
 Because the lovely little flower is free  
 Down to its root, and, in that freedom, bold,  
 And so the grandeur of the Forest-tree  
 Comes not by casting in a formal mould,  
 But from its *own* divine vitality.  
 (1842)

"THE MOST ALLURING CLOUDS THAT  
 MOUNT THE SKY"

THE most alluring clouds that mount the sky  
 Owe to a troubled element their forms,  
 Their hues to sunset. If with raptured eye  
 We watch their splendour, shall we covet storms,  
 And wish the Lord of day his slow decline  
 Would hasten, that such pomp may float on high?

<sup>1</sup> I was impelled to write this Sonnet by the disgusting frequency with which the word *artificial*, imported with other impertinences from the Germans, is employed by writers of the present day for *artistic*! let them substitute artificial, and the poetry written on this system, both at home and abroad, will be for the most part much better characterised.

Behold, already they forget to shine,  
 Dissolve—and leave, to him who gazed, a sigh.  
 Not loth to thank each moment for its boon  
 Of pure delight, come whencesoe'er it may,  
 Peace let us seek,—to stedfast things attune  
 Calm expectations—leaving to the gay  
 And volatile then love of transient bowers,  
 The house that cannot pass away be ours.

### “FEEL FOR THE WRONGS”

FEEL for the wrongs to universal ken  
 Daily exposed, woe that unshrouded lies,  
 And seek the Sufferer in his darkest den,  
 Whether conducted to the spot by sighs  
 And moanings, or he dwells (as if the wien  
 Taught him concealment) hidden from all eyes  
 In silence and the awful modesties  
 Of sorrow,—feel for all, as brother Men !  
 Rest not in hope want's icy chain to thaw  
 By casual boons and formal charities,  
 Learn to be just, just through impartial law,  
 Far as ye may, erect and equalise,  
 And, what ye cannot reach by statute, draw  
 Each from his fountain of self-sacrifice !

(1842)

### IN ALLUSION TO VARIOUS RECENT HISTORIES AND NOTICES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

#### I

PORIENTOUS change when History can appeal  
 As the cool Advocate of foul device,  
 Reckless audacity extol, and jeer  
 At consciences perplexed with scruples nice !  
 They who bewail not, must abhor, the sneer  
 Born of Concert, Power's blind Idolater,  
 Or haply sprung from vaunting Cowardice  
 Betrayed by mockery of holy fear.  
 Hath it not long been said the wrath of Man  
 Works not the righteousness of God ? Oh bend,  
 Bend, ye Perverse ! to judgments from on High,  
 Laws that lay under Heaven's perpetual ban  
 All principles of action that transcend  
 The sacred limits of humanity.

II

Who ponders National events shall find  
An awful balancing of loss and gain,  
Joy based on sorrow, good with ill combined,  
And proud deliverance issuing out of pain  
And direful throes, as if the All-ruling Mind,  
With whose perfection it consists to ordain  
Volcanic burst, earthquake, and hurricane,  
Dealt in like sort with feeble human kind  
By laws immutable But woe for him  
Who thus deceived shall lend an eager hand  
To social havoc Is not Conscience ours,  
And Truth, whose eye guilt only can make dim,  
And Will, whose office, by divine command,  
Is to control and check disordered Powers?

III

LONG-FAVoured England! be not thou misled  
By monstrous theories of alien growth,  
Lest alien frenzy seize thee, waxing wroth,  
Self-smitten till thy garments reek dyed red  
With thy own blood, which tears in torrents shed  
Fail to wash out, tears flowing ere thy troth  
Be plighted, not to ease but sullen sloth,  
Or wan despair—the ghost of false hope fled  
Into a shameful grave Among thy youth,  
My Country! if such warning be held dear,  
Then shall a Veteran’s heart be thrilled with joy,  
One who would gather from eternal truth,  
For time and season, rules that work to cheer—  
Not scourge, to save the People—not destroy

“MEN OF THE WESTERN WORLD”

MEN of the Western World! in Fate’s dark book  
Whence these opprobrious leaves of dire portent?  
Think ye your British Ancestors forsook  
Their native Land, for outrage provident,  
From unsubmissive necks the bridle shook  
To give, in their Descendants, freer vent  
And wider range to passions turbulent,  
To mutual tyranny a deadlier look?  
Nay, said a voice, soft as the south wind’s breath,  
Dive through the stormy surface of the flood  
To the great current flowing underneath,  
Explore the countless springs of silent good;

So shall the truth be better understood,  
And thy grieved Spirit brighten strong in faith.

“LO ! WHERE SHE STANDS ”

Lo ! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance,  
One upward hand, as if she needed rest  
From rapture, lying softly on her breast !  
Nor wants her eyeball an ethereal glance,  
But not the less—nay more—that countenance,  
While thus illumined, tells of painful strife  
For a sick heart made weary of this life  
By love, long crossed with adverse circumstance.  
—Would She were now as when she hoped to pass  
At God’s appointed hour to them who tread  
Heaven’s sapphire pavement, yet breathed well content,  
Well pleased, her foot should print earth’s common grass,  
Lived thankful for day’s light, for daily bread,  
For health, and time in obvious duty spent.

THE NORMAN BOY<sup>1</sup>

HIGH on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down,  
Nor kept by Nature for herself, nor made by man his own,  
From home and company remote and every playful joy,  
Served, tending a few sheep and goats, a ragged Norman  
Boy

Him never saw I, nor the spot, but from an English  
Dame,

Stranger to me and yet my friend, a simple notice came,  
With suit that I would speak in verse of that sequestered  
child

Whom, one bleak winter’s day, she met upon the dreary  
Wild

His flock, along the woodland’s edge with relics sprinkled  
o’er

Of last night’s snow, beneath a sky threatening the fall of  
more,

Where tufts of herbage tempted each, were busy at their  
feed,

And the poor Boy was busier still, with work of anxious  
heed

<sup>1</sup> The subject of this poem was sent me by Mrs Ogle, to whom I was personally unknown, with a hope on her part that I might be induced to relate the incident in verse.

## The Poet's Dream

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There ~~was~~ he, where of branches rent and withered and  
 decayed,  
 For covert from the keen north wind, his hands a hut had  
 made  
 A tiny tenement, forsooth, and frail, as needs must be  
 A thing of such materials framed, by a builder such as he  
 The hut stood finished by his pains, nor seemingly lacked  
 aught  
 That skill or means of his could add, but the architect had  
 wrought  
 Some limber twigs into a Cross, well-shaped with fingers  
 nice,  
 To be engrafted on the top of his small edifice  
 The Cross he now was fastening there, as the surest power  
 and best  
 For supplying all deficiencies, all wants of the rude nest  
 In which, from burning heat, or tempest driving far and  
 wide,  
 The innocent Boy, else shelterless, his lonely head must  
 hide  
 That Cross belike he also raised as a standard for the true  
 And faithful service of his heart in the worst that might  
 ensue  
 Of hardship and distressful fear, amid the houseless waste  
 Where he, in his poor self so weak, by Providence was  
 placed  
 — Here, Lady ! might I cease, but nay, let *us* before we  
 part  
 With this dear holy shepherd-boy breathe a prayer of earnest  
 heart,  
 That unto him, where'er shall lie his life's appointed way,  
 The Cross, fixed in his soul, may prove an all-sufficing  
 stay.

(1842)

### THE POET'S DREAM

#### SEQUEL TO THE NORMAN BOY

Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out  
 in power,  
 And gladdened all things ; but, as chanced, within that very  
 hour,  
 Air blackened, thunder growled, fire flashed from clouds that  
 hid the sky,  
 And, for the Subject of my Verse, I heaved a pensive sigh.



Nor could my heart by second thoughts from heaviness be  
     cleared,  
 For bodied forth before my eyes the cross-crowned hut  
     appeared,  
 And, while around it storm as fierce seemed troubling earth  
     and air,  
 I saw, within, the Norman Boy kneeling alone in prayer  
 The Child, as if the thunder's voice spake with articulate  
     call,  
 Bowed meekly in submissive fear, before the Lord of All,  
 His lips were moving, and his eyes, upraised to sue for  
     grace,  
 With soft illumination cheered the dimness of that place.  
 How beautiful is holiness !—what wonder if the sight,  
 Almost as vivid as a dream, produced a dream at night?  
 It came with sleep and showed the Boy, no cherub, not  
     transformed,  
 But the poor ragged Thing whose ways my human heart had  
     warmed  
 Me had the dream equipped with wings, so I took him in  
     my arms,  
 And lifted from the grassy floor, stilling his faint alarms,  
 And bore him high through yielding air my debt of love to  
     pay,  
 By giving him, for both our sakes, an hour of holiday.  
 I whispered, "Yet a little while, dear Child ! thou art my  
     own,  
 To show thee some delightful thing, in country or in town  
 What shall it be? a mirthful throng? or that holy place and  
     calm  
 St. Denis, filled with royal tombs, or the Church of Notre  
     Dame?  
 St. Ouen's golden Shrine? Or choose what else would  
     please thee most  
 Of any wonder Normandy, or all proud France, can  
     boast!"  
 "My Mother," said the Boy, "was born near to a blessed  
     Tree,  
 The Chapel Oak of Allonville, good Angel, show it me!"  
 On wings, from broad and steadfast poise let loose by this  
     reply,  
 For Allonville, o'er down and dale, away then did we fly;

O'er town and tower we flew, and fields in May's fresh  
    verdure diest,  
The wings they did not flag, the Child, though grave, was  
    not depest

But who shall show, to waking sense, the gleam of light that  
    broke  
Forth from his eyes, when first the Boy looked down on that  
    huge oak,  
For length of days so much revered, so famous where it  
    stands  
For twofold hallowing—Nature's care, and work of human  
    hands?

Strong as an Eagle with my charge I glided round and  
    round  
The wide-spread boughs, for view of door, window, and stair  
    that wound  
Gracefully up the gnarlèd trunk, nor left we unsurveyed  
The pointed steeple peering forth from the centre of the  
    shade

I lighted—opened with soft touch the chapel's iron door,  
Past softly, leading in the Boy, and, while from roof to  
    floor,  
From floor to roof, all round his eyes the Child with wonder  
    cast,  
Pleasure on pleasure crowded in, each livelier than the  
    last

For, deftly framed within the trunk, the sanctuary showed,  
By light of lamp and precious stones, that glimmered here,  
    there glowed,  
Shrine, Altar, Image, Offerings hung in sign of gratitude,  
Sight that inspired accordant thoughts, and speech I thus  
    renewed

“Hither the Afflicted come, as thou hast heard thy Mother  
    say,  
And, kneeling, supplication make to our Lady de la Paix,  
What mournful sighs have here been heard, and, when the  
    voice was stopt  
By sudden pangs, what bitter tears have on this pavement  
    dropt !

Poor Shepherd of the naked Down, a favoured lot is thine,  
Far happier lot, dear Boy, than bings full many to this  
    shine,

## The Poet's Dream

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For a <sup>body</sup> pains and pains of soul thou needest no re-  
 lease,  
 Thy <sup>hours</sup> as they flow on are spent, if not in joy, in peace  
 Then offer up thy heart to God in thankfulness and praise,  
 Give to Him prayers, and many thoughts, in thy most busy  
 days;  
 And in His sight the fragile Cross, on thy small hut,  
 will be  
 Holy as that which long hath crowned the Chapel of this  
 Tree,  
 Holy as that far seen which crowns the sumptuous Church  
 in Rome  
 Where thousands meet to worship God under a mighty  
 Dome,  
 He sees the bending multitude, he hears the choral rites,  
 Yet not the less, in children's hymns and lonely prayer  
 delights  
 God for his service needeth not proud work of human  
 skill,  
 They please him best who labour most to do in peace his  
 will.  
 So let us strive to live, and to our Spirits will be given  
 Such wings as, when our Saviour calls, shall bear us up to  
 heaven "

The Boy no answer made by words, but, so earnest was his  
 look,  
 Sleep fled, and with it fled the dream—recorded in this  
 book,  
 Lest all that passed should melt away in silence from my  
 mind,  
 As visions still more bright have done, and left no trace  
 behind  
 But oh! that Country-man of thine, whose eye, loved Child,  
 can see  
 A pledge of endless bliss in acts of early piety,  
 In verse, which to thy ear might come, would treat this  
 simple theme,  
 Nor leave untold our happy flight in that adventurous  
 dream  
 Alas the dream, to thee, poor Boy! to thee from whom it  
 flowed,  
 Was nothing, scarcely can be aught, yet 'twas bounteously  
 bestowed,

## The Widow on Windermere Side 655

If I may dare to cherish hope that gentle eyes will read  
Not loth, and listening Little-ones, heart-touched, their  
fancies feed

(1842)

### THE WIDOW ON WINDERMERE SIDE <sup>1</sup>

#### I

How beautiful when up a lofty height  
Honour ascends among the humblest poor,  
And feeling sinks as deep <sup>1</sup> See there the door  
Of One, a Widow, left beneath a weight  
Of blameless debt On evil Fortune's spite  
She wasted no complaint, but strove to make  
A just repayment, both for conscience-sake  
And that herself and hers should stand upright  
In the world's eye Her work when daylight failed  
Paused not, and through the depth of night she kept  
Such earnest vigils, that belief prevailed  
With some, the noble Creature never slept,  
But, one by one, the hand of death assailed  
Her children from her inmost heart bewept.

#### II

The Mother mourned, nor ceased her tears to flow.  
Till a winter's noonday placed her buried Son  
Before her eyes, last child of many gone—  
His raiment of angelic white, and lo <sup>1</sup>  
His very feet bright as the dazzling snow  
Which they are touching, yea far brighter, even  
As that which comes, or seems to come, from heaven,  
Surpasses aught these elements can show  
Much she rejoiced, trusting that from that hour  
Whate'er befell she could not grieve or pine,  
But the Transfigured, in and out of season,  
Appeared, and spiritual presence gained a power  
Over material forms that mastered reason  
Oh, gracious Heaven, in pity make her thine <sup>1</sup>

#### III

But why that prayer? as if to her could come  
No good but by the way that leads to bliss  
Through Death,—so judging we should judge amiss.  
Since reason failed want is her threatened doom,

<sup>1</sup> The facts recorded in this Poem were given me, and the character of the person described, by my friend the Rev R. P. Graves.

Yet frequent transports mitigate the gloom  
 Nor of those maniacs is she one that kiss  
 The air or laugh upon a precipice,  
 No, passing through strange sufferings toward the tomb  
 She smiles as if a martyr's crown were won  
 Oft, when light breaks through clouds or waving trees,  
 With outspread arms and fallen upon her knees  
 The Mother hails in her descending Son  
 An Angel, and in earthly ecstasies  
 Her own angelic glory seems begun.

(1842)

## AIREY-FORCE VALLEY

———Not a breath of air  
 Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen  
 From the brook's margin, wide around, the trees  
 Are steadfast as the rocks, the brook itself,  
 Old as the hills that feed it from afar,  
 Doth rather deepen than disturb the calm  
 Where all things else are still and motionless  
 And yet, even now, a little breeze, perchance  
 Escaped from boisterous winds that rage without,  
 Has entered, by the sturdy oaks unfelt,  
 But to its gentle touch how sensitive  
 Is the light ash ' that, pendent from the brow  
 Of yon dim cave, in seeming silence makes  
 A soft eye-music of slow-waving boughs,  
 Powerful almost as vocal harmony  
 To stay the wanderer's steps and soothe his thoughts.

(1842)

"LYRE! THOUGH SUCH POWER DO IN THY  
MAGIC LIVE"

LYRE! though such power do in thy magic live  
 As might from India's fairest plain  
 Recall the not unwilling Maid,  
 Assist me to detain  
 The lovely Fugitive.

Check with thy notes the impulse which, betrayed  
 By her sweet farewell looks, I longed to aid  
 Here let me gaze enrapt upon that eye,  
 The impregnable and awe-inspiring fort  
 Of contemplation, the calm port  
 By reason fenced from winds that sigh  
 Among the restless sails of vanity.

But if no wish be hers that we should part,  
A humbler bliss would satisfy my heart.

Where all things are so fair,  
Enough by her dear side to breathe the air  
Of this Elysian weather,

And, on or in, or near, the brook, espy  
Shade upon the sunshine lying

Faint and somewhat pensively,  
And downward Image gaily vying

With its uplight living tree  
'Mid silver clouds, and openings of blue sky  
As soft almost and deep as her cerulean eye.

Nor less the joy with many a glance  
Cast up the Stream or down at her beseeching,  
To mark its eddying foam-balls prettily distrest  
By ever changing shape and want of rest,

Or watch, with mutual teaching,  
The current as it plays  
In flashing leaps and stealthy creeps  
Adown a rocky maze,

Or note (translucent summer's happiest chance<sup>1</sup>)  
In the slope-channel floored with pebbles bright,  
Stones of all hues, gem emulous of gem,  
So vivid that they take from keenest sight  
The liquid veil that seeks not to hide them.

(1842)

### TO THE CLOUDS<sup>1</sup>

ARMY of Clouds ! ye wingèd Hosts in troop:  
Ascending from behind the motionless brow  
Of that tall rock, as from a hidden world,  
Oh whither with such eagerness of speed ?  
What seek ye, or what shun ye ? of the gale  
Companions, fear ye to be left behind,  
Or racing o'er your blue ethereal field  
Contend ye with each other ? of the sea  
Children, thus post ye over vale and height  
To sink upon your mother's lap—and rest ?  
Or were ye rightlier hailed, when first mine eyes  
Beheld in your impetuous march the likeness  
Of a wide army pressing on to meet

<sup>1</sup> Suggested while I was walking on the foot-road between Rydal Mount and Grasmere. The clouds were driving over the top of Nab-Scar across the vale they set my thoughts agoing, and the rest followed almost immediately

Or overtake some unknown enemy?—  
 But your smooth motions suit a peaceful aim,  
 And Fancy, not less aptly pleased, compares  
 Your squadrons to an endless flight of birds  
 Aerial, upon due migration bound  
 To milder climes, or rather do ye urge  
 In caravan your hasty pilgrimage  
 To pause at last on more aspiring heights  
 Than these, and utter your devotion there  
 With thunderous voice? Or are ye jubilant,  
 And would ye, tracking your proud lord the Sun,  
 Be present at his setting, or the pomp  
 Of Persian mornings would ye fill, and stand  
 Poising your splendours high above the heads  
 Of worshippers kneeling to their up-risen God?  
 Whence, whence, ye Clouds! this eagerness of speed?  
 Speak, silent creatures—They are gone, are fled,  
 Buried together in yon gloomy mass  
 That loads the middle heaven, and clear and bright  
 And vacant doth the region which they thronged  
 Appear, a calm descent of sky conducting  
 Down to the unapproachable abyss,  
 Down to that hidden gulf from which they rose  
 To vanish—fleet as days and months and years,  
 Fleet as the generations of mankind,  
 Power, glory, empire, as the world itself,  
 The lingering world, when time hath ceased to be.  
 But the winds roar, shaking the rooted trees,  
 And see! a bright precursor to a train  
 Perchance as numerous, overpeers the rock  
 That sullenly refuses to partake  
 Of the wild impulse From a fount of life  
 Invisible, the long procession moves  
 Luminous or gloomy, welcome to the vale  
 Which they are entering, welcome to mine eye  
 That sees them, to my soul that owns in them,  
 And in the bosom of the firmament  
 O'er which they move, wherein they are contained,  
 A type of her capacious self and all  
 Her restless progeny.

A humble walk

Here is my body doomed to tread, this path,  
 A little hoary line and faintly traced,  
 Work, shall we call it, of the shepherd's foot  
 Or of his flock?—joint vestige of them both

I pace it unrepining, for my thoughts  
 Admit no bondage and my words have wings  
 Where is the Orphean lyre, or Druid harp,  
 To accompany the verse? The mountain blast  
 Shall be our *hand* of music, he shall sweep  
 The rocks, and quivering trees, and billowy lake,  
 And search the fibres of the caves, and they  
 Shall answer, for our song is of the Clouds  
 And the wind loves them; and the gentle gales—  
 Which by their aid re-clothe the naked lawn  
 With annual verdure, and revive the woods,  
 And moisten the parched lips of thirsty flowers—  
 Love them, and every idle breeze of air  
 Bends to the favourite but then Moon and stars  
 Keep their most solemn vigils when the Clouds  
 Watch also, shifting peaceably their place  
 Like bands of ministering Spirits, or when they lie,  
 As if some Protean art the change had wrought,  
 In listless quiet o'er the ethereal deep  
 Scattered, a Cyclades of various shapes  
 And all degrees of beauty O ye Lightnings!  
 Ye are their perilous offspring, and the Sun—  
 Source inexhaustible of life and joy,  
 And type of man's far-dating reason, therefore  
 In old time worshipped as the god of verse,  
 A blazing intellectual deity—  
 Loves his own glory in their looks, and showers  
 Upon that unsubstantial brotherhood  
 Visions with all but beatific light  
 Enriched—too transient were they not renewed  
 From age to age, and did not, while we gaze  
 In silent rapture, credulous desire  
 Nourish the hope that memory lacks not power  
 To keep the treasure unpaired Vain thought!  
 Yet why repine, created as we are  
 For joy and rest, albeit to find them only  
 Lodged in the bosom of eternal things?

(1842)

"WANSFELL! THIS HOUSEHOLD HAS A  
 FAVOURED LOT"<sup>1</sup>

WANSFELL! this Household has a favoured lot,  
 Living with liberty on thee to gaze,

<sup>1</sup> The hill that rises to the south-east, above Ambleside



## 660      The Eagle and the Dove

To watch while Morn first crowns thee with her rays,  
Or when along thy breast serenely float  
Evening's angelic clouds    Yet ne'er a note  
Hath sounded (shame upon the Bard ! ) thy praise  
For all that thou, as if from heaven, hast brought  
Of glory lavished on our quiet days  
Bountiful Son of Earth ! when we are gone  
From every object dear to mortal sight,  
As soon we shall be, may these words attest  
How oft, to elevate our spirits, shone  
Thy visionary majesties of light,  
How in thy pensive glooms our hearts found rest  
(*Dec* 24, 1842)

### THE EAGLE AND THE DOVE

SHADE of Caractacus, if spirits love  
The cause they fought for in their earthly home  
To see the Eagle ruffled by the Dove  
May soothe thy memory of the chains of Rome  
These children claim thee for their sue, the breath  
Of thy renown, from Cambrian mountains, fans  
A flame within them that despises death  
And glorifies the truant youth of Vannes  
With thy own scorn of tyrants they advance,  
But truth divine has sanctified their rage,  
A silver cross enchased with flowers of France  
Their badge, attests the holy fight they wage  
The shrill defiance of the young crusade  
Their veteran foes mock as an idle noise,  
But unto Faith and Loyalty comes aid  
From Heaven, gigantic force to beardless boys  
(1842)

### GRACE DARLING

AMONG the dwellers in the silent fields  
The natural heart is touched, and public way  
And crowded street resound with ballad strains,  
Inspired by ONE whose very name bespeaks  
Favour divine, exalting human love ;  
Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast,  
Known unto few but prized as far as known,  
A single Act endeavors to high and low  
Through the whole land—to Manhood, moved in spite  
Of the world's freezing cares—to generous Youth—

To Infancy, that lisps her praise—to Age  
Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear  
Of tremulous admiration    Such true fame  
Awaits her *now*, but, verily, good deeds  
Do not imperishable record find  
Save in the rolls of heaven, where heirs may live  
A theme for angels, when they celebrate  
The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth  
Has witnessed    Oh ! that winds and waves could speak  
Of things which their united power called forth  
From the pure depths of her humanity !  
A Maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call,  
Firm and unflinching, as the Lighthouse reared  
On the Island-rock, her lonely dwelling-place,  
Or like the invincible Rock itself that braves,  
Age after age, the hostile elements,  
As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused,  
When, as day broke, the Maid, through misty air,  
Espies far off a Wreck, amid the surf,  
Beating on one of those disastrous isles—  
Half of a Vessel, half—no more, the rest  
Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there  
Had for the common safety striven in vain,  
Or thither thronged for refuge    With quick glance  
Daughter and Sire through optic-glass discern,  
Clinging about the remnant of this Ship,  
Creatures—how precious in the Maiden's sight !  
For whom, belike, the old Man grieves still more  
Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed  
Where every parting agony is hushed,  
And hope and fear mix not in further strife.  
“ But courage, Father ! let us out to sea—  
A few may yet be saved ”    The Daughter's words,  
Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith,  
Dispel the Father's doubts    nor do they lack  
The noble-minded Mother's helping hand  
To launch the boat, and with her blessing cheered,  
And inwardly sustained by silent prayer,  
Together they put forth, Father and Child !  
Each grasps an oar, and struggling on they go—  
Rivals in effort, and, alike intent  
Here to elude and there surmount, they watch  
The billows lengthening, mutually crossed  
And shattered, and re-gathering their might,

As if the tumult, by the Almighty's will  
 Were, in the conscious sea, roused and prolonged  
 That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved—  
 May brighten more and more !

True to the mark,  
 They stem the current of that perilous goige,  
 Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart,  
 Though danger, as the Wreck is neared, becomes  
 More imminent. Not unseen do they approach .  
 And rapture, with varieties of fear  
 Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames  
 Of those who, in that dauntless energy,  
 Foretaste deliverance , but the least perturbed  
 Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives  
 That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring  
 Hope to the hopeless, to the dying, life—  
 One is a Woman, a poor earthly sister,  
 Or, be the Visitant other than she seems,  
 A guardian Spirit sent from pitying Heaven,  
 In woman's shape But why prolong the tale,  
 Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts  
 Armed to repel them ? Every hazard faced  
 And difficulty mastered, with resolve  
 That no one breathing should be left to perish  
 This last remainder of the crew are all  
 Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep  
 Are safely borne, landed upon the beach,  
 And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged  
 Within the sheltering Lighthouse —Shout, ye Waves,  
 Send forth a song of triumph Waves and Winds,  
 Exult in this deliverance wrought through faith  
 In Him whose Providence your rage hath served  
 Ye screaming Sea-mews, in the concert join !  
 And would that some immortal Voice—a Voice  
 Fitly attuned to all that gratitude  
 Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips  
 Of the survivors—to the clouds might bear—  
 Blended with praise of that parental love,  
 Beneath whose watchful eye the Maiden grew  
 Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave,  
 Though young so wise, though meek so resolute—  
 Might carry to the clouds and to the stars,  
 Yea, to celestial Choirs, GRACE DARLING's name !

To Rev. Christopher Wordsworth 663

"WHILE BEAMS OF ORIENT LIGHT SHOOT  
WIDE AND HIGH"

WHILE beams of orient light shoot wide and high,  
Deep in the vale a little rural Town<sup>1</sup>  
Breathes forth a cloud-like creature of its own,  
That mounts not toward the radiant morning sky  
But, with a less ambitious sympathy,  
Hangs o'er its Parent waking to the cares,  
Troubles and toils that every day prepares  
So Fancy, to the musing Poet's eye,  
Endears that Lingerer. And how blest her sway  
(Like influence never may my soul reject)  
If the calm Heaven, now to its zenith decked  
With glorious forms in numberless array,  
To the lone shepherd on the hills disclose  
Gleams from a world in which the saints repose.  
(Jan 1, 1843)

TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH,  
D D, MASTER OF HARROW SCHOOL"<sup>2</sup>

ENLIGHTENED Teacher, gladly from thy hand  
Have I received this proof of pains bestowed  
By Thee to guide thy Pupils on the road  
That, in our native isle, and every land,  
The Church, when trusting in divine command  
And in her Catholic attributes, hath trod  
O may these lessons be with profit scanned  
To thy heart's wish, thy labour blest by God!  
So the bright faces of the young and gay  
Shall look more bright—the happy, happier still,  
Catch, in the pauses of then keenest play,  
Motions of thought which elevate the will  
And, like the Spue that from your classic Hill  
Points heavenward, indicate the end and way  
(RYDAL MOUNT, Dec 11, 1843)

INSCRIPTION

FOR A MONUMENT IN CROSTHWAITE CHURCH, IN THE VALE  
OF KESWICK

YE vales and hills whose beauty hither drew  
The poet's steps, and fixed him here, on you

<sup>1</sup> Ambleside.

<sup>2</sup> After the perusal of his *Theophilus Anglicanus*, recently published

## 664 Kendal and Windermere Railway

His eyes have closed ! And ye, loved books, no more  
Shall Southey feed upon your precious lore,  
To works that ne'er shall forfeit their renown,  
Adding immortal labours of his own—  
Whether he traced historic truth, with zeal  
For the State's guidance, or the Church's weal,  
Or Fancy, disciplined by studious art,  
Informed his pen, or wisdom of the heart,  
Or judgments sanctioned in the Patriot's mind  
By reverence for the rights of all mankind  
Wide were his aims, yet in no human breast  
Could private feelings meet for holier rest  
His joys, his griefs, have vanished like a cloud  
From Skiddaw's top, but he to heaven was vowed  
Through his industrious life, and Christian faith  
Calmed in his soul the fear of change and death.  
(1843)

### ON THE PROJECTED KENDAL AND WINDERMERE RAILWAY

Is then no nook of English ground secure  
From rash assault ? Schemes of retirement sown  
In youth, and 'mid the busy world kept pure  
As when their earliest flowers of hope were blown,  
Must perish,—how can they this blight endure ?  
And must he too the ruthless change bemoan  
Who scorns a false utilitarian lure  
'Mid his paternal fields at random thrown ?  
Baffle the threat, bright Scene, from Orriesthead  
Given to the pausing traveller's rapturous glance.  
Plead for thy peace, thou beautiful romance  
Of nature, and, if human hearts be dead,  
Speak, passing winds, ye torrents, with your strong  
And constant voice, protest against the wrong.  
(October 12, 1844)

### “PROUD WERE YE, MOUNTAINS, WHEN, IN TIMES OF OLD”

PROUD were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old,  
Your patriot sons, to stem invasive wail,  
Intrenched your brows, ye glowed in each scar  
Now, for your shame, a Power, the Thirst of Gold,  
That rules o'er Britain like a baneful star,  
Wills that your peace, your beauty, shall be sold,

And clear way made for her triumphal car  
 Through the beloved retreats your arms enfold !  
 Heard ye that Whistle ? As her long-linked Train  
 Swept onwards, did the vision cross your view ?  
 Yes, ye were startled,—and, in balance true,  
 Weighing the mischief with the promised gain,  
 Mountains, and Vales, and Floods, I call on you  
 To share the passion of a just disdain  
 (1844)

## AT FURNESS ABBEY

HERE, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing,  
 Man left this Structure to become Time's prey  
 A soothing spirit follows in the way  
 That Nature takes, her counter-work pursuing.  
 See how her Ivy clasps the sacred Ruin  
 Fall to prevent or beautify decay,  
 And, on the mouldered walls, how bright, how gay,  
 The flowers in pearly dew their bloom renewing !  
 Thanks to the place, blessings upon the hour,  
 Even as I speak the rising Sun's first smile  
 Gleams on the grass-crowned top of yon tall Tower  
 Whose cawing occupants with joy proclaim  
 Prescriptive title to the shattered pile  
 Where, Cavendish, *thine* seems nothing but a name !  
 (1844)

"FORTH FROM A JUTTING RIDGE, AROUND  
WHOSE BASE"

FORTH from a jutting ridge, around whose base  
 Winds our deep Vale, two heath-clad Rocks ascend  
 In fellowship, the loftiest of the pair  
 Rising to no ambitious height, yet both,  
 O'er lake and stream, mountain and flowery mead,  
 Unfolding prospects fair as human eyes  
 Ever beheld Up-led with mutual help,  
 To one or other brow of those twin Peaks  
 Were two adventurous Sisters wont to climb,  
 And took no note of the hour while thence they gazed,  
 The blooming heath their couch, gazed, side by side,  
 In speechless admiration. I, a witness  
 And frequent sharer of their calm delight  
 With thankful heart, to either Eminence  
 Gave the baptismal name each Sister bore.  
 Now are they parted, far as Death's cold hand

## 666      The Westmoreland Girl

Hath power to part the Spirits of those who love  
 As they did love    Ye kindred Pinnacles—  
 That, while the generations of mankind  
 Follow each other to their hiding-place  
 In time's abyss, are privileged to endure  
 Beautiful in yourselves, and richly graced  
 With like command of beauty—grant your aid  
 For MARY'S humble, SARAH'S silent claim,  
 That their pure joy in nature may survive  
 From age to age in blended memory.

(1845)

### THE WESTMORELAND GIRL

TO MY GRANDCHILDREN

#### PART I

SEEK who will delight in fable  
 I shall tell you truth    A Lamb  
 Leapt from this steep bank to follow  
 'Cross the brook its thoughtless dam  
 Far and wide on hill and valley  
 Rain had fallen, unceasing rain,  
 And the bleating mother's Young-one  
 Struggled with the flood in vain  
 But, as chanced, a Cottage-maiden  
 (Ten years scarcely had she told)  
 Seeing, plunged into the torrent,  
 Clasped the Lamb and kept her hold  
 Whirled adown the rocky channel,  
 Sinking, rising, on they go,  
 Peace and rest, as seems, before them  
 Only in the lake below  
 Oh ! it was a frightful current  
 Whose fierce wrath the Girl had braved,  
 Clap your hands with joy, my Hearers,  
 Shout in triumph, both are saved,  
 Saved by courage that with danger  
 Grew, by strength the gift of love,  
 And belike a guardian angel  
 Came with succour from above

#### PART II

Now, to a maturer Audience,  
 Let me speak of this brave Child

Left among her native mountains  
With wild Nature to run wild

So, unwatched by love maternal,  
Mother's care no more her guide,  
Fared this little bright-eyed Orphan  
Even while at her father's side

Spare your blame—remembrance makes him  
Loth to rule by strict command,  
Still upon his cheek are living  
Touches of her infant hand,

Dear caresses given in pity,  
Sympathy that soothed his grief,  
As the dying mother witnessed  
To her thankful mind's relief.

Time passed on, the Child was happy,  
Like a Spirit of air she moved,  
Wayward, yet by all who knew her  
For her tender heart beloved

Scarcely less than sacred passions,  
Bred in house, in grove, and field,  
Link her with the inferior creatures,  
Uge her powers their rights to shield  
Anglers, bent on reckless pastime,  
Learn how she can feel alike  
Both for tiny harmless minnow  
And the fierce and sharp-toothed pike.

Merciful protectress, kindling  
Into anger or disdain,  
Many a captive hath she rescued,  
Others saved from lingering pain

Listen yet awhile,—with patience  
Hear the homely truths I tell,  
She in Gasmere's old church-steeple  
Tolled this day the passing-bell

Yes, the wild Girl of the mountains  
To their echoes gave the sound,  
Notice punctual as the minute,  
Warning solemn and profound.

She, fulfilling her sire's office,  
Rang alone the far-heard knell,  
Tribute, by her hand, in sorrow,  
Paid to One who loved her well.



When his spirit was departed  
 On that service she went forth,  
 Nor will fail the like to render  
 When his coise is laid in earth

What then wants the Child to temper,  
 In her breast, unruly fire,  
 To control the froward impulse  
 And restrain the vague desire?

Easily a pious training  
 And a stedfast outward power  
 Would supplant the weeds and cherish,  
 In their stead, each opening flower.

Thus the fearless Lamb deliver,  
 Woman-grown, meek-hearted, sage,  
 May become a blest example  
 For her sex, of every age

Watchful as a wheeling eagle,  
 Constant as a soaring lark,  
 Should the country need a heroine,  
 She might prove our Maid of Arc.

Leave that thought, and here be uttered  
 Prayer that Grace divine may raise  
 Her humane courageous spirit  
 Up to heaven, thro' peaceful ways.

(June 6, 1845)

#### AT FURNESS ABBEY

WELL have yon Railway Labourers' to THIS ground  
 Withdrawn for noontide rest They sit, they walk  
 Among the Ruins, but no idle talk  
 Is heard, to grave demeanour all are bound,  
 And from one voice a Hymn with tuneful sound  
 Hallows once more the long-deserted Quire  
 And thrills the old sepulchral earth, around  
 Others look up, and with fixed eyes admire  
 That wide-spanned arch, wondering how it was raised,  
 To keep, so high in air, its strength and grace.  
 All seem to feel the spirit of the place,  
 And by the general reverence God is praised.  
 Profane Despoilers, stand ye not reproved,  
 While thus these simple-hearted men are moved?

(June 21, 1845)

"YES ! 'THOU ART FAIR, YET BE NOT  
MOVED"

YES ! thou art fair, yet be not moved  
To scorn the declaration,  
That sometimes I in thee have loved  
My fancy's own creation  
Imagination needs must stir ,  
Dear Maid, this truth believe,  
Minds that have nothing to confer  
Find little to perceive  
Be pleased that nature made thee fit  
To feed my heart's devotion,  
By laws to which all Forms submit  
In sky, air, earth, and ocean

(1845)

"WHAT HEAVENLY SMILES ! O LADY MINE "

WHAT heavenly smiles ! O Lady mine,  
Through my very heart they shine ,  
And, if my brow gives back their light,  
Do thou look gladly on the sight ,  
As the clear Moon with modest pride  
Beholds her own bright beams  
Reflected from the mountain's side  
And from the headlong streams.

(1845)

# TO A LADY

IN ANSWER TO A REQUEST THAT I WOULD WRITE HER A  
POEM UPON SOME DRAWINGS THAT SHE HAD MADE  
OF FLOWERS IN THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA

FAIR Lady ! can I sing of flowers  
That in Madeira bloom and fade,  
I who ne'er sate within their bowels,  
Nor through their sunny lawns have staid ?  
How they in sprightly dance are worn  
By Shepherd-groom or May-day queen,  
Or holy festal pomps adorn,  
These eyes have never seen  
Yet tho' to me the pencil's art  
No like remembrances can give,  
Your portraits still may reach the heart  
And there for gentle pleasure live ,

While Fancy ranging with free scope  
 Shall on some lovely Alien set  
 A name with us endeared to hope,  
 To peace, or fond regret.  
 Still as we look with nicer care,  
 Some new resemblance we may trace .  
 A *Heart's-ease* will perhaps be there,  
 A *Speedwell* may not want its place  
 And so may we, with charmed mind  
 Beholding what your skill has wrought,  
 Another *Star-of-Bethlehem* find,  
 A new *Forget-me-not*  
 From earth to heaven with motion fleet  
 From heaven to earth our thoughts will pass,  
 A *Holy-thistle* here we meet  
 And there a *Shepherd's weather-glass* ,  
 And haply some familiar name  
 Shall grace the fairest, sweetest, plant  
 Whose presence cheers the drooping frame  
 Of English Emigrant  
 Gazing she feels its powers beguile  
 Sad thoughts, and breathes with easier breath ,  
 Alas ! that meek that tender smile  
 Is but a harbinger of death  
 And pointing with a feeble hand  
 She says, in faint words by sighs broken,  
 Bear for me to my native land  
 This precious Flower, true love's last token.

(1845)

'GLAD SIGHT WHEREVER NEW WITH OLD

GLAD sight wherever new with old  
 Is joined through some dear homeborn tie ,  
 The life of all that we behold  
 Depends upon that mystery.  
 Vain is the glory of the sky,  
 The beauty vain of field and grove,  
 Unless, while with admiring eye  
 We gaze, we also learn to love

(1845)

LOVE LIES BLEEDING

I

You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may,  
 Though the red Flower, not prostrate, only droops,

## Love Lies Bleeding

671

As we have seen it here from day to day,  
From month to month, life passing not away.  
A flower how rich in sadness! Even thus stoops,  
(Sentient by Grecian sculpture's marvellous power)  
Thus leans, with hanging brow and body bent  
Earthward in uncomplaining languishment  
The dying Gladiator So, sad Flower!  
(Tis Fancy guides me willing to be led,  
Though by a slender thread,)  
So drooped Adonis bathed in sanguine dew  
Of his death-wound, when he from innocent air  
The gentlest breath of resignation drew,  
While Venus in a passion of despair  
Rent, weeping over him, her golden hair  
Spangled with drops of that celestial shower  
She suffered, as Immortals sometimes do,  
But pangs more lasting far, *that* Lover knew  
Who first, weighed down by scorn, in some lone bower  
Did press this semblance of unpitied smart  
Into the service of his constant heart,  
His own dejection, downcast Flower! could share  
With thine, and gave the mournful name which thou wilt  
ever bear

### II

NEVER enlivened with the liveliest ray  
That fosters growth or checks or cheers decay,  
Nor by the heaviest rain-drops more deprest,  
This Flower, that first appeared as summer's guest,  
Preserves her beauty 'mid autumnal leaves  
And to her mournful habits fondly cleaves  
When files of stateliest plants have ceased to bloom,  
One after one submitting to their doom,  
When her coevals each and all are fled,  
What keeps her thus reclined upon her lonesome bed?  
The old mythologists, more impressed than we  
Of this late day by character in tree  
Or herb, that claimed peculiar sympathy,  
Or by the silent lapse of fountain clear,  
Or with the language of the viewless air  
By bird or beast made vocal, sought a cause  
To solve the mystery, not in Nature's laws  
But in Man's fortunes. Hence a thousand tales  
Sung to the plaintive lyre in Grecian vales  
Nor doubt that something of their spirit swayed

The fancy-stricken Youth or heart-sick Maid,  
 Who, while each stood companionless and eyed  
 This undeparting Flower in crimson dyed,  
 Thought of a wound which death is slow to cure,  
 A fate that has endured and will endure,  
 And, patience coveting yet passion feeding,  
 Called the dejected Lingerer, *Love lies bleeding*  
 (1845)

## THE CUCKOO-CLOCK

WOULDST thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight,  
 By a sure voice that can most sweetly tell,  
 How far off yet a glimpse of morning light,  
 And if to lure the truant back be well,  
 Forbear to covet a Repeater's stroke,  
 That, answering to thy touch, will sound the hour  
 Better provide thee with a Cuckoo-clock  
 For service hung behind thy chamber-door,  
 And in due time the soft spontaneous shock,  
 The double note, as if with living power,  
 Will to composure lead—or make thee blithe as bird in  
       bower

List, Cuckoo—Cuckoo!—oft tho' tempests howl,  
 Or nipping frost remind thee trees are bare,  
 How cattle pine, and droop the shivering fowl,  
 Thy spirits will seem to feed on balmy air.  
 I speak with knowledge,—by that Voice beguiled,  
 Thou wilt salute old memories as they throng  
 Into thy heart, and fancies, running wild  
 Through fresh green fields, and budding groves among,  
 Will make thee happy, happy as a child  
 Of sunshine wilt thou think, and flowers, and song,  
 And breathe as in a world where nothing can go wrong  
 And know—that, even for him who shuns the day  
 And nightly tosses on a bed of pain,  
 Whose joys, from all but memory swept away,  
 Must come unhoped for, if they come again,  
 Know—that, for him whose waking thoughts, severe  
 As his distress is sharp, would scorn my theme,  
 The mimic notes, striking upon his ear  
 In sleep, and intermingling with his dream,  
 Could from sad regions send him to a dear  
 Delightful land of verdure, shower and gleam,  
 To mock the *wandering* Voice beside some haunted stream

O bounty without measure ! while the grace  
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest springs,  
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace  
A mazy course along familiar things,  
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come,  
Streaming from founts above the stary sky,  
With angels when their own untroubled home  
They leave and speed on nightly embassy  
To visit earthly chambers,—and for whom ?  
Yea, both for souls who God’s forbearance try,  
And those that seek his help, and for his mercy sigh.  
(1845)

“SO FAIR, SO SWEET”

So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive,  
Would that the little Flowers were born to live,  
Conscious of half the pleasure which they give,  
That to this mountain-daisy’s self were known  
The beauty of its star-shaped shadow, thrown  
On the smooth surface of this naked stone !  
And what if hence a bold desire should mount  
High as the Sun, that he could take account  
Of all that issues from his glorious fount !  
So might he ken how by his sovereign aid  
These delicate companionships are made,  
And how he rules the pomp of light and shade ;  
And were the Sister-power that shines by night  
So privileged, what a countenance of delight  
Would through the clouds break forth on human sight !  
Fond fancies ! wheresoe’er shall turn thine eye  
On earth, air, ocean, or the stary sky,  
Converse with Nature in pure sympathy,  
All vain desires, all lawless wishes quelled,  
Be Thou to love and praise alike impelled,  
Whatever boon is granted or withheld  
(1845)

TO THE PENNSYLVANIANS

DAYS undefiled by luxury or sloth,  
Firm self-denial, manners grave and staid,  
Rights equal, laws with cheerfulness obeyed,  
Words that require no sanction from an oath,  
And simple honesty a common growth—  
This high repute, with bounteous Nature’s aid,

Won confidence, now ruthlessly betrayed  
 At will, your power the measure of your troth !—  
 All who reveie the memory of Penn  
 Grieve for the land on whose wild woods his name  
 Was fondly grafted with a virtuous aim,  
 Renounced, abandoned by degenerate Men  
 For state-dishonour black as ever came  
 To upper air from Mammon's loathsome den.  
 (1845)

### “YOUNG ENGLAND”

YOUNG ENGLAND—what is then become of Old  
 Of dear Old England? Think they she is dead,  
 Dead to the very name? Presumption fed  
 On empty air ! That name will keep its hold  
 In the true filial bosom's inmost fold  
 For ever —The Spirit of Allied, at the head,  
 Of all who for her rights watched, toiled and bled,  
 Knows that this prophecy is not too bold  
 What—how ! shall she submit in will and deed  
 To Beardless Boys—an imitative race,  
 The *servum pecus* of a Gallic breed?  
 Dear Mother ! if thou *must* thy steps retrace,  
 Go where at least meek Innocency dwells,  
 Let Babes and Sucklings be thy oracles'  
 (1845)

### “THOUGH THE BOLD WINGS OF POESY”

THOUGH the bold wings of Poesy affect  
 The clouds, and wheel around the mountain tops  
 Rejoicing, from her loftiest height she drops  
 Well pleased to skim the plain with wild flowers deckt  
 Or muse in solemn grove whose shades protect  
 The lingering dew—there steals along, or stops  
 Watching the least small bird that round her hops,  
 Or creeping worm, with sensitive respect  
 Her functions are they therefore less divine,  
 Her thoughts less deep, or void of grave intent  
 Her simplest fancies? Should that fear be thine,  
 Aspiring Votary, ere thy hand present  
 One offering, kneel before her modest shrine,  
 With brow in penitential sorrow bent !  
 (1845)

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF THE BIRD  
OF PARADISE

THE gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed,  
 And a true master of the glowing strain,  
 Might scan the narrow province with disdain  
 That to the Painter's skill is here allowed  
 This, this the Bird of Paradise ! disclaim  
 The daring thought, forget the name ,  
 This the Sun's Bird, whom Glendoveers might own  
 As no unworthy Partner in their flight  
 Through seas of ether, where the ruffling sway  
 Of nether air's rude billows is unknown ,  
 Whom Sylphs, if e'er for casual pastime they  
 Through India's spicy regions wing their way,  
 Might bow to as their Lord    What character,  
 O sovereign Nature ! I appeal to thee,  
 Of all thy feathered progeny  
 Is so unearthly, and what shape so fair ?  
 So richly decked in variegated down,  
 Green, sable, shining yellow, shadowy brown,  
 Tints softly with each other blended,  
 Hues doubtfully begun and ended ,  
 Or inter-shooting, and to sight  
 Lost and recovered, as the rays of light  
 Glance on the conscious plumes touched here and there ?  
 Full surely, when with such proud gifts of life  
 Began the pencil's strife,

O'erweening Art was caught as in a snare

A sense of seemingly presumptuous wrong  
 Gave the first impulse to the Poet's song ,  
 But, of his scorn repenting soon, he drew  
 A juster judgment from a calmer view ,  
 And, with a spirit freed from discontent,  
 Thankfully took an effort that was meant  
 Not with God's bounty, Nature's love to vie,  
 Or made with hope to please that inward eye  
 Which ever strives in vain itself to satisfy,  
 But to recall the truth by some faint trace  
 Of power ethereal and celestial grace,  
 That in the living Creature find on earth a place

(1845)

"WHY SHOULD WE WEEP OR MOURN?"

Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy,  
 For such thou wert ere from our sight removed,



## 676 'Where lies the Truth ?

Holy, and ever dutiful—beloved  
 From day to day with never-ceasing joy,  
 And hopes as dear as could the heart employ  
 In aught to earth pertaining ? Death has proved  
 His might, nor less his mercy, as behoved—  
 Death conscious that he only could destroy  
 The bodily frame That beauty is laid low  
 To moulder in a far-off field of Rome,  
 But Heaven is now, blest Child, thy Spirit's home  
 When such divine communion, which we know,  
 Is felt, thy Roman burial-place will be  
 Surely a sweet remembrancer of Thee.  
 (1846)

### "WHERE LIES THE TRUTH ?"

WHERE lies the truth ? has Man, in wisdom's creed,  
 A pitiable doom, for respite brief  
 A care more anxious, or a heavier grief ?  
 Is he ungrateful, and doth little heed  
 God's bounty, soon forgotten, or indeed,  
 Must Man, with labour born, awake to sorrow  
 When Flowers rejoice and Larks with rival speed  
 Spring from their nests to bid the Sun good-morrow ?  
 They mount for rapture as their songs proclaim  
 Warbled in hearing both of earth and sky,  
 But o'er the contrast wherefore heave a sigh ?  
 Like those aspirants let us soar—our aim,  
 Through life's worst trials, whether shocks or snares,  
 A happier, brighter, purer Heaven than theirs.  
 (1846)

### "I KNOW AN AGED MAN"

I KNOW an aged Man constrained to dwell  
 In a large house of public charity,  
 Where he abides, as in a Prisoner's cell,  
 With numbers near, alas ! no company  
 When he could creep about, at will, though poor  
 And forced to live on alms, this old Man fed  
 A Redbreast, one that to his cottage door  
 Came not, but in a lane partook his bread  
 There, at the root of one particular tree,  
 An easy seat this worn out Labourer found  
 While Robin pecked the crumbs upon his knee  
 Laid one by one, or scattered on the ground

Dear intercourse was then, day after day ;  
 What signs of mutual gladness when they met !  
 Think of their common peace, their simple play,  
 The parting moment and its fond regret  
 Months passed in love that failed not to fulfil,  
 In spite of season's change, its own demand,  
 By fluttering pinions here and busy bill ,  
 There by caresses from a tremulous hand  
 Thus in the chosen spot a tie so strong  
 Was formed between the solitary pair,  
 That when his fate had housed him 'mid a throng  
 The Captive shunned all converse proffered there  
 Wife, children, kindred, they were dead and gone ,  
 But, if no evil hap his wishes crossed,  
 One living Stay was left, and on that one  
 Some recompence for all that he had lost  
 Oh that the good old Man had power to prove,  
 By message sent through air or visible token,  
 That still he loves the Bird, and still must love ,  
 That friendship lasts though fellowship is broken !  
 (1846)

EVENING VOLUNTARIES

I

TO LUCCA GIORDANO

GIORDANO, verily thy Pencil's skill  
 Hath here portrayed with Nature's happiest grace  
 The fair Endymion couched on Latmos-hill ,  
 And Dian gazing on the Shepherd's face  
 In rapture,—yet suspending her embrace,  
 As not unconscious with what power the thrill  
 Of her most timid touch his sleep would chase,  
 And, with his sleep, that beauty calm and still  
 Oh may this work have found its last retreat  
 Here in a Mountain-bard's secure abode,  
 One to whom, yet a School-boy, Cynthia showed  
 A face of love which he in love would greet,  
 Fixed, by her smile, upon some rocky seat ,  
 Or lured along where greenwood paths he trod  
 (RYDAL MOUNT, 1846)

II

"WHO BUT IS PLEASED TO WATCH THE MOON ON HIGH"  
 WHO but is pleased to watch the moon on high  
 Travelling where she from time to time enshrouds  
 \*L 203

## 678 Illustrated Books and Newspapers

Her head, and nothing loth her Majesty  
Renounces, till among the scattered clouds  
One with its kindling edge declares that soon  
Will reappear before the uplifted eye  
A Form as bright, as beautiful a moon,  
To glide in open prospect through clear sky.  
Pity that such a promise e'er should prove  
False in the issue, that yon seeming space  
Of sky should be in truth the steadfast face  
Of a cloud flat and dense, through which must move  
(By transit not unlike man's frequent doom)  
The Wanderer lost in more determined gloom.  
(1846)

### ILLUSTRATED BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

DISCOURSE was deemed Man's noblest attribute,  
And written words the glory of his hand,  
Then followed Printing with enlarged command  
For thought—dominion vast and absolute  
For spreading truth, and making love expand  
Now prose and verse sunk into disrepute  
Must lacquey a dumb Art that best can suit  
The taste of this once-intellectual Land  
A backward movement surely have we here,  
From manhood,—back to childhood, for the age—  
Back towards caverned life's first rude career.  
Avaunt this vile abuse of pictured page !  
Must eyes be all in all, the tongue and ear  
Nothing? Heaven keep us from a lower stage !  
(1846)

### "THE UNREMITTING VOICE OF NIGHTLY STREAMS"

THE unrelmitting voice of nightly streams  
That wastes so oft, we think, its tuneful powers,  
If neither soothing to the worm that gleams  
Through dewy grass, nor small buds hushed in bowers,  
Nor unto silent leaves and drowsy flowers,—  
That voice of unpretending harmony  
(For who what is shall measure by what seems  
To be, or not to be,  
Or tax high Heaven with prodigality ?)  
Wants not a healing influence that can creep  
Into the human breast, and mix with sleep  
To regulate the motion of our dreams  
For kindly issues—as through every clime

Was felt near murmuring brooks in earliest time,  
 As at this day, the rudest swains who dwell  
 Where torrents roar, or hear the tinkling knell  
 Of water-breaks, with grateful heart could tell.  
 (1846)

## SONNET

TO AN OCTOGENARIAN

AFFECTIONS lose their object, Time brings forth  
 No successors, and, lodged in memory,  
 If love exist no longer, it must die,—  
 Wanting accustomed food, must pass from earth,  
 Or never hope to reach a second birth  
 This sad belief, the happiest that is left  
 To thousands, share not Thou, howe'er bereft,  
 Scorned, or neglected, fear not such a dearth.  
 Though poor and destitute of friends thou art,  
 Perhaps the sole survivor of thy race,  
 One to whom Heaven assigns that mournful part  
 The utmost solitude of age to face,  
 Still shall be left some corner of the heart  
 Where Love for living Thing can find a place.  
 (1846)

## ON THE BANKS OF A ROCKY STREAM

BEHOLD an emblem of our human mind  
 Crowded with thoughts that need a settled home,  
 Yet, like to eddying balls of foam  
 Within this whirlpool, they each other chase  
 Round and round, and neither find  
 An outlet nor a resting-place!  
 Stranger, if such disquietude be thine,  
 Fall on thy knees and sue for help divine.  
 (1846)

## LINES

INSCRIBED IN A COPY OF HIS POEMS SENT TO THE QUEEN  
 FOR THE ROYAL LIBRARY AT WINDSOR

DEIGN, Sovereign Mistress! to accept a lay,  
 No Laureate offering of elaborate art,  
 But salutation taking its glad way  
 From deep recesses of a loyal heart.  
 Queen, Wife and Mother! may All-judging Heaven  
 Shower with a bounteous hand on Thee and Thine  
 Felicity that only can be given  
 On earth to goodness blest by grace divine

## 680 'How Beautiful the Queen of Night'

Lady ! devoutly honoured and beloved  
Through every realm confided to thy sway ,  
May'st thou pursue thy course by God approved,  
And He will teach thy people to obey  
As thou art wont, thy sovereignty adorn  
With woman's gentleness, yet firm and staid ;  
So shall that earthly crown thy brows have worn  
Be changed for one whose glory cannot fade.

And now by duty urged, I lay this Book  
Before thy Majesty, in humble trust  
That on its simplest pages thou wilt look  
With a benign indulgence more than just

Nor wilt thou blame an aged Poet's prayer,  
That issuing hence may steal into thy mind  
Some solace under weight of royal care,  
Or grief—the inheritance of humankind.

For know we not that from celestial spheres,  
When Time was young, an inspiration came  
(Oh were it mine !) to hallow saddest tears,  
And help life onward in its noblest aim

W. W.

(January 9th, 1846)

### "HOW BEAUTIFUL THE QUEEN OF NIGHT"

How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high  
Her way pursuing among scattered clouds,  
Where, ever and anon, her head she shrouds  
Hidden from view in dense obscurity.  
But look, and to the watchful eye  
A brightening edge will indicate that soon  
We shall behold the struggling Moon  
Break forth,—again to walk the clear blue sky.  
(1846)

### "READER, FAREWELL !"

READER, farewell ! My last words let them be—  
If in this book Fancy and Truth agree ,  
If simple Nature trained by careful Art  
Through It have won a passage to thy heart ,  
Grant me thy love, I crave no other fee !

# APPENDIX

## A MISCELLANEOUS EARLY AND SCATTERED VERSE

### I

### LINES

WRITTEN AS A SCHOOL EXERCISE AT HAWKSHEAD,  
ANNO ÆTATIS 14

“AND has the Sun his flaming chariot driven  
Two hundred times around the ring of heaven,  
Since Science first, with all her sacred train,  
Beneath yon roof began her heavenly reign ?  
While thus I mused, methought, before mine eyes,  
The Power of EDUCATION seemed to rise,  
Not she whose rigid precepts trained the boy  
Dead to the sense of every finer joy,  
Nor that vile wretch who bade the tender age  
Spurn Reason's law and humour Passion's rage  
But she who trains the generous British youth  
In the bright paths of fair majestic Truth  
Emerging slow from Academus' grove  
In heavenly majesty she seemed to move  
Stein was her forehead, but a smile serene  
'Softened the terrors of her awful mien'  
Close at her side were all the powers, designed  
To curb, exalt, reform the tender mind  
With panting breast, now pale as winter snows  
Now flushed as Hebe, Emulation rose,  
Shame followed after with reverted eye,  
And hue far deeper than the Tyrian dye,  
Last Industry appeared with steady pace,  
A smile sat beaming on her pensive face  
I gazed upon the visionary train,  
Threw back my eyes, returned, and gazed again.  
When lo ! the heavenly goddess thus began,  
Through all my frame the pleasing accents ran

“ ‘When Superstition left the golden light  
And fled indignant to the shades of night,  
When pure Religion reared the peaceful breast  
And lulled the warring passions into rest,  
Drove far away the savage thoughts that roll  
In the dark mansions of the bigot's soul,

Enlivening Hope displayed her cheerful ray,  
 And beamed on Britain's sons a brighter day ;  
 So when on Ocean's face the storm subsides,  
 Hushed are the winds and silent are the tides ;  
 The God of day, in all the pomp of light,  
 Moves through the vault of heaven, and dissipates the night ,  
 Wide o'er the main a trembling lustre plays,  
 The glittering waves reflect the dazzling blaze ,  
 Science with joy saw Superstition fly  
 Before the lustre of Religion's eye ;  
 With rapture she beheld Britannia smile,  
 Clapped her strong wings, and sought the cheerful isle,  
 The shades of night no more the soul involve,  
 She sheds her beam, and, lo ! the shades dissolve ,  
 No jarring monks, to gloomy cell confined,  
 With mazy rules perplex the weary mind ,  
 No shadowy forms entice the soul aside,  
 Secure she walks, Philosophy her guide.  
 Britain, who long her warriors had adored,  
 And deemed all merit centred in the sword ,  
 Britain, who thought to stain the field was fame,  
 Now honoured Edward's less than Bacon's name  
 Her sons no more in listed fields advance  
 To ride the ring, or toss the beamy lance ,  
 No longer steel their indurated hearts  
 To the mild influence of the finer arts ,  
 Quick to the secret grotto they retire  
 To court majestic truth, or wake the golden lyre  
 By generous Emulation taught to rise,  
 The seats of learning brave the distant skies  
 Then noble Sandys, inspired with great design,  
 Reared Hawkshead's happy roof, and called it mine  
 There have I loved to show the tender age  
 The golden precepts of the classic page ,  
 To lead the mind to those Elysian plains  
 Where, throned in gold, immortal Science reigns ,  
 Fair to the view is sacred Truth displayed,  
 In all the majesty of light arrayed,  
 To teach, on rapid wings, the curious soul  
 To roam from heaven to heaven, from pole to pole,  
 From thence to search the mystic cause of things  
 And follow Nature to her secret springs ,  
 Nor less to guide the fluctuating youth  
 Firm in the sacred paths of moral truth,  
 'To regulate the mind's disordered frame,

And quench the passions kindling into flame ,  
 The glimmering fires of Virtue to enlarge,  
 And purge from Vice's dross my tender charge  
 Oft have I said, the paths of Fame pursue,  
 And all that Virtue dictates, dare to do ,  
 Go to the world, peruse the book of man,  
 And learn from thence thy own defects to scan ,  
 Severely honest, break no plighted trust,  
 But coldly rest not here—be more than just ,  
 Join to the rigours of the sires of Rome  
 The gentler manners of the private dome ;  
 When Virtue weeps in agony of woe,  
 Teach from the heart the tender tear to flow ,  
 If Pleasure's soothing song thy soul entice,  
 On all the gaudy pomp of splendid Vice,  
 Arise superior to the Siren's power,  
 The wretch, the short-lived vision of an hour ,  
 Soon fades her cheek, her blushing beauties fly,  
 As fades the chequered bow that paints the sky  
 So shall thy sire, whilst hope his breast inspires,  
 And wakes anew life's glimmering trembling fires,  
 Hear Britain's sons rehearse thy praise with joy,  
 Look up to heaven, and bless his darling boy  
 If e'er these precepts quelled the passions' strife,  
 If e'er they smoothed the rugged walks of life,  
 If e'er they pointed forth the blissful way  
 That guides the spirit to eternal day,  
 Do thou, if gratitude inspire thy breast,  
 Spurn the soft fetters of lethargic rest  
 Awake, awake ! and snatch the slumbering lyre,  
 Let this bright morn and Sandys the song inspire.'

" I looked obedience : the celestial Fair  
 Smiled like the morn, and vanished into air."  
 (1785)

### THE BIRTH OF LOVE<sup>1</sup>

WHEN Love was born of heavenly line,  
 What dire intrigues disturbed *Cythera's* joy !  
 Till VENUS cried, " A mother's heart is mine ,  
 None but myself shall nurse my boy "

<sup>1</sup> [From "Poems by Francis Wrangham." A translation of some anonymous French verses —*Ed.*]



But, infant as he was, the child  
 In that divine embrace enchanted lay ;  
 And, by the beauty of the vase beguiled,  
 Forgot the beverage—and pined away

“And must my offspring languish in my sight ?”  
 (Alive to all a mother’s pain,  
 The Queen of Beauty thus her court addressed)

“No Let the most discreet of all my train  
 Receive him to her breast ,  
 Think all, he is the God of young delight ”

Then TENDERNESS with CANDOUR joined,  
 And GAIETY the charming office sought ,  
 Nor even DELICACY stayed behind .  
 But none of those fair Graces brought  
 Wherewith to nurse the child—and still he pined.  
 Some fond hearts to COMPLIANCE seemed inclined ,  
 But she had surely spoiled the boy  
 And sad experience forbade a thought  
 On the wild Goddess of VOLUPTUOUS Joy

Long undecided lay the important choice,  
 Till of the beauteous court, at length, a voice  
 Pronounced the name of HOPE —The conscious child  
 Stretched forth his little arms and smiled

’Tis said ENJOYMENT (who averred ‘  
 The charge belonged to her alone)  
 Jealous that HOPE had been preferred  
 Laid snares to make the babe her own.

Of INNOCENCE the garb she took,  
 The blushing mien and downcast look ,  
 And came her services to proffer  
 And HOPE (what has not HOPE believed ‘)  
 By that seducing air deceived,  
 Accepted of the offer

It happened that, to sleep inclined,  
 Deluded HOPE for one short hour  
 To that false INNOCENCE’s power  
 Her little charge consigned.

The Goddess then her lap with sweetmeats filled  
 And gave, in handfuls gave, the treacherous store :  
 A wild delirium first the infant thrilled ,  
 But soon upon her breast he sunk—to wake no more.

## III

SONNET: ON SEEING MISS HELEN MARIA  
WILLIAMS WEEP AT A TALE OF DISTRESS<sup>1</sup>

SHE wept — Life's purple tide began to flow  
 In languid streams through every thrilling vein,  
 Dim were my swimming eyes—my pulse beat slow,  
 And my full heart was swelled to dear delicious pain  
 Life left my loaded heart, and closing eye,  
 A sigh recalled the wanderer to my breast,  
 Dear was the pause of life, and dear the sigh  
 That called the wanderer home, and home to rest  
 That tear proclaims—in thee each virtue dwells,  
 And bright will shine in misery's midnight hour,  
 As the soft star of dewy evening tells  
 What radiant fires were drowned by day's malignant power,  
 That only wait the darkness of the night  
 To cheer the wandering wretch with hospitable light  
AXIOLOGUS.

## IV

## THE CONVICT

THE glory of evening was spread through the west,  
 —On the slope of a mountain I stood,  
 While the joy that precedes the calm season of rest  
 Rang loud through the meadow and wood  
 “And must we then part from a dwelling so fair?”  
 In the pain of my spirit I said,  
 And with a deep sadness I turned, to repair  
 To the cell where the convict is laid  
 The thick-walled walls that o’ershadow the gate  
 Resound, and the dungeons unfold  
 I pause, and at length, through the glimmering grate,  
 That outcast of pity behold  
 His black matted hair on his shoulder is bent,  
 And deep is the sigh of his breath,  
 And with steadfast dejection his eyes are intent  
 On the fetters that link him to death  
 ‘Tis sorrow enough on that visage to gaze,  
 That body dismissed from his care,  
 Yet my fancy has pierced to his heart, and portrays  
 More terrible images there

<sup>1</sup> Published in March 1787, in “The European Magazine.”

WRITTEN IN A GROTTTO<sup>1</sup>

O MOON ! if e'er I joyed when thy soft light  
 Danced to the murmuring rill on Lomond's wave,  
 Or sighed for thy sweet presence some dark night,  
 When thou wert hidden in thy monthly grave,  
 If e'er, on wings which active fancy gave,  
 I sought thy golden vale with dancing flight,  
 Then, stretcht at ease in some sequestered cave,  
 Gazed on thy lovely Nymphs with fond delight,  
 Thy Nymphs with more than earthly beauty bright;  
 If e'er thy beam, as Smyrna's shepherds tell,  
 Soft as the gentle kiss of amorous maid  
 On the closed eyes of young Endymion fell,  
 That he might wake to clasp thee in the shade.  
 Each night, while I recline within this cell,  
 Guide hither, O sweet Moon, the maid I love so well

## VI

"I FIND IT WRITTEN OF SIMONIDES"<sup>2</sup>

I FIND it written of Simonides  
 That travelling in strange countries once he found  
 A corpse that lay expiring on the ground,  
 For which, with pain, he caused due obsequies  
 To be performed, and paid all holy fees  
 Soon after, this man's Ghost unto him came  
 And told him not to sail as was his aim,  
 On board a ship then ready for the seas  
 Simonides, admonished by the ghost,  
 Remained behind, the ship the following day  
 Set sail, was wrecked, and all on board was lost  
 Thus was the tenderest Poet that could be,  
 Who sang in ancient Greece his loving lay,  
 Saved out of many by his piety.

(1803?)

<sup>1</sup> "Morning Post," 1802 (attributed to Wordsworth by E. H. C. 1  
 the "Athenæum," Nov. 4, 1893).

<sup>2</sup> "Morning Post," Oct. 10, 1803.

## VII

ODE ON THE INSTALLATION OF HIS ROYAL  
HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT AS CHANCELLOR  
OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE, JULY  
1847 <sup>1</sup>

For thirst of power that Heaven disowns,  
For temples, towers, and thrones,  
Too long insulted by the Spoiler's shock,  
Indignant Europe cast  
Her stormy foe at last  
To reap the whirlwind on a Libyan rock  
Woe is passion's basest game  
Madly played to win a name,  
Up starts some tyrant, Earth and Heaven to dare,  
The servile million bow,  
But will the lightning glance aside to spare  
The Despot's laurelled brow?  
War is mercy, glory, fame,  
Waged in Freedom's holy cause,  
Freedom, such as Man may claim  
Under God's restraining laws  
Such is Albion's fame and glory.  
Let rescued Europe tell the story.  
But lo, what sudden cloud has darkened all  
The land as with a funeral pall?  
The Rose of England suffers blight,  
The flower has drooped, the Isle's delight,  
Flower and bud together fall—  
A Nation's hopes lie crushed in Claremont's desolate  
hall  
Time a chequered mantle wears,—  
Earth awakes from wintry sleep;  
Again the Tree a blossom bears—  
Cease, Britannia, cease to weep!  
Hark to the peals on this bright May morn  
They tell that your future Queen is born  
A Guardian Angel fluttered  
Above the Babe, unseen,  
One word he softly uttered—  
It named the future Queen.

<sup>1</sup> [Christopher Wordsworth, the poet's nephew, collaborated with him in this.]

And a joyful cry through the Island rang,  
 As clear and bold as the trumpet's clang,  
 As bland as the reed of peace—

‘ VICTORIA be her name ! ’

For righteous triumphs are the base  
 Whereon Britannia rests her peaceful fame

Time, in his mantle's sunniest fold,  
 Uplifted in his arms the child,  
 And, while the fearless Infant smiled,  
 Her happier destiny foretold —  
 “ Infancy, by Wisdom mild,  
 Trained to health and artless beauty,  
 Youth, by pleasure unbeguiled  
 From the love of lofty duty,  
 Womanhood is pure renown,  
 Seated on her lineal throne  
 Leaves of myrtle in her Crown,  
 Fresh with lustre all their own  
 Love, the treasure worth possessing,  
 More than all the world beside,  
 This shall be her choicest blessing,  
 Oft to royal hearts denied ”

That eve, the Star of Brunswick shone  
 With steadfast ray benign  
 On Gotha's ducal roof, and on  
 The softly flowing Leine,  
 Nor failed to gild the spires of Bonn,  
 And glittered on the Rhine—  
 Old Camus, too, on that prophetic night  
 Was conscious of the ray,  
 And his willows whispered in its light,  
 Not to the Zephyr's sway,  
 But with a Delphic life, in sight  
 Of this auspicious day

This day, when Granta hails her chosen Lord,  
 And proud of her award,  
 Confiding in the Star serene,  
 Welcomes the Consort of a happy Queen

Prince, in these Collegiate bowers,  
 Where Science, leagued with holier truth,  
 Guards the sacred heart of youth,  
 Solemn monitors are ours.

These reverend aisles, these hallowed towers,  
 Raised by many a hand august,  
 Are haunted by majestic Powers,  
 The memories of the Wise and Just,  
 Who, faithful to a pious trust,  
 Here, in the Founder's spirit sought  
 To mould and stamp the ore of thought  
 In that bold form and impress high  
 That best betoken patriot loyalty  
 Not in vain those Sages taught,—  
 True disciples, good as great,  
 Have pondered here their country's weal,  
 Weighed the Future by the Past,  
 Learned how social frames may last,  
 And how a Land may rule its fate  
 By constancy inviolate,  
 Though worlds to their foundations reel  
 The sport of factious Hate or godless Zeal.

Albert, in thy race we cherish  
 A Nation's strength that will not perish  
 While England's sceptred Line  
 True to the King of Kings is found,  
 Like that Wise ancestor of thine  
 Who threw the Saxon shield o'er Luther's life,  
 When first above the yells of bigot strife  
 The trumpet of the Living Word  
 Assumed a voice of deep portentous sound,  
 From gladdened Elbe to startled Tiber heard.

What shield more sublime  
 E'er was blazoned or sung?  
 And the PRINCE whom we greet  
 From its Hero is sprung.

Resound, resound the strain,  
 That hails him for our own!  
 Again, again, and yet again,  
 For the Church, the State, the Throne!  
 And that Presence fair and bright,  
 Ever blest wherever seen,  
 Who deigns to grace our festal rite,  
 The pride of the Islands, VICTORIA THE QUEEN.

## B. POEMS BY DOROTHY WORDSWORTH

PRINTED IN HER BROTHER'S WORKS

## I

THE COTTAGER TO HER INFANT<sup>1</sup>

The days are cold, the nights are long,  
 The north-wind sings a doleful song ;  
 Then hush again upon my breast ,  
 All merry things are now at rest,  
     Save thee, my pretty Love !

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
 The crickets long have ceased their muth ;  
 There's nothing stirring in the house  
 Save one *wee*, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
     Then why so busy thou ?

Nay ! start not at that sparkling light ,  
 'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
 On the window pane bedropt with rain  
 Then, little Darling ! sleep again,  
     And wake when it is day

(1805)

## II

## ADDRESS TO A CHILD

DURING A BOISTEROUS WINTER EVENING

WHAT way does the Wind come ? What way does he go ?  
 He rides over the water, and over the snow,  
 Through wood, and through vale , and o'er rocky height,  
 Which the goat cannot climb, takes his sounding flight ,  
 He tosses about in every bare tree,  
 As, if you look up, you plainly may see ,  
 But how he will come, and whither he goes,  
 There's never a scholar in England knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook,  
 And ring a sharp 'larum,—but, if you should look,  
 There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,  
 Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,  
 And softer than if it were covered with silk  
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ,

<sup>1</sup> Suggested to her while beside my sleeping children

—Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the place?  
 Nothing but silence and empty space,  
 Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
 That he's left, for a bed, to beggars or thieves!

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me  
 You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see  
 That he has been there, and made a great rout,  
 And cracked the bianches, and strewn them about,  
 Heaven grant that he spare but that one upright twig  
 That looked up at the sky so proud and big  
 All last summer, as well you know,  
 Studded with apples, a beautiful show!  
 Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,  
 And growls as if he would fix his claws  
 Right in the slates, and with a huge rattle  
 Drive them down, like men in a battle  
 —But let him range round, he does us no harm,  
 We build up the fire, we're snug and warm,  
 Untouched by his breath see the candle shines bright,  
 And burns with a clear and steady light,  
 Books have we to read,—but that half-stifled knell,  
 Alas! 'tis the sound of the eight o'clock bell  
 —Come now we'll to bed! and when we are there  
 He may work his own will, and what shall we care?  
 He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in,  
 May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din,  
 Let him seek his own home wherever it be,  
 Here's a *cozie* warm house for Edward and me.  
 (1806)

## III

## THE MOTHER'S RETURN

A MONTH, sweet Little-ones, is past,  
 Since your dear Mother went away,—  
 And she to-morrow will return,  
 To-morrow is the happy day  
 O blessèd tidings! thought of joy!  
 The eldest head with steady glee,  
 Silent he stood, then laughed again—  
 And shouted, "Mother, come to me!"  
 Louder and louder did he shout  
 With witless hope to bring her near—  
 "Nay, patience! patience, little boy,  
 Your tender mother cannot hear"



I told of hills, and far-off towns,  
And long, long vales to travel through,  
He listens, puzzled, sore perplexed,  
But he submits, what can he do?

No strife disturbs his sister's breast,  
She wars not with the mystery  
Of time and distance, night and day,  
The bonds of our humanity

Her joy is like an instinct, joy  
Of kitten, bird, or summer fly,  
She dances, runs without an aim,  
She chatters in her ecstasy

Her brother now takes up the note,  
And echoes back his sister's glee,  
They hug the infant in my arms,  
As if to force his sympathy.

Then, settling into fond discourse,  
We rested in the garden bower,  
While sweetly shone the evening sun  
In his departing hour

We told o'er all that we had done,—  
Our rambles by the swift brook's side  
Far as the willow-skirted pool,  
Where two fair swans together glide

We talked of change, of winter gone,  
Of green leaves on the hawthorn spray,  
Of birds that build their nests and sing,  
And all "since Mother went away!"

To her these tales they will repeat,  
To her own new-born tribes will show,  
The goslings green, the ass's colt,  
The lambs that in the meadow go

—But see, the evening star comes forth!  
To bed the children must depart,  
A moment's heaviness they feel,  
A sadness at the heart

'Tis gone—and in a merry fit  
They run up stairs in gamesome race,  
I, too, infected by their mood,  
I could have joined the wanton chase.

Five minutes past—and, O the change !  
 Asleep upon their beds they lie ,  
 Then busy limbs in perfect rest,  
 And closed the sparkling eye.

## IV

### LOVING AND LIKING<sup>1</sup>

IRREGULAR VERSES

ADDRESSED TO A CHILD

(BY MY SISTER)

THERE'S more in words than I can teach :  
 Yet listen, Child !—I would not preach ,  
 But only give some plain directions  
 To guide your speech and your affections  
 Say not you *love* a roasted fowl,  
 But you may love a screaming owl.  
 And, if you can, the unwieldy toad  
 That crawls from his secure abode  
 Within the mossy garden wall  
 When evening dews begin to fall.  
 Oh mark the beauty of his eye .  
 What wonders in that circle lie !  
 So clear, so bright, our fathers said  
 He wears a jewel in his head !  
 And when, upon some showery day,  
 Into a path or public way  
 A frog leaps out from bordering grass,  
 Startling the timid as they pass,  
 Do you observe him, and endeavour  
 To take the intruder into favour ,  
 Learning from him to find a reason  
 For a light heart in a dull season  
 And you may love him in the pool,  
 That is for him a happy school,  
 In which he swims as taught by nature,  
 Fit pattern for a human creature,  
 Glancing amid the water bright,  
 And sending upward sparkling light

Nor blush if o'er your heart be stealing  
 A love for things that have no feeling :  
 The spring's first rose by you espied,  
 May fill your breast with joyful pride ,

<sup>1</sup> Written at Rydal Mount.

And you may love the strawberry-flower,  
 And love the strawberry in its bower ,  
 But when the fruit, so often praised  
 For beauty, to your lip is raised,  
 Say not you *love* the delicate treat,  
 But *like* it, enjoy it, and thankfully eat

Long may you love your pensioner mouse,  
 Though one of a tribe that torment the house  
 Nor dislike for her cruel sport the cat,  
 Deadly foe both of mouse and rat ,  
 Remember she follows the law of her kind,  
 And Instinct is neither wayward nor blind  
 Then think of her beautiful gliding form,  
 Her tread that would scarcely crush a worm,  
 And her soothing song by the winter fire,  
 Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

I would not circumscribe your love .  
 It may soar with the eagle and brood with the dove,  
 May pierce the earth with the patient mole,  
 Or track the hedgehog to his hole  
 Loving and liking are the solace of life,  
 Rock the cradle of joy, smooth the death-bed of strife  
 You love your father and your mother,  
 Your grown-up and your baby brother ,  
 You love your sister, and your friends,  
 And countless blessings which God sends :  
 And while these right affections play,  
 You *live* each moment of your day ,  
 They lead you on to full content,  
 And likings fresh and innocent,  
 That store the mind, the memory feed,  
 And prompt to many a gentle deed :  
 But *likings* come, and pass away ,  
 'Tis *love* that remains till our latest day :  
 Our heavenward guide is holy love,  
 And will be our bliss with saints above.

(1832)

## V

FLOATING ISLAND<sup>1</sup>

HARMONIOUS Powers with Nature work  
 On sky, earth, river, lake and sea ,  
 Sunshine and cloud, whirlwind and breeze,  
 All in one duteous task agree

<sup>1</sup> Composed not long before the beginning of her sad illness.

Once did I see a slip of earth  
 (By throbbing waves long undermined)  
 Loosed from its hold, how, no one knew,  
 But all might see it float, obedient to the wind,

Might see it, from the mossy shore  
 Dissevered, float upon the Lake,  
 Float with its crest of trees adorned  
 On which the warbling buds their pastime take

Food, shelter, safety, there they find,  
 There berries ripen, flowerets bloom,  
 There insects live their lives, and die;  
 A peopled world it is, in size a tiny room.

And thus through many seasons' space  
 This little Island may survive,  
 But Nature, though we mark her not,  
 Will take away, may cease to give

Perchance when you are wandering forth  
 Upon some vacant sunny day,  
 Without an object, hope, or fear  
 Thither your eyes may turn—the Isle is passed away,

Buried beneath the glittering Lake,<sup>1</sup>  
 Its place no ' - - - - - ,  
 Yet the lost ' - - - - - ain  
 'To fertilise some other ground

(1842)

## C. POEMS BY SARA AND HENRY HUTCHINSON

### I

#### TO A REDBREAST—(IN SICKNESS)<sup>1</sup>

STAY, little cheerful Robin ! stay,  
 And at my casement sing,  
 Though it should prove a farewell lay  
 And this our parting spring

Though I, alas ! may ne'er enjoy  
 The promise in thy song,  
 A charm, *that* thought can not destroy,  
 Doth to thy strain belong.

<sup>1</sup> Almost the only verses by our lamented Sister Sara Hutchinson

Methinks that in my dying hour  
 Thy song would still be dear,  
 And with a more than earthly power  
 My passing Spirit cheer  
 Then, little Bud, this boon confer  
 Come, and my requiem sing,  
 Nor fail to be the harbinger  
 Of everlasting Spring.

(1842)

BY A RETIRED MARINER, H II <sup>1</sup>

FROM early youth I ploughed the restless Main,  
 My mind as restless and as apt to change ,  
 Through every clime and ocean did I range,  
 In hope at length a competence to gain ,  
 For poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain.  
 Year after year I strove, but strove in vain,  
 And hardships manifold did I endure,  
 For Fortune on me never deigned to smile ,  
 Yet I at last a resting-place have found,  
 With just enough life's comforts to procure,  
 In a snug Cove on this our favoured Isle,  
 A peaceful spot where Nature's gifts abound ,  
 Then sure I have no reason to complain,  
 Though poor to Sea I went, and poor I still remain

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Wordsworth's Brother Henry.

# EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY

By ERNEST RHYS

*"A good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit"*

MILTON

VICTOR HUGO said a Library was "an act of faith," and another writer spoke of one so beautiful, so perfect, so harmonious in all its parts, that he who made it was smitten with a passion. In that faith Everyman's Library was planned out originally on a large scale, and the idea was to make it conform as far as possible to a perfect scheme. However, perfection is a thing to be aimed at and not to be achieved in this difficult world, and since the first volumes appeared some years ago, there have been many interruptions, chief among them the Great War of 1914-18, during which even the City of Books felt a world commotion. But the series is now getting back into its old stride and looking forward to complete its scheme of a Thousand Volumes.

One of the practical expedients in the original plan was to divide the volumes into separate sections, as Biography, Fiction, History, Belles-lettres, Poetry, Philosophy, Romance, and so forth, with a shelf for Young People. Last, and not least, there was one of Reference Books, in which, beside the dictionaries and encyclopædias to be expected, there was a special set of literary and historical atlases, which have been revised from time to time, so as to chart the New Europe

and the New World at large, which we hope will preserve Kant's 'Perpetual Peace' under the auspices of the League of Nations at Geneva

That is only one small item, however, in a library list which is running on to the final centuries of its Thousand. The largest slice of this huge provision is, as a matter of course, given to the tyrannous demands of fiction. But in carrying out the scheme, publishers and editors contrived to keep in mind that books, like men and women, have their elective affinities. The present volume, for instance, will be found to have its companion books, both in the same section and just as significantly in other sections. With that idea too, novels like Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe* and *Fortunes of Nigel*, Lytton's *Harold*, and Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, have been used as pioneers of history and treated as a sort of holiday history books. For in our day history is tending to grow more documentary and less literary, and "the historian who is a stylist," as one of our contributors, the late Thomas Seccombe, said, "will soon be regarded as a kind of Phoenix."

As for history, Everyman's Library has been eclectic enough to choose its historians from every school in turn, including Gibbon, Grote, Finlay, Macaulay, Motley, and Prescott, while among earlier books may be noted the Venerable Bede and the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. On the classic shelf too, there is a Livy in an admirable new translation by Canon Roberts, and Cæsar, Tacitus, Thucydides, and Herodotus are not forgotten.

"You only, O Books," said Richard de Bury, "are liberal and independent, you give to all who ask." The variety of authors old and new, the wisdom and the wit at the disposal of Everyman in his own Library may well, at times, seem to him a little embarrassing. In the Essays, for instance, he may turn to Dick Steele in the *The Spectator* and learn how Cleomira dances, when the elegance of her motion is unimaginable and "her eyes

are chastized with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts " Or he may take *A Century of Essays*, as a key to the whole roomful of the English Essayists, from Bacon to Addison, Elia to Augustine Burrell These are the golden gossips of literature, the writers who have learnt the delightful art of talking on paper Or again, the reader who has the right spirit and looks on all literature as a great adventure may dive back into the classics, and in Plato's *Phædrus* read how every soul is divided into three parts (like Cæsar's Gaul) The poets next, and we may turn to the finest critic of Victorian times, Matthew Arnold, as their showman, and find in his essay on Maurice de Guérin a clue to the "magical power of poetry," as in Shakespeare, with his

daffodils

That come before the swallow dares, and take  
The winds of March with beauty

William Hazlitt's "Table Talk" may help again to show the relationship of one author to another, which is another form of the Friendship of Books His incomparable essay, "On Going a Journey," forms a capital prelude to Coleridge's "Biographia Literaria;" and so throughout the long labyrinth of the Library shelves, one can follow the magic clue in prose or verse that leads to the hidden treasury In that way every reader becomes his own critic and Doctor of Letters In the same way one may turn to the Byron review in Macaulay's *Essays* as a prelude to the three volumes of Byron's own poems, remembering that the poet whom Europe loved more than England did was as Macaulay said. "the beginning, the middle and the end of all his own poetry" This brings us to the provoking reflection that it is the obvious authors and the books most easy to reprint which have been the signal successes out of the many hundreds in the series, for Everyman is distinctly proverbial in